Kreeland Library
Sept 20. 1928
No 15.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

HIS WORDS AND HIS WAYS

WHAT HE SAID, WHAT HE DID, AND WHAT
MEN THOUGHT AND SPOKE
CONCERNING HIM

EDITED BY

E. T. MASON

NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE
1879

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by

HARPER & BROTHERS,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PREFACE.

The aim of this work is to present, as concisely as possible, the materials for a fair estimate of Dr. Johnson's character. These materials have been drawn from many books, and the best authorities upon the subject have been carefully examined. A systematic analysis of his character has not been attempted; the general arrangement of the book has been adopted merely as that which seemed most convenient and practicable—not for the purpose of deliberate analysis.

Any adequate consideration of Johnson's scholarship and position in literature would have involved a critical examination of his writings too extended for a work of this size. Accordingly, that subject has not been touched upon, save as it has occurred incidentally to other matters.

Boswell's "Life" is, of course, the great storehouse of information concerning Johnson; yet, outside of that remarkable book, there are means of gaining a clearer view of him than we can have of any other man who has lived. And it is to others than Boswell that we must look for many shades of this complex and fascinating character. The materials for a highly interesting and valuable study of Johnson might be gathered without resorting to Boswell. Nearly all his friends and acquaintances left some striking records of him; and we are thus enabled to see him as he appeared to a large circle of brilliant men and women.

LEADING EVENTS OF JOHNSON'S LIFE.

1709. Born at Lichfield, September 18th.
1712. Taken to London to be touched by Queen Anne, to cure his scrofula.
1716. Goes to school at Lichfield.
1728. Enters Pembroke College, Oxford, October 31st.
1731. His father dies, December, leaving him very poor.
1732. Becomes an usher at Market Bosworth School.
1733. Removes to Birmingham, where he supports himself by literary work.
1734, 1735. At Lichfield and Birmingham, trying to earn his living by literature.
1736. Marries a widow, Mrs. Porter, of Birmingham, July 9th. Opens a boarding-school at Edial.
1737. Goes to London, in company with David Garrick, March 2d. Returns to Lichfield in the summer, and finishes his tragedy of "Irene." Takes his wife to London in the autumn.
1738. Becomes a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine." Publishes his "London."
1744. Publishes the "Life of Richard Savage."
1747. Publishes his "Plan for a Dictionary of the English Language."
1749. Publishes his "Vanity of Human Wishes" in January. Garrick produces "Irene" at Drury Lane Theatre, February 6th.
1750. Begins to publish "The Rambler."
1752. His wife dies.
1754. Obtains the degree of Master of Arts from Oxford University.
1755. Publishes his Dictionary.
1756. Issues proposals for an edition of Shakspeare.
1758. Commences "The Idler."
1759. His mother dies. He writes "Rasselas."

1762. Obtains a pension of £300 a year.
1765. Created Doctor of Laws by Dublin University. Makes the acquaintance of the Thrales. Publishes his edition of Shakspeare.
1773. Visits the Scottish Hebrides with Boswell.
1775. Receives his diploma as Doctor of Laws from Oxford University. Goes for a few weeks to France with the Thrales.
1781. Publishes his "Lives of the Poets."
1783. Has a paralytic attack.
1784. Dies December 13th.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Appearance, Manners, and Peculiarities	9
Partialities	26
Habits as Scholar and Author	35
Pomposity of Style	40
Diseases	43
Melancholy	45
Fear of Death	49
Tory and High-Churchman	51
Superstition	58
Incredulity and Cynicism	62
Sentiment	65
Anti-Sentimentality	68
Arrogance	73
Self-Esteem	75
Humility	77
Respect for Rank and Authority	79
Prejudices and Narrowness	85
Intolerance	91
Coarseness	92
Obtuseness to Natural Beauty	99
Brute Force	101
Impatience and Irascibility	104
Pugnacity and Contradictoriness	110
General Brutality	122
Powers of Invective and Satire	129
Wit	134
Humor	137
Playfulness	140
Gallantry	147
Extempore Verse-Making	151
Common-Sense	155
General Knowledge	163

PAGE

Honesty and Truthfulness 165
Apologies 170
Piety 174
Courage 178
Independence 181
Expressions of Good-Will and Approbation 187
Generosity 194
Kindness 196
Tenderness 206
Authority and Predominance 211
Miscellaneous 217
General View of Johnson's Character 256
Extracts from Macaulay's Essay on Boswell's "Life of Johnson" 259
Extracts from Carlyle's Essay on Boswell's "Life of Johnson" 268

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

HIS WORDS AND HIS WAYS.

APPEARANCE, MANNERS, AND PECULIARITIES.

In Youth.—Miss Porter told me that when he was first introduced to her mother his appearance was very forbidding; he was then lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrofula were deeply visible. He also wore his hair, which was straight and stiff, and separated behind; and he often had, seemingly, convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule. —*Boswell.*

Rather Handsome.—Johnson's countenance, when in a good-humor, was not disagreeable:—his face clear, his complexion good, and his features not ill formed, many ladies have thought they might not be unattractive when he was young. Much misrepresentation has prevailed on this subject.—*Thomas Percy.*

Odd and Peculiar.—I spent yesterday with Johnson, the celebrated author of the "Rambler," who is of all others the oddest and most peculiar fellow I ever saw. He is six feet high, has a violent convulsion in his head, and his eyes are distorted.—*Dr. Dodd.*

General Description.—His figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye; yet so much does mind govern and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs; when he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters: when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with his constitution and habits of life he should have lived seventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis* is a powerful preservative of the human frame.—*Boswell.*

Complexion and Eyes. — His features were strongly marked, and his countenance particularly rugged, though the original complexion had certainly been fair: his sight was near, and otherwise imperfect; yet his eyes, though of a light gray color, were so wild, so piercing, and at times so fierce, that fear was, I believe, the first emotion in the hearts of all his beholders.—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Walk and Bearing.—When first I remember Johnson, I used to see him sometimes at a little distance from the house, coming to call on my father; his look directed downward, or rather in such abstraction as to have no direction. His walk was heavy, but he got on at a great rate, his left arm always placed across his breast, so as to bring the hand under his chin; and he walked wide, as if to support his weight. Getting out of a hackney-coach, which had set him down in Fleet Street, my brother Henry says, he made his way up Bolt Court in the zig-zag direction of a flash

of lightning; submitting his course only to the deflections imposed by the impossibility of going farther to right or left. His clothes hung loose, and the pocket on the right hand swung violently, the lining of his coat being always visible. I can now call to mind his brown hand, his metal sleeve-buttons, and my surprise at seeing him with plain wristbands, when all gentlemen wore ruffles; his coat-sleeve, being very wide, showed his linen almost to his elbow. His wig in common was cut and bushy; if by chance he had one that had been dressed in separate curls, it gave him a disagreeable look, not suited to his years or character.—*Miss L. M. Hawkins.*

Dress and Appearance.—He is, indeed, very ill-favored. Yet he has naturally a noble figure; tall, stout, grand, and authoritative: but he stoops horribly; his back is quite round: his mouth is continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something; he has a singular method of twirling his fingers, and twisting his hands: his vast body is in constant agitation, see-sawing backward and forward: his feet are never a moment quiet; and his whole great person looked often as if it were going to roll itself, quite voluntarily, from his chair to the floor. His dress, considering the times, and that he had meant to put on all his *best becomes*, for he was engaged to dine with a very fine party at Mrs. Montagu's, was as much out of the common road as his figure. He had a large, full, bushy wig, a snuff-color coat, with gold buttons (or, peradventure, brass), but no ruffles to his doughty fists; and not, I suppose, to be taken for a Blue, though going to the Blue Queen, he had on very coarse black worsted stockings.—*Madame D'Arblay.*

Johnson at Home.—The day after I wrote my last letter to you I was introduced to Mr. Johnson by a friend: we passed through three very dirty rooms to a little one that

looked like an old counting-house, where this great man was sat at his breakfast. The furniture of this room was a very large deal writing-desk, an old walnut-tree table, and five ragged chairs of four different sets. I was very much struck with Mr. Johnson's appearance, and could hardly help thinking him a madman for some time, as he sat waving over his breakfast like a lunatic. He is a very large man, and was dressed in a dirty brown coat and waistcoat, with breeches that were brown also (though they had been crimson), and an old black wig: his shirt collar and sleeves were unbuttoned; his stockings were down about his feet, which had on them, by way of slippers, an old pair of shoes.—*Ozias Humphry.*

Johnson Abroad.—Mr. Sheridan at one time lived in Bedford Street, opposite Henrietta Street, which ranges with the south side of Covent Garden, so that the prospect lies open the whole way, free of interruption. We were standing together in the drawing-room, expecting Johnson, who was to dine there. Mr. Sheridan asked me, could I see the length of the Garden? "No, sir." "Take out your opera-glass, Johnson is coming; you may know him by his gait." I perceived him at a good distance, working along with a peculiar solemnity of deportment, and an awkward sort of measured step. At that time the broad flagging at each side the streets was not universally adopted, and stone posts were in fashion to prevent the annoyance of carriages. Upon every post, as he passed along, I could observe, he deliberately laid his hand; but missing one of them, when he had got at some distance, he seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and immediately returning back, carefully performed the accustomed ceremony, and resumed his former course, not omitting one till he gained the crossing. This, Mr. Sheridan assured me, however odd it might appear, was his constant practice; but why or wherefore he could not inform me.—*Whyte's Miscel. Nova.*

EXPRESSIVE FACE.—His face was capable of great expression, both in respect to intelligence and mildness, as all those can witness who have seen him in the flow of conversation, or under the influence of grateful feelings.—*Anonymous.*

VARIOUS PECULIARITIES.—Talking to himself was, indeed, one of his singularities ever since I knew him. I was certain that he was frequently uttering pious ejaculations; for fragments of the Lord's Prayer have been distinctly overheard. His friend, Mr. Thomas Davies, of whom Churchill says,

"That Davies hath a very pretty wife,"

when Dr. Johnson muttered, "lead us not into temptation," used, with waggish and gallant humor, to whisper Mrs. Davies, "You, my dear, are the cause of this."

He had another particularity, of which none of his friends ever ventured to ask an explanation. It appeared to me some superstitious habit, which he had contracted early, and from which he had never called upon his reason to disentangle him. This was his anxious care to go out or in at a door or passage, by a certain number of steps from a certain point, or at least so as that either his right or his left foot (I am not certain which) should constantly make the first actual movement when he came close to the door or passage. Thus I conjecture; for I have, upon innumerable occasions, observed him suddenly stop, and then seem to count his steps with a deep earnestness; and when he had neglected or gone wrong in this sort of magical movement, I have seen him go back again, put himself in a proper posture to begin the ceremony, and, having gone through it, break from his abstraction, walk briskly on, and join his companion. A strange instance of something of this nature, even when on horseback, happened when he was in the Isle of Skye. Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed him to go a good

way about, rather than cross a particular alley in Leicester-fields; but this Sir Joshua imputed to his having had some disagreeable recollection associated with it.

That the most minute singularities which belonged to him, and made very observable parts of his appearance and manner, may not be omitted, it is requisite to mention that while talking, or even musing, as he sat in his chair, he commonly held his head to one side toward his right shoulder, and shook it in a tremulous manner, moving his body backward and forward, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction with the palm of his hand. In the intervals of articulating, he made various sounds with his mouth; sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes giving a half whistle, sometimes making his tongue play backward from the roof of his mouth, as if chuckling like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly under his breath, *too, too, too*, all this accompanied sometimes with a thoughtful look, but more frequently with a smile. Generally when he had concluded a period, in the course of a dispute, by which time he was a good deal exhausted by violence and vociferation, he used to blow out his breath like a whale. This, I suppose, was a relief to his lungs; and seemed in him to be a contemptuous mode of expression, as if he had made the arguments of his opponent fly like chaff before the wind.—*Boswell.*

Convulsive Movements.—Those motions or tricks of Dr. Johnson are improperly called convulsions. He could sit motionless, when he was told so to do, as well as any other man. My opinion is, that it proceeded from a habit, which he had indulged himself in, of accompanying his thoughts with certain untoward actions, and those actions always appeared to me as if they were meant to reprobate some part of his past conduct. Whenever he was not engaged in conversation, such thoughts were sure to rush into his mind;

and, for this reason, any company, any employment whatever, he preferred to being alone. The great business of his life, he said, was to escape from himself; this disposition he considered as the disease of his mind, which nothing cured but company.

One instance of his absence of mind and particularity, as it is characteristic of the man, may be worth relating. When he and I took a journey together into the West, we visited the late Mr. Banks, of Dorsetshire; the conversation turning upon pictures, which Johnson could not well see, he retired to a corner of the room, stretching out his right leg as far as he could reach before him, then bringing up his left leg, and stretching his right still farther on. The old gentleman observing him, went up to him, and in a very courteous manner assured him, though it was not a new house, the flooring was perfectly safe. The doctor started from his reverie, like a person waked out of his sleep, but spoke not a word.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

His head, and sometimes also his body, shook with a kind of motion like the effect of a palsy; he appeared to be frequently disturbed by cramps, or convulsive contractions, of the nature of that distemper called "St. Vitus's dance."—*Boswell.*

The house on the right at the bottom of Beaufort Buildings was occupied by Mr. Chamberlaine, Mrs. Sheridan's eldest brother, by whom Johnson was often invited in the snug way with the family party. At one of those social meetings Johnson, as usual, sat next the lady of the house; the dessert still continuing, and the ladies in no haste to withdraw, Mrs. Chamberlaine had moved a little back from the table, and was carelessly dangling her foot backward and forward as she sat, enjoying "The feast of reason and the flow of soul." Johnson, the while, in a moment of abstraction, was convulsively working his hand up and down,

which the lady observing, she roguishly edged her foot within his reach, and, as might partly have been expected, Johnson clutched hold of it and drew off her shoe; she started, and hastily exclaimed, "Oh, fie! Mr. Johnson!" The company at first knew not what to make of it; but one of them, perceiving the joke, tittered. Johnson, not improbably aware of the trick, apologized. "Nay, madam, recollect yourself; I know not that I have justly incurred your rebuke; the motion was involuntary, and the action not intentionally rude."—*Whyte's Miscel. Nova.*

I believe no one has described his extraordinary gestures or antics with his hands and feet, particularly when passing over the threshold of a door, or rather before he would venture to pass through any door-way. On entering Sir Joshua's house with poor Mrs. Williams, a blind lady who lived with him, he would quit her hand, or else whirl her about on the steps as he whirled and twisted about to perform his gesticulations; and as soon as he had finished, he would give a sudden spring, and make such an extensive stride over the threshold as if he was trying for a wager how far he could stride; Mrs. Williams standing groping about outside the door, unless the servant took hold of her hand to conduct her in, leaving Dr. Johnson to perform at the parlor door much the same exercise over again.

But it was not only at the entrance of a door that he exhibited such strange manœuvres, but across a room, or in the street with company he has stopped on a sudden, as if he had recollected his task, and began to perform it there, gathering a mob round him; and when he had finished, would hasten to his companion (who probably had walked on before) with an air of great satisfaction that he had done his duty. One Sunday morning, as I was walking with him in Twickenham meadows, he began his antics, both with his feet and hands, with the latter as if he was holding the reins of a horse like a jockey on full speed. But to describe the

strange positions of his feet is a difficult task; sometimes he would make the back part of his heels to touch, sometimes his toes, as if he was aiming at making the form of a triangle, at least the two sides of one. Though, indeed, whether these were his gestures on this particular occasion I do not now recollect, it is so long since; but I well remember that they were so extraordinary that men, women, and children gathered round him, laughing. At last we sat down on some logs of wood by the river-side, and they nearly dispersed, when he pulled out of his pocket Grotius's "De Veritate Religionis," over which he see-sawed at such a violent rate as to excite the curiosity of some people at a distance to come and see what was the matter with him. —*Miss Reynolds.*

Habit of Scraping His Fingers.—Such was the heat and irritability of his blood, that not only did he pare his nails to the quick, but scraped the joints of his fingers with a penknife, till they seemed quite red and raw.—*Boswell.*

Laughter.—I passed many hours with him on the 17th, of which I find all my memorial is, "much laughing." It should seem he had that day been in a humor for jocularity and merriment, and upon such occasions I never knew a man laugh more heartily. We may suppose that the high relish of a state so different from his habitual gloom produced more than ordinary exertions of that distinguishing faculty of man, which has puzzled philosophers so much to explain. Johnson's laugh was as remarkable as any circumstance in his manner. It was a kind of good-humored growl. Tom Davies described it drolly enough: "He laughs like a rhinoceros."—*Boswell.*

There is a beautiful little island in the Loch of Dunvegan, called Isa. Macleod said he would give it to Dr. Johnson on condition of his residing on it three months in the year;

nay, one month. Dr. Johnson was highly amused with the fancy. I have seen him please himself with little things, even with mere ideas like the present. He talked a great deal of this island; how he would build a house there, how he would fortify it, how he would have cannon, how he would plant, how he would sally out and *take* the Isle of Muck; and then he laughed with uncommon glee, and could hardly leave off. I have seen him do so at a small matter that struck him, and was a sport to no one else. Mr. Langton told me that one night he did so while the company were all grave about him; only Garrick, in his significant smart manner, darting his eyes around, exclaimed, "*Very* jocose, to be sure!"—*Boswell.*

He maintained the dignity and propriety of male succession, in opposition to the opinion of one of our friends, who had that day employed Mr. Chambers to draw his will, devising his estate to his three sisters, in preference to a remote heir male. Johnson called them "three *dowdies*," and said, with as high a spirit as the boldest baron in the most perfect days of the feudal system, "An ancient estate should always go to males. It is mighty foolish to let a stranger have it because he marries your daughter and takes your name. As for an estate newly acquired by trade, you may give it, if you will, to the dog *Towser*, and let him keep his *own* name."

I have known him at times exceedingly diverted at what seemed to others a very small sport. He now laughed immoderately, without any reason that we could perceive, at our friend's making his will; called him the *testator*, and added, "I dare say he thinks he has done a mighty thing. He won't stay till he gets home to his seat in the country, to produce this wonderful deed: he'll call up the landlord of the first inn on the road, and, after a suitable preface upon the mortality and the uncertainty of life, will tell him that he should not delay making his will; and 'here, sir,'

will he say, 'is my will, which I have just made, with the assistance of one of the ablest lawyers in the kingdom;' and he will read it to him (laughing all the time). He believes he has made this will; but he did not make it: you, Chambers, made it for him. I trust you have had more conscience than to make him say, 'being of sound understanding;' ha, ha, ha! I hope he has left me a legacy. I'd have his will turned into verse, like a ballad."

In this playful manner did he run on, exulting in his own pleasantry, which certainly was not such as might be expected from the author of "The Rambler," but which is here preserved, that my readers may be acquainted even with the slightest occasional characteristics of so eminent a man.

Mr. Chambers did not by any means relish this jocularity upon a matter of which *pars magna fuit*, and seemed impatient till he got rid of us. Johnson could not stop his merriment, but continued it all the way till he got without the Temple-gate. He then burst into such a fit of laughter that he appeared to be almost in a convulsion, and, in order to support himself, laid hold of one of the posts at the side of the foot-pavement, and sent forth peals so loud that, in the silence of the night, his voice seemed to resound from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch.—*Boswell.*

Dislike for Gesticulation.—He had a great aversion to gesticulating in company. He called once to a gentleman who offended him in that point, "Don't *attitudenize.*" And when another gentleman thought he was giving additional force to what he uttered by expressive movements of his hands, Johnson fairly seized them and held them down.—*Boswell.*

Manner of Reciting.—When repeating to me one day Grainger's "Ode on Solitude," I shall never forget the concordance of his voice with the grandeur of those images;

nor, indeed, the Gothic dignity of his aspect, his look and manner, when repeating sublime passages. But what was very remarkable, though his cadence in reading poetry was so judiciously emphatical as to give additional force to the words uttered, yet in reading prose, particularly on common or familiar subjects, nothing could be more injudicious than his manner, beginning every period with a pompous accent, and reading it with a whine, or with a kind of spasmodic struggle for utterance; and this not from any natural infirmity, but from a strange singularity, in reading on in one breath, as if he had made a resolution not to respire till he had closed the sentence.—*Miss Reynolds* (*abridged*).

Table Manners.—When at table he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment: his looks seemed riveted to his plate; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite, which was so fierce, and indulged with such intenseness, that while in the act of eating the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible. To those whose sensations were delicate this could not but be disgusting; and it was doubtless not very suitable to the character of a philosopher, who should be distinguished by self-command. But it must be owned that Johnson, though he could be rigidly *abstemious*, was not a *temperate* man either in eating or drinking. He could refrain, but he could not use moderately. He told me that he had fasted two days without inconvenience, and that he had never been hungry but once. They who beheld with wonder how much he ate upon all occasions, when his dinner was to his taste, could not easily conceive what he must have meant by hunger; and not only was he remarkable for the extraordinary quantity which he ate, but he was, or affected to be, a man of very nice discernment in the science of cookery. He used to descant critically on the dishes which had been at table

where he had dined or supped, and to recollect very minutely what he had liked.—*Boswell.*

It was at no time of his life pleasing to see him at a meal; the greediness with which he ate, his total inattention to those among whom he was seated, and his profound silence in the hour of refection, were circumstances that at the instant degraded him, and showed him to be more a sensualist than a philosopher.—*Sir John Hawkins.*

Wine-drinker and Abstainer.—Talking of drinking wine, he said, "I did not leave off wine because I could not bear it; I have drunk three bottles of port without being the worse for it. University College has witnessed this."—*Boswell.*

He has great virtue in not drinking wine or any fermented liquor, because, as he acknowledged to us, he could not do it in moderation. Lady Macleod would hardly believe him, and said, "I am sure, sir, you would not carry it too far." Johnson: "Nay, madam, it carried me. I took the opportunity of a long illness to leave it off. It was then prescribed to me not to drink wine; and having broken off the habit, I have never returned to it."—*Boswell.*

The strongest liquors, and in very large quantities, produced no other effect on him than moderate exhilaration. Once, and but once, he is known to have had his dose; a circumstance which he himself discovered, on finding one of his sesquipedalian words hang fire; he then started up, and gravely observed, "I think it time we should go to bed." "After a ten years' forbearance of every fluid except tea and sherbet, I drank," said he, "one glass of wine to the health of Sir Joshua Reynolds, on the evening of the day on which he was knighted. I never swallowed another drop,

until old Madeira was prescribed to me as a cordial during my present indisposition."—*Sir John Hawkins.*

Mr. Thrale told me I might now have the pleasure to see Dr. Johnson drink wine again, for he had lately returned to it. When I mentioned this to Johnson, he said, "I drink it now sometimes, but not socially." The first evening that I was with him at Thrale's, I observed he poured a large quantity of it into a glass, and swallowed it greedily. Everything about his character and manners was forcible and violent; there never was any moderation; many a day did he fast, many a year did he refrain from wine; but when he did eat, it was voraciously; when he did drink wine, it was copiously. He could practice abstinence, but not temperance.—*Boswell.*

Memory.—We had this morning a singular proof of Dr. Johnson's quick and retentive memory. Hay's translation of Martial was lying in a window. I said I thought it was pretty well done, and showed him a particular epigram, I think, of ten, but am certain of eight lines. He read it, and tossed away the book, saying, "No, it is *not* pretty well." As I persisted in my opinion, he said, "Why, sir, the original is thus—" (and he repeated it), "and this man's translation is thus—," and then he repeated that also, exactly, though he had never seen it before, and read it over only once, and that, too, without any intention of getting it by heart.—*Boswell.*

Baretti had once proposed to teach him Italian. They went over a few stanzas of Ariosto's "Orlando Inamorato," and Johnson then grew weary. Some years afterward Baretti reminded him of his promise to study Italian, and said he would give him another lesson; but added, "I suppose you have forgot what we read before." "Who forgets, sir?" said Johnson, and immediately repeated three or

four stanzas of the poem. Baretti was astonished, and took an opportunity, before he went away, of privately taking down the book to see if it had been recently opened; but the leaves were entirely covered with dust.—*Malone.*

Fondness for Nicknames.—Johnson had a way of contracting the names of his friends: as Beauclerk, Beau; Boswell, Bozzy; Langton, Lanky; Murphy, Mur; Sheridan, Sherry. I remember one day, when Tom Davies was telling that Dr. Johnson said, "We are all in labor for a name to *Goldy's* play," Goldsmith seemed displeased that such a liberty should be taken with his name, and said, "I have often desired him not to call me *Goldy.*" Tom was remarkably attentive to the most minute circumstance about Johnson. I recollect his telling me once, on my arrival in London, "Sir, our great friend has made an improvement on his appellation of old Mr. Sheridan. He calls him now *Sherry derry.*"—*Boswell.*

Late Hours.—He told me that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning.—*Boswell.*

Irregularities.—My wife paid him the most assiduous and respectful attention, while he was our guest; so that I wonder how he discovered her wishing for his departure. The truth is, that his irregular hours and uncouth habits, such as turning the candles with their heads downward, when they did not burn bright enough, and letting the wax drop upon the carpet, could not but be disagreeable to a lady.—*Boswell.*

Dress.—The great bushy wig, which throughout his life he affected to wear, by that closeness of texture which it had contracted, was nearly as impenetrable by a comb as a quickset hedge; and little of the dust that had once settled

on his outer garments was ever known to have been disturbed by the brush. That he was an habitual sloven, his best friends cannot deny. Johnson, as his acquaintance with persons of condition became more enlarged, corrected, to some degree, this failing, but could never be said to be neatly dressed, or indeed clean. He affected to wear clothes of the darkest and dirtiest colors, and, in all weathers, black stockings. His wig never sat even on his head, as may be observed in all the pictures of him, the reason whereof was that he had a twist in his shoulders, and that the motion of his head, as soon as he put it on, dragged it awry.—*Sir John Hawkins* (*abridged*).

He received me very courteously; but it must be confessed that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old, shrivelled, unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk.—*Boswell.*

On occasion of his play being brought upon the stage, Johnson had a fancy that, as a dramatic author, his dress should be more gay than what he ordinarily wore; he therefore appeared behind the scenes, and even in one of the side boxes, in a scarlet waistcoat, with rich gold lace, and a gold laced hat. He humorously observed to Mr. Langton, "that when in that dress he could not treat people with the same ease as when in his usual plain clothes."—*Boswell.*

His residence was in some old-fashioned rooms, called, I think, Inner Temple Lane, No. 1. At the top of a few steps the door opened into a dark and dingy-looking old wainscoted anteroom, through which was the study, and into

which, a little before noon, came rolling, as if just roused from his cabin, the truly uncouth figure of our literary colossus, in a strange black wig, too little for him by half, but which, before our next interview, was exchanged for that very respectable brown one in which his friend Sir Joshua so faithfully depicted him.—*B. N. Turner.*

Mr. Langton was exceedingly surprised when the sage first appeared. He had not received the smallest intimation of his figure, dress, or manner. From perusing his writings, he fancied he should see a decent, well-dressed, in short, a remarkably decorous philosopher. Instead of which, down from his bedchamber, about noon, came, as newly risen, a huge uncouth figure, with a little dark wig which scarcely covered his head, and his clothes hanging loose about him.—*Boswell.*

Condition of his Wigs.—In general his wigs were very shabby, and their fore parts were burned away by the near approach of the candle, which his short-sightedness rendered necessary in reading. At Streatham Mr. Thrale's butler had always a better wig ready; and as Johnson passed from the drawing-room when dinner was announced, the servant would remove the ordinary wig, and replace it with the newer one.—*Croker.*

Provincial Accent. — Johnson never got entirely free of provincial accents. Garrick sometimes used to take him off, squeezing a lemon into a punch-bowl, with uncouth gesticulations, looking round the company, and calling out, "Who's for *poonsh?*"—*Boswell.*

PARTIALITIES.

Conviviality.—One night when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a nightcap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good-humor agreed to their proposal: "What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you." He was soon dressed, and they sallied forth together into Covent Garden, where the green-grocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers, just come in from the country. Johnson made some attempts to help them; but the honest gardeners stared so at his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he soon saw his services were not relished. They then repaired to one of the neighboring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called *bishop*, which Johnson had always liked; while, in joyous contempt of sleep, from which he had been roused, he repeated the festive lines,

> "Short, O short, then be thy reign,
> And give us to the world again!"

They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Beauclerk and Johnson were so well pleased with their amusement that they resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day: but Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies. Johnson scolded him for "leaving his social friends, to go and sit with a set of wretched *un-idea'd* girls." Garrick being told of this ram-

ble, said to him, smartly, "I heard of your frolic t'other night. You'll be in the 'Chronicle.'" Upon which Johnson afterward observed, "*He* durst not do such a thing. His *wife* would not *let* him!"—*Boswell.*

In the end of 1783 he was seized with a spasmodic asthma of such violence that he was confined to the house in great pain, being sometimes obliged to sit all night in his chair. He, however, had none of that unsocial shyness which we commonly see in people afflicted with sickness. He did not hide his head from the world in solitary abstraction; he did not deny himself to the visits of his friends and acquaintances; but at all times, when he was not overcome by sleep, was ready for conversation as in his best days.—*Boswell.*

Mrs. Lennox had written a novel, which in the spring of 1751 was ready for publication. One evening, at the Ivy Lane Club, Johnson proposed to us the celebrating of the birth of Mrs. Lennox's first literary child, as he called her book, by a whole night spent in festivity. The place appointed was the Devil Tavern, and there, about the hour of eight, Mrs. Lennox and her husband, as also the club, and friends to the number of near twenty, assembled. The supper was elegant, and Johnson had directed that a magnificent hot apple-pie should make a part of it, and this he would have stuck with bay-leaves, because, forsooth, Mrs. Lennox was an authoress, and had written verses; and further, he had prepared for her a crown of laurel, with which, but not till he had invoked the muses by some ceremonies of his own invention, he encircled her brows. The night passed in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth. About five, Johnson's face shone with meridian splendor, though his drink had been only lemonade.—*Sir John Hawkins* (*abridged*).

Clubs.—A gentleman venturing to say to Johnson, "Sir,

I wonder sometimes that you condescend so far as to attend a city club," he answered, "Sir, the great chair of a full and pleasant club is, perhaps, the throne of human felicity."—*Cradock.*

How much he delighted in convivial meetings, how he loved conversation, has already been mentioned. A tavern was the place for these enjoyments; and a weekly club was instituted for his gratification, and the mutual delight of its several members. The first movers in this association were Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds; the number of persons included in it was nine; the place of meeting was the Turk's Head, in Gerrard Street. The hours which Johnson spent in this society seemed to be the happiest of his life: he would often applaud his own sagacity in the selection of it, and was so constant at our meetings as never to absent himself. He came late; but, then, he stayed late, for he little regarded hours.—*Sir John Hawkins* (*abridged*).

Notwithstanding the complication of disorders under which Johnson now labored (in his seventy-fourth year), he did not resign himself to despondency and discontent, but with wisdom and spirit endeavored to console and amuse his mind with as many innocent enjoyments as he could procure. Sir John Hawkins has mentioned the cordiality with which he insisted that such of the members of the old club in Ivy Lane as survived should meet again and dine together, which they did, twice at a tavern, and once at his house; and in order to insure himself society, in the evening, for three days in the week, he instituted a club at the Essex Head, in Essex Street, then kept by Samuel Greaves, an old servant of Mr. Thrale's.—*Boswell.*

Taverns.—We dined at an excellent inn, at Chapel-house, where he expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not

having, in any perfection, the tavern life. "There is no private house," said he, "in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it were his own. Whereas at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome: and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." He then repeated, with great emotion, Shenstone's lines:

> "Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome at an inn."—*Boswell.*

In contradiction to those who, having a wife and children, prefer domestic enjoyments to those which a tavern affords, I have heard him assert that a tavern chair was the throne of earthly felicity. "As soon," said he, "as I enter the door of a tavern I experience an oblivion of care, and a freedom from solicitude: when I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call; anxious to know, and ready to supply, my wants; wine there exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation and an interchange of discourse with those whom

I most love; I dogmatize and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinion and sentiments I find delight."—*Sir John Hawkins.*

Riding in a Coach.—In the afternoon, as we were driven rapidly along in the post-chaise, he said to me, "Life has not many things better than this."—*Boswell.*

In our way Johnson strongly expressed his love of driving fast in a post-chaise. "If," said he, "I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman; but she should be one who could understand me, and would add something to the conversation."—*Boswell.*

I asked him why he doted on a coach so, and received for answer that, "in the first place, the company was shut in with him *there*, and could not escape, as out of a room: in the next place, he heard all that was said in a carriage, when it was my turn to be deaf."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Talk.—Mr. Johnson, as he was a very talking man himself, had an idea that nothing promoted happiness so much as conversation. A friend's erudition was commended, one day, as equally strong and deep: "He will not talk, sir," was the reply; "so his learning does no good, and his wit, if he has it, gives us no pleasure."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

London.—I suggested a doubt that, if I were to reside in London, the exquisite zest with which I relished it in occasional visits might go off, and I might grow tired of it. *Johnson:* "Why, sir, you find no man at all intellectual who is willing to leave London. No, sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford."—*Boswell.*

TEA.—His defence of tea against Mr. Jonas Hanway's violent attack upon that elegant and popular beverage shows how very well a man of genius can write upon the slightest subjects, when he writes, as the Italians say, *con amore;* I suppose no person ever enjoyed with more relish the infusion of that fragrant leaf than Johnson. The quantities which he drank of it, at all hours, were so great that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong not to have been extremely relaxed by such an intemperate use of it.—*Boswell.*

He was a lover of tea to an excess hardly credible; whenever it appeared, he was almost raving; and by his impatience to be served, his incessant calls for those ingredients which make that liquor palatable, and the haste with which he swallowed it down, he seldom failed to make that a fatigue to every one else, which was intended as a general refreshment.—*Sir John Hawkins.*

There is no doubt that Miss Reynolds gained much of his good-will by her good-humored attention to his extraordinary predilection for tea; he himself saying that he wished his teakettle never to be cold; but Sir Joshua Reynolds having once, while spending the evening at Mr. Cumberland's, reminded him of the enormous quantity he was swallowing, observed that he had drank eleven cups, Johnson replied, "Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine; why, then, should you number up my cups of tea?" Johnson's extravagant fondness for this refreshment did not fail to excite notice wherever he went; and it is related, though not by Boswell, that, while on his Scottish tour, and spending some time at Dunvegan, the castle of the chief of the Macleods, the dowager Lady Macleod having repeatedly helped him, until she had poured out sixteen cups, then asked him if a small basin would not save him trouble, and be more agreeable? "I wonder, madam," said he, roughly, "why all the

ladies ask me such questions; it is to save yourselves trouble, madam, and not me." The lady was silent, and resumed her task.—*Northcote.*

Chemistry.—Dr. Johnson was always exceedingly fond of chemistry, and we made up a sort of laboratory at Streatham one summer, and diverted ourselves with drawing essences and coloring liquors. But the danger in which Mr. Thrale found his friend one day, when I was driven to London, and he had got the children and servants assembled round him to see some experiments performed, put an end to all our entertainment; as Mr. Thrale was persuaded that his short sight would have occasioned his destruction in a moment by bringing him close to a fierce and violent flame. —*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Arithmetic.—When Mr. Johnson felt his fancy, or fancied that he felt it, disordered, his constant recurrence was to the study of arithmetic; and one day that he was totally confined to his chamber, and I inquired what he had been doing to divert himself, he showed me a calculation which I could scarce be made to understand, so vast was the plan of it, and so very intricate were the figures: no other, indeed, than that the national debt, computing it at one hundred and eighty millions sterling, would, if converted into silver, serve to make a meridian of that metal, I forget how broad, for the globe of the whole earth.—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Small Experiments.—My readers will not be displeased at being told every slight circumstance of the manner in which Dr. Johnson contrived to amuse his solitary hours. He sometimes employed himself in chemistry, sometimes in watering and pruning a vine, sometimes in small experiments, at which those who may smile should recollect that there are moments which admit of being soothed only by trifles. In one of his manuscript diaries there is the fol-

lowing entry, which marks his curious minute attention: "July 26, 1768. I shaved my nail, by accident, in whetting the knife, about an eighth of an inch from the bottom, and about a fourth from the top. This I measure that I may know the growth of nails; the whole is about five-eighths of an inch." Another of the same kind appears: "August 7, 1779. *Partem brachii dextri carpo proximam et cutem pectoris circa mamillam dextram rasi, ut notum fieret quanto temporis pili renovarentur.*" And, "August 15, 1783. I cut from the vine forty-one leaves, which weighed five ounces and a half and eight scruples. I lay them upon my bookcase to see what weight they will lose by drying."—*Boswell.*

Athletic Exercises.—Mr. Johnson was very conversant in the art of attack and defence by boxing, which science he had learned from his uncle Andrew, I believe; and I have heard him descant upon the age when people were received, and when rejected, in the schools once held for that brutal amusement, much to the admiration of those who had no expectation of his skill in such matters, from the sight of a figure which precluded all possibility of personal prowess; though, because he saw Mr. Thrale one day leap over a cabriolet-stool, to show that he was not tired after a chase of fifty miles or more, *he* suddenly jumped over it too; but in a way so strange and so unwieldy that our terror lest he should break his bones took from us even the power of laughing.—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Dr. Johnson was very ambitious of excelling in common acquirements, as well as the uncommon, and particularly in feats of activity. One day, as he was walking in Gunisbury Park with some gentlemen and ladies who were admiring the extraordinary size of some of the trees, one of the gentlemen remarked that, when he was a boy, he made nothing of climbing (*swarming*, I think, was the phrase) the largest

there. "Why, I can swarm it now," replied Dr. Johnson, which excited a hearty laugh—(he was then between fifty and sixty); on which he ran to the tree, clung round the trunk, and ascended to the branches, and, I believe, would have gone in among them, had he not been very earnestly entreated to descend, and down he came, with a triumphant air, seeming *to make nothing of it.*

At another time, at a gentleman's seat in Devonshire, as he and some company were sitting in a saloon, before which was a spacious lawn, it was remarked as a very proper place for running a race. A young lady present boasted that she could outrun any person; on which Dr. Johnson rose up and said, "Madam, you cannot outrun me;" and, going out on the lawn, they started. The lady at first had the advantage; but Dr. Johnson, happening to have slippers on much too small for his feet, kicked them off up into the air, and ran a great length without them, leaving the lady far behind him; and, having won the victory, he returned, leading her by the hand, with looks of high exultation and delight.—*Miss Reynolds.*

A large party had been invited to meet the doctor at Stow Hill. The dinner waited far beyond the usual hour, and the company were about to sit down, when Johnson appeared at the great gate. He stood for some time in deep contemplation, and at length began to climb it; and, having succeeded in clearing it, advanced with hasty strides toward the house. On his arrival, Mrs. Gastrel asked him "if he had forgotten there was a small gate for foot-passengers by the side of the carriage-entrance?" "No, my dear lady, by no means," replied the doctor; "but I had a mind to try whether I could climb a gate now as I used to do when I was a lad."—*Parker.*

After breakfast we walked to the top of a very steep hill behind the house. When we arrived at the summit, Mr.

Langton said, "Poor dear Dr. Johnson, when he came to this spot, turned to look down the hill, and said he was determined to take a roll down. When we understood what he meant to do, we endeavored to dissuade him; but he was resolute, saying he had not had a roll for a long time; and taking out of his lesser pockets whatever might be in them—keys, pencil, purse, or penknife—and laying himself parallel with the edge of the hill, he actually descended, turning himself over and over till he came to the bottom." The story was told with such gravity, and with an air of such affectionate remembrance of a departed friend, that it was impossible to suppose this extraordinary freak of the great lexicographer to have been a fiction or invention of Mr. Langton.—*Best* (*from "Personal and Literary Memorials,"* 8vo, 1829).

HABITS AS SCHOLAR AND AUTHOR.

THE particular course of his reading while at Oxford, and during the time of vacation which he passed at home, cannot be traced. Enough has been said of his irregular mode of study. He told me that, from his earliest years, he loved to read poetry, but hardly ever read any poem to an end; that he read Shakspeare at a period so early that the speech of the ghost in Hamlet terrified him when he was alone; that Horace's Odes were the compositions in which he took most delight, and it was long before he liked his Epistles and Satires. He told me what he read *solidly*, at Oxford, was Greek; not the Grecian historians, but Homer and Euripides, and now and then a little epigram; that the study of which he was the most fond was Metaphysics, but he had not read much, even in that way. I always thought that he did himself injustice in his account of what he had read, and that he must have been speaking with reference to the vast portion of study which is possible, and to which

few scholars in the whole history of literature have attained; for when I once asked him whether a person, whose name I have now forgotten, studied hard, he answered, "No, sir; I do not believe he studied hard. I never knew a man who studied hard. I conclude, indeed, from the effects, that some men have studied hard, as Bentley and Clarke." Trying him by that criterion upon which he formed his judgment of others, we may be absolutely certain, both from his writings and his conversation, that his reading was very extensive. Dr. Adam Smith, than whom few were better judges on this subject, once observed to me that "Johnson knew more books than any man alive." He had a peculiar facility in seizing at once what was valuable in any book, without submitting to the labor of perusing it from beginning to end. He had, from the irritability of his constitution, at all times an impatience and hurry when he either read or wrote. A certain apprehension arising from novelty made him write his first exercise at college twice over; but he never took that trouble with any other composition; and we shall see that his most excellent works were struck off at a heat, with rapid exertion.—*Boswell.*

Somebody talked of happy moments for composition; and how a man can write at one time, and not at another. "Nay," said Dr. Johnson, "a man may write at any time, if he will set himself doggedly to it."—*Boswell.*

Mr. Strahan, the printer, told me that Johnson wrote "Rasselas," that with the profits he might defray the expense of his mother's funeral, and pay some little debts which she had left. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he composed it in the evenings of one week, sent it to the press in portions as it was written, and had never since read it over.—*Boswell.*

He said, "Idleness is a disease which must be combated; but I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular

plan of study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good. A young man should read five hours in a day, and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge."—*Boswell.*

In 1781, Johnson at last completed his "Lives of the Poets," of which he gives this account: "Some time in March I finished the 'Lives of the Poets,' which I wrote, in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily—unwilling to work, and working with vigor and haste."—*Boswell.*

Before dinner Dr. Johnson seized upon Mr. Charles Sheridan's "Account of the late Revolution in Sweden," and seemed to read it ravenously, as if he devoured it, which was, to all appearance, his method of studying. "He knows how to read better than any one," said Mrs. Knowles; "he gets at the substance of a book directly; he tears out the heart of it." He kept it wrapped up in the table-cloth, in his lap, during the time of dinner, from an avidity to have one entertainment in readiness when he should have finished another; resembling (if I may use so coarse a simile) a dog who holds a bone in his paws in reserve, while he eats something else which has been thrown to him.—*Boswell.*

In the morning of Tuesday, June 15, while we sat at Dr. Adams's, we talked of a printed letter from the Rev. Herbert Croft, to a young gentleman who had been his pupil, in which he advised him to read to the end of whatever books he should begin to read. *Johnson:* "This is surely a strange advice; you may as well resolve that whatever men you happen to get acquainted with, you are to keep to them for life. A book may be good for nothing; or there may be only one thing in it worth knowing: are we to read it all through? These voyages" (pointing to the three large volumes of "Voyages to the South Sea," which were just come

out), "*who* will read them through? A man had better work his way before the mast than read them through; they will be eaten by rats and mice before they are read through."—*Boswell.*

He said, "I wrote forty-eight of the printed octavo pages of the 'Life of Savage' at a sitting, but then I sat up all night." When a young man, he wrote three columns of the "Parliamentary Debates," in the "Gentleman's Magazine," in one hour. He composed seventy lines of his poem upon the "Vanity of Human Wishes" in one day, without putting one of them on paper until they were all finished.—*Editor.*

He always read amazingly quick, glancing his eye from the top to the bottom of the page in an instant. If he made any pause, it was a compliment to the work; and, after seesawing over it a few minutes, generally repeated the passage, especially if it was poetry.—*Miss Reynolds.*

Johnson's manner of composing has not been rightly understood. He was so extremely short-sighted that writing was inconvenient to him; for, whenever he wrote, he was obliged to hold the paper close to his face. He therefore never composed what we call a foul draught on paper of anything he published, but used to revolve the subject in his mind, and turn and form every period, till he had brought the whole to the highest correctness and the most perfect arrangement. Then his uncommonly retentive memory enabled him to deliver a whole essay, properly finished, whenever it was called for.—*Thomas Percy.*

We talked of composition, which was a favorite topic of Dr. Watson's, who first distinguished himself by lectures on rhetoric. *Johnson:* "I advised Chambers, and would advise every young man beginning to compose, to do it as fast as he can, to get a habit of having his mind to start

promptly; it is so much more difficult to improve in speed than in accuracy." *Watson:* "I own I am for much attention to accuracy in composing, lest one should get bad habits of doing it in a slovenly manner." *Johnson:* "Why, sir, you are confounding *doing* inaccurately with the *necessity* of doing inaccurately. A man knows when his composition is inaccurate, and when he thinks fit he'll correct it. But if a man is accustomed to compose slowly, and with difficulty, upon all occasions, there is danger that he may not compose at all, as we do not like to do that which is not done easily; and, at any rate, more time is consumed in a small matter than ought to be." *Watson:* "Dr. Hugh Blair has taken a week to compose a sermon." *Johnson:* "Then, sir, that is for want of the habit of composing quickly, which I am insisting one should acquire." *Watson:* "Blair was not composing all the week, but only such hours as he found himself disposed for composition." *Johnson:* "Nay, sir, unless you tell me the time he took, you tell me nothing. If I say I took a week to walk a mile, and have had the gout five days, and been ill otherwise another day, I have taken but one day. I myself have composed about forty sermons. I have begun a sermon after dinner, and sent it off by the post that night. I wrote forty-eight of the printed octavo pages of the 'Life of Savage' at a sitting; but then I sat up all night. I have also written six sheets in a day of translation from the French." *Boswell:* "We have all observed how one man dresses himself slowly, and another fast." *Johnson:* "Yes, sir; it is wonderful how much time some people will consume in dressing; taking up a thing and looking at it, and laying it down, and taking it up again. Every one should get the habit of doing it quickly. I would say to a young divine, 'Here is your text; let me see how soon you can make a sermon.' Then I'd say, 'Let me see how much better you can make it.' Thus I should see both his powers and his judgment."—*Boswell.*

POMPOSITY OF STYLE.

THERE can be no doubt that Johnson laboriously cultivated the pompous style of writing which we still call Johnsonian. Even in his own day, when rhetoric was far more highly valued than it is at present, his manner was often the theme of criticism and satire. Boswell relates one of Goldsmith's speeches upon this subject, which, for once, must have silenced the great talker; for there is no record of a repartee. The talk had run upon fable-writing, and Goldsmith observed that in most fables the animals seldom talk in character. "For instance," said he, "the fable of the little fishes, who petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds—the skill consists in making them talk like little fishes." This struck Johnson as very ridiculous talk, and he began to roll himself about, and to shake with laughter; when Goldsmith broke in upon his entertainment by saying, "Why, Doctor Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales."—*Editor.*

Sir Joshua Reynolds once asked him by what means he had attained his extraordinary accuracy and flow of language. He told him that he had early laid it down as a fixed rule to do his best on every occasion, and in every company to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could put it in; and that by constant practice, and never suffering any careless expressions to escape him, or attempting to deliver his thoughts without arranging them in the clearest manner, it became habitual to him.—*Boswell.*

His talk was generally pithy and simple, but he sometimes forced himself into his characteristic style and "talked like a book." He once objected to Boswell's calling a mountain "immense," and corrected him by saying, "No, it

is no more than a considerable protuberance." When some one told him of a man who had forgotten his own name, he said, "Sir, that was a morbid oblivion." Macaulay says, "It is clear that Johnson himself did not think in the dialect in which he wrote. The expressions which came first to his tongue were simple, energetic, and picturesque. When he wrote for publication, he did his sentences out of English into Johnsonese. His letters from the Hebrides to Mrs. Thrale are the original of that work of which the 'Journey to the Hebrides' is the translation. 'When we were taken up-stairs,' says he, in one of his letters, 'a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie.' This incident is recorded in the 'Journey' as follows: 'Out of one of the beds on which we were to repose started up, at our entrance, a man black as a Cyclops from the forge.'" Here are a few more passages illustrating his cultivation of the grand manner.—*Editor.*

Mr. Strahan had taken a poor boy from the country as an apprentice, upon Johnson's recommendation. Johnson, having inquired after him, said, "Mr. Strahan, let me have five guineas on account, and I'll give this boy one. Nay, if a man recommends a boy, and does nothing for him, it is sad work. Call him down." I followed him into the court-yard, behind Mr. Strahan's house; and there I had a proof of what I had heard him profess, that he talked alike to all. "Some people tell you that they let themselves down to the capacity of their hearers. I never do that. I speak uniformly in as intelligible a manner as I can."—"Well, my boy, how do you go on?" "Pretty well, sir; but they are afraid I ain't strong enough for some parts of the business." *Johnson:* "Why, I shall be sorry for it; for when you consider with how little mental power and corporeal labor a printer can get a guinea a week, it is a very desirable occupation for you. Do you hear—take all the pains you can; and if this does not do, we must think of some other way of

life for you. There's a guinea." Here was one of the many, many instances of his active benevolence. At the same time the slow and sonorous solemnity with which, while he bent himself down, he addressed a little thick short-legged boy, contrasted with the boy's awkwardness and awe, could not but excite some ludicrous emotions.—*Boswell.*

Talking of London, he observed, "Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists."—*Boswell.*

Having asked Mr. Langton if his father and mother had sat for their pictures, which he thought it right for each generation of a family to do, and being told they had opposed it, he said, "Sir, among the anfractuosities of the human mind, I know not if it may not be one that there is a superstitious reluctance to sit for a picture."—*Boswell.*

Lord Lucan tells a very good story, which, if not precisely exact, is certainly characteristical: that, when the sale of Thrale's brewery was going forward, Johnson appeared bustling about, with an inkhorn and pen in his button-hole, like an exciseman; and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered, "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."—*Boswell.*

He seemed to take a pleasure in speaking in his own style; for when he had carelessly missed it, he would repeat the thought translated into it. Talking of the comedy of "The Rehearsal," he said, "It has not wit enough to keep it

sweet." This was easy; he therefore caught himself, and pronounced a more round sentence: "It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction."—*Boswell.*

DISEASES.

He is shockingly near-sighted. He did not even know Mrs. Thrale, till she held out her hand to him; which she did very engagingly. After the first few minutes he drew his chair close to the pianoforte, and then bent down his nose quite over the keys to examine them and the four hands at work upon them, till poor Hetty and Susan hardly knew how to play on, for fear of touching his phiz; or, which was harder still, how to keep their countenances.—*Madame D'Arblay.*

The old tutor of Macdonald always ate fish with his fingers, alleging that a knife and fork gave it a bad taste. I took the liberty to observe to Dr. Johnson that he did so. "Yes," said he; "but it is because I am short-sighted, and afraid of bones, for which reason I am not fond of eating many kinds of fish, because I must use my fingers."—*Boswell.*

Dr. Johnson's sight was so very defective that he could scarcely distinguish the face of his most intimate acquaintance at half a yard, and, in general, it was observable that his critical remarks on dress, etc., were the result of very close inspection of the object.—*Miss Reynolds.*

I met him at Drury Lane playhouse in the evening. Sir Joshua Reynolds, at Mrs. Abington's request, had promised to bring a body of wits to her benefit; and having secured forty places in the front boxes, had done me the honor to put me in the group. Johnson sat on the seat directly behind me; and as he could neither see nor hear at such a dis-

tance from the stage, he was wrapped up in grave abstraction, and seemed quite a cloud amidst all the sunshine of glitter and gayety. I wondered at his patience in sitting out a play of five acts and a farce of two.—*Boswell.*

Being urged by a lady to go to see Mrs. Siddons, he said, "Well, madam, if you desire it, I will go. See her I shall not, nor hear her; but I'll go, and that will do."—*Madame D'Arblay.*

In the year 1766 Mr. Johnson's health grew so bad that he could not stir out of his room, in the court he inhabited, for many weeks together—I think, months. Mr. Thrale's attentions and my own now became so acceptable to him that he often lamented to us the horrible condition of his mind, which, he said, was nearly distracted.—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Young Johnson had the misfortune to be much afflicted with the scrofula, or king's evil, which disfigured a countenance naturally well-formed, and hurt his visual nerves so much that he did not see at all with one of his eyes, though its appearance was little different from that of the other. There is among his prayers one inscribed, "*When my* EYE *was restored to its use*," which ascertains a defect that many of his friends knew he had, though I never perceived it.—*Boswell.*

Dr. Johnson loved late hours extremely, or, more properly, hated early ones. Nothing was more terrifying to him than the idea of retiring to bed, which he never would call going to rest, or suffer another to call so. "I lie down," said he, "that my acquaintance may sleep; but I lie down to endure oppressive misery, and soon rise again to pass the night in anxiety and pain."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

In his seventy-third year, Johnson wrote to his friend, Mr.

Hector, "My health has been, from my twentieth year, such as has seldom afforded me a single day of ease; but it is at least not worse, and I sometimes make myself believe that it is better. My disorders are, however, still sufficiently oppressive." It seems probable that he inherited a tendency to insanity from his father. All through his life he was subject to that nervous affection which Boswell considered a kind of St. Vitus's dance; and at different periods he was afflicted by asthma, gout, dropsy, and paralysis.—*Editor.*

MELANCHOLY.

THE "morbid melancholy," which was lurking in his constitution, and to which we may ascribe those particularities, and that aversion to regular life, which at a very early period marked his character, gathered such strength in his twentieth year as to afflict him in a dreadful manner. While he was at Lichfield, in the college vacation of the year 1729, he felt himself overwhelmed with a horrible hypochondria, with perpetual irritation, fretfulness, and impatience; and with a dejection, gloom, and despair which made existence misery. From this dismal malady he never afterward was perfectly relieved; and all his labors and all his enjoyments were but temporary interruptions of its baleful influence. How wonderful, how unsearchable are the ways of God! Johnson, who was blest with all the powers of genius and understanding, in a degree far above the ordinary state of human nature, was at the same time visited with a disorder so afflictive, that they who know it by dire experience will not envy his exalted endowments. That it was, in some degree, occasioned by a defect in his nervous system, that inexplicable part of our frame, appears highly probable. He told Mr. Paradise that he was sometimes so languid and inefficient that he could not distinguish the hour upon the town clock.—*Boswell.*

In 1764 he was afflicted with a very severe return of the hypochondriac disorder, which was ever lurking about him. He was so ill, as, notwithstanding his remarkable love of company, to be entirely averse to society—the most fatal symptom of that malady. Dr. Adams told me that, as an old friend, he was admitted to visit him, and that he found him in a deplorable state—sighing, groaning, talking to himself, and restlessly walking from room to room. He then used this emphatical expression of the misery which he felt: "I would consent to have a limb amputated to recover my spirits."—*Boswell.*

He asserted that *the present* was never a happy state to any human being; but that, as every part of life, of which we are conscious, was at some point of time a period yet to come, in which felicity was expected, there was some happiness produced by hope. Being pressed upon this subject, and asked if he really was of opinion that, though in general happiness was very rare in human life, a man was not sometimes happy in the moment that was present, he answered, "Never, but when he is drunk."—*Boswell.*

I talked to him of misery being the "doom of man," in this life, as displayed in his "Vanity of Human Wishes." Yet I observed that things were done upon the supposition of happiness: grand houses were built, fine gardens were made, splendid places of public amusement were contrived, and crowded with company. *Johnson:* "Alas, sir, these are all only struggles for happiness. When I first entered Ranelagh, it gave an expansion and gay sensation to my mind, such as I never experienced anywhere else. But, as Xerxes wept when he viewed his immense army, and considered that not one of that great multitude would be alive a hundred years afterward, so it went to my heart to consider that there was not one in all that brilliant circle that was not afraid to go home and think; but that the thoughts of

—Journal.

—Journal.

—Journal.

—Journal.

---

much may be said in Dr. Johnson's justification, supposing this notion should not meet with universal approbation, he having, it is probable, imbibed it in the early part of his life, when under the pressure of adverse fortune, and in every period of it under the still heavier pressure and more adverse influence of nature herself; for I have often heard him lament that he inherited from his father a morbid disposition both of body and of mind—an oppressive melancholy, which robbed him of the common enjoyments of life.—*Miss Reynolds.*

His "Prayers and Meditations" are full of indications of the deepest melancholy. He writes, "I have made no reformation; I have lived totally useless." Again, "A kind of strange oblivion has overspread me, so that I know not what has become of the last year, and perceive that incidents and intelligence pass over me without leaving any impression." A lady once said to him that she could not understand why men got drunk; she wondered how a man could find pleasure in making a beast of himself; and Johnson said, "He who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man." Boswell says, in his account of their tour together in the Hebrides, "Before breakfast, Dr. Johnson came up to my room, to forbid me to mention that this was his birthday; but I told him I had done it already; at which he was displeased." And in a letter to Mrs. Thrale Johnson writes as follows: "Boswell, with some of his troublesome kindness, has informed this family and reminded me that the eighteenth of September is my birthday. The return of my birthday, if I remember it, fills me with thoughts which it seems to be the general care of humanity to escape. I can now look back upon threescore-and-four years, in which little has been done and little has been enjoyed; a life diversified by misery, spent part in the sluggishness of poverty, and part under the violence of pain, in gloomy discontent or importunate distress. But perhaps

I am better than I should have been if I had been less afflicted. With this I will try to be content." Four years after that time, Johnson and Boswell were visiting Dr. Taylor, and Boswell had again a chance to learn that his great friend did not choose to have his birthday observed. "Last night," he says, "Dr. Johnson had proposed that the crystal lustre, or chandelier, in Dr. Taylor's large room should be lighted up some time or other. Taylor said it should be lighted up next night. 'That will do very well,' said I, 'for it is Dr. Johnson's birthday.'" But Johnson was again displeased, and sternly said that the chandelier should not be lighted next day, that he would not permit it to be done.—*Editor.*

FEAR OF DEATH.

When we were alone, I introduced the subject of death, and endeavored to maintain that the fear of it might be got over. I told him that David Hume said to me he was no more uneasy to think he should *not be* after his life, than that he *had not been* before he began to exist. *Johnson:* "Sir, if he really thinks so, his perceptions are disturbed; he is mad. If he does not think so, he lies. He may tell you he holds his finger in the flame of a candle, without feeling pain; would you believe him? When he dies, he at least gives up all he has." *Boswell:* "Foote, sir, told me that, when he was very ill, he was not afraid to die." *Johnson:* "It is not true, sir. Hold a pistol to Foote's breast, or to Hume's breast, and threaten to kill them, and you'll see how they behave." *Boswell:* "But may we not fortify our minds for the approach of death?" Here I am sensible I was in the wrong, to bring before his view what he ever looked upon with horror; for, although when in a celestial frame of mind, in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," he has supposed death to be "kind nature's signal for retreat,"

from this state of being to "a happier seat," his thoughts upon this awful change were, in general, full of dismal apprehensions. His mind resembled the vast amphitheatre, the Coliseum at Rome. In the centre stood his judgment, which, like a mighty gladiator, combated those apprehensions that, like the wild beasts of the arena, were all around in cells, ready to be let out upon him. After a conflict, he drives them back into their dens; but, not killing them, they were still assailing him. To my question, whether we might not fortify our minds for the approach of death, he answered, in a passion, "No, sir, let it alone. It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The act of dying is not of importance—it lasts so short a time." He added, with an earnest look, "A man knows it must be so, and submits. It will do him no good to whine." I attempted to continue the conversation. He was so provoked that he said, "Give us no more of this;" and was thrown into such a state of agitation that he expressed himself in a way that alarmed and distressed me; showed an impatience that I should leave him, and when I was going away, called to me sternly, "Don't let us meet to-morrow."—*Boswell.*

The horror of death, which I had always observed in Dr. Johnson, appeared strong to-night. I ventured to tell him that I had been, for moments in my life, not afraid of death; therefore I could suppose another man in that state of mind for a considerable space of time. He said, "He never had a moment in which death was not terrible to him." He added that it had been observed that scarce any man dies in public but with apparent resolution, from that desire of praise which never quits us. I said, Dr. Dodd seemed willing to die, and full of hopes of happiness. "Sir," said he, "Dr. Dodd would have given both his hands and both his legs to have lived. The better a man is, the more he is afraid of death, having a clearer view of infinite purity."—*Boswell.*

He said to Boswell, "I have made no approaches to a state which can look on death as not terrible." On another occasion he said that the whole of life was but keeping away the thoughts of death. An old friend of his at Lichfield tells that some one in a company, of which Johnson was one, vouched for the company that there was no one in it afraid of death. "Speak for yourself, sir," said Johnson; "for, indeed, I am." He held that the protraction of mere existence was a "sufficient recompense for very considerable degrees of torture."—*Editor.*

TORY AND HIGH-CHURCHMAN.

To such a degree of unrestrained frankness had he now accustomed me, that in the course of this evening I talked of the numerous reflections which had been thrown out against him on account of his having accepted a pension from his present Majesty. "Why, sir," said he, with a hearty laugh, "it is a mighty foolish noise that they make. I have accepted of a pension as a reward which has been thought due to my literary merit; and now that I have this pension, I am the same man in every respect that I have ever been; I retain the same principles. It is true that I cannot now curse" (smiling) "the house of Hanover; nor would it be decent for me to drink King James's health in the wine that King George gives me money to pay for. But, sir, I think that the pleasure of cursing the house of Hanover and drinking King James's health are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year."

There was here, most certainly, an affectation of more Jacobitism than he really had; and, indeed, an intention of admitting for the moment, in a much greater extent than it really existed, the charge of disaffection imputed to him by the world, merely for the purpose of showing how dexterously he could repel an attack, even though he were placed

in the most disadvantageous position; for I have heard him declare that if holding up his right hand would have secured victory at Culloden to Prince Charles's army, he was not sure he would have held it up, so little confidence had he in the right claimed by the house of Stuart, and so fearful was he of the consequences of another revolution on the throne of Great Britain; and Mr. Topham Beauclerk assured me he had heard him say this before he had his pension. At another time he said to Mr. Langton, "Nothing has ever offered that has made it worth my while to consider the question fully." He, however, also said to the same gentleman, talking of King James the Second, "It was become impossible for him to reign any longer in this country." He no doubt had an early attachment to the house of Stuart; but his zeal had cooled as his reason strengthened. Indeed, I heard him once say "that, after the death of a violent Whig, with whom he used to contend with great eagerness, he felt his Toryism much abated." I suppose he meant Mr. Walmesley.

Yet there is no doubt that, at earlier periods, he was wont often to exercise both his pleasantry and ingenuity in talking Jacobitism. My much respected friend, Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, has favored me with the following admirable instance from his lordship's own recollection: One day, when dining at old Mr. Langton's, where Miss Roberts, his niece, was one of the company, Johnson, with his usual complacent attention to the fair sex, took her by the hand, and said, "My dear, I hope you are a Jacobite." Old Mr. Langton, who, though a high and steady Tory, was attached to the present royal family, seemed offended, and asked Johnson, with great warmth, what he could mean by putting such a question to his niece. "Why, sir," said Johnson, "I meant no offence to your niece—I meant her a great compliment. A Jacobite, sir, believes in the divine right of kings. He that believes in the divine right of kings believes in a Divinity. A Jacobite believes in the divine right

of bishops. He that believes in the divine right of bishops believes in the divine authority of the Christian religion. Therefore, sir, a Jacobite is neither an Atheist nor a Deist. That cannot be said of a Whig; for *Whiggism is a negation of all principle.*"—*Boswell* (1763).

I asked if it was not strange that government should permit so many infidel writings to pass without censure. *Johnson:* "Sir, it is mighty foolish. It is for want of knowing their own power. The present family on the throne came to the crown against the will of nine-tenths of the people. Whether those nine-tenths were right or wrong, it is not our business now to inquire. But such being the situation of the royal family, they were glad to encourage all who would be their friends. Now, you know every bad man is a Whig; every man who has loose notions. The Church was all against this family. They were, as I say, glad to encourage any friends; and therefore, since their accession, there is no instance of any man being kept back on account of his bad principles; and hence this inundation of impiety."—*Boswell.*

He had this evening (partly, I suppose, from the spirit of contradiction to his Whig friend) a violent argument with Dr. Taylor as to the inclinations of the people of England at this time toward the royal family of Stuart. He grew so outrageous as to say "that, if England were fairly polled, the present king would be sent away to-night, and his adherents hanged to-morrow." Taylor, who was as violent a Whig as Johnson was a Tory, was roused by this to a pitch of bellowing. He denied loudly what Johnson said, and maintained that there was an abhorrence against the Stuart family, though he admitted that the people were not much attached to the present king.* *Johnson:* "Sir, the state of

---

* George the Third.

the country is this: the people, knowing it to be agreed on all hands that this king has not the hereditary right to the crown, and there being no hope that he who has it can be restored, have grown cold and indifferent upon the subject of loyalty, and have no warm attachment to any king. They would not, therefore, risk anything to restore the exiled family. They would not give twenty shillings a piece to bring it about. But if a mere vote could do it, there would be twenty to one; at least, there would be a very great majority of voices for it. For, sir, you are to consider that all those who think a king has a right to his crown as a man has to his estate, which is the just opinion, would be for restoring the king who certainly has the hereditary right, could he be trusted with it; in which there would be no danger now, when laws and everything else are so much advanced, and every king will govern by the laws. And you must also consider, sir, that there is nothing on the other side to oppose this; for it is not alleged by any one that the present family has any inherent right: so that the Whigs could not have a contest between two rights."—*Boswell.*

He said of Charles the Second that "he was licentious in his practice; but he always had a reverence for what was good. Charles the Second knew his people, and rewarded merit. The Church was at no time better filled than in his reign. He was the best king we have had from his time till the reign of his present Majesty, except James the Second, who was a very good king, but, unhappily, believed that it was necessary for the salvation of his subjects that they should be Roman Catholics. *He* had the merit of endeavoring to do what he thought was for the salvation of the souls of his subjects, till he lost a great empire. *We*, who thought that we should *not* be saved if we were Roman Catholics, had the merit of maintaining our religion, at the expense of submitting ourselves to the government of King William

(for it could not be done otherwise)—to the government of one of the most worthless scoundrels that ever existed. No; Charles the Second was not such a man as"* (naming another king). "He did not destroy his father's will. He took money, indeed, from France; but he did not betray those over whom he ruled: he did not let the French fleet pass ours. George the First knew nothing, and desired to know nothing; did nothing, and desired to do nothing; and the only good thing that is told of him is that he wished to restore the crown to its hereditary successor." He roared with prodigious violence against George the Second.—*Boswell.*

No man was more zealously attached to his party: he not only loved a Tory himself, but he loved a man the better if he heard he hated a Whig. "Dear Bathurst," said he to me one day, "was a man to my very heart's content: he hated a fool, and he hated a rogue, and he hated a Whig—he was a very good hater."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

On Wednesday, August 3d, we had our last social evening at the Turk's Head coffee-house, before my setting out for foreign parts. I had the misfortune, before we parted, to irritate him unintentionally. I mentioned to him how common it was in the world to tell absurd stories of him, and to ascribe to him very strange sayings. *Johnson:* "What do they make me say, sir?" *Boswell:* "Why, sir, as an instance very strange indeed," laughing heartily as I spoke, "David Hume told me you said that you would stand before a battery of cannon to restore the Convocation to its full powers." Little did I apprehend that he had actually said this: but I was soon convinced of my error; for, with a determined look, he thundered out, "And would I not, sir? Shall the Presbyterian *Kirk* of Scotland have

---

* George the Second.

its General Assembly, and the Church of England be denied its Convocation?" He was walking up and down the room while I told him the anecdote; but when he uttered this explosion of High-Church zeal, he had come close to my chair, and his eyes flashed with indignation.—*Boswell.*

I had hired a Bohemian as my servant while I remained in London, and, being much pleased with him, I asked Dr. Johnson whether his being a Roman Catholic should prevent my taking him with me to Scotland. *Johnson:* "Why, no, sir. If *he* has no objection, you can have none." *Boswell:* "So, sir, you are no great enemy to the Roman Catholic religion?" *Johnson:* "No more, sir, than to the Presbyterian religion." *Boswell:* "You are joking." *Johnson:* "No, sir, I really think so. Nay, sir, of the two I prefer the Popish." *Boswell:* "How so, sir?" *Johnson:* "Why, sir, the Presbyterians have no Church, no apostolical ordination." *Boswell:* "And do you think that absolutely essential, sir?" *Johnson:* "Why, sir, as it was an apostolical institution, I think it is dangerous to be without it. And, sir, the Presbyterians have no public worship: they have no form of prayer in which they know they are to join. They go to hear a man pray, and are to judge whether they will join with him."—*Boswell.*

His respect for the hierarchy, and particularly the dignitaries of the Church, has been more than once exhibited. Mr. Seward saw him presented to the Archbishop of York, and described his *bow to an archbishop* as such a studied elaboration of homage, such an extension of limb, such a flexion of body, as have seldom or ever been equalled.—*Boswell.*

Johnson's zeal for the Church of England was greatly stimulated by the sight of the ruined churches and abbeys in Scotland. The following passages are taken from the

"Journal of a Tour in the Hebrides," and indicate the full extent of Johnson's devotion to Episcopacy.—*Editor.*

One of the steeples, which he was told was in danger, he wished not to be taken down; "for," said he, "it may fall on some of the posterity of John Knox; and no great matter!" Dinner was mentioned. *Johnson:* "Ay, ay; amidst all these sorrowful scenes I have no objection to dinner."—*Boswell.*

Dr. Johnson's veneration for the hierarchy is well known. There is no wonder, then, that he was affected with a strong indignation while he beheld the ruins of religious magnificence. I happened to ask where John Knox was buried. Dr. Johnson burst out, "I hope in the highway! I have been looking at his reformations!"—*Boswell.*

I doubted whether Dr. Johnson would be present at a Presbyterian prayer. I told Mr. Macaulay so, and said that the doctor might sit in the library while we were at family worship. Mr. Macaulay said he would omit it rather than give Dr. Johnson offence; but I would by no means agree that an excess of politeness, even to so great a man, should prevent what I esteem as one of the best pious regulations. I know nothing more beneficial, more comfortable, more agreeable than that the little societies of each family should regularly assemble, and unite in praise and prayer to our heavenly Father, from whom we daily receive so much good, and may hope for more in a higher state of existence. I mentioned to Dr. Johnson the over-delicate scrupulosity of our host; he said he had no objection to hear the prayer. This was a pleasing surprise to me, for he refused to go and hear Principal Robertson preach. "I will hear him," said he, "if he will get up into a tree and preach; but I will not give a sanction, by my presence, to a Presbyterian assembly."—*Boswell.*

Neither the Rev. Mr. Nisbet, the Established minister, nor the Rev. Mr. Spooner, the Episcopal minister, were in town. Before breakfast we went and saw the town-hall, where is a good dancing-room, and other rooms for tea-drinking. The appearance of the town from it is very well; but many of the houses are built with their ends to the street, which looks awkward. When we came down from it, I met Mr. Gleig, a merchant here. He went with us to see the English chapel. It is situated on a pretty, dry spot, and there is a fine walk to it. It is really an elegant building, both within and without. The organ is adorned with green and gold. Dr. Johnson gave a shilling extraordinary to the clerk, saying, "He belongs to an honest Church." I put him in mind that Episcopals were but Dissenters here; they were only tolerated. "Sir," said he, "we are here as Christians in Turkey."—*Boswell.*

SUPERSTITION.

Crosbie pleased him much by talking learnedly of alchemy, as to which Johnson was not a positive unbeliever, but rather delighted in considering what progress had actually been made in the transmutation of metals, what near approaches there had been to the making of gold; and told us that it was affirmed that a person in the Russian dominions had discovered the secret, but died without revealing it, as imagining it would be prejudicial to society. He added that it was not impossible but it might in time be generally known.—*Boswell.*

I have this year omitted church on most Sundays, intending to supply the deficiency in the week; so that I owe twelve attendances on worship. I will make no more such superstitious stipulations.—*Johnson's Prayers and Meditations.*

Of John Wesley he said, "He can talk well on any subject." *Boswell:* "Pray, sir, what has he made of his story of the ghost?" *Johnson:* "Why, sir, he believes it; but not on sufficient authority. He did not take time enough to examine the girl. It was at Newcastle, where the ghost was said to have appeared to a young woman several times, mentioning something about the right to an old house, advising application to be made to an attorney, which was done; and at the same time saying the attorney would do nothing, which proved to be the fact. 'This,' says John, 'is a proof that a ghost knows our thoughts.' Now" (laughing), "it is not necessary to know our thoughts to tell that an attorney will sometimes do nothing. Charles Wesley, who is a more stationary man, does not believe the story. I am sorry that John did not take more pains to inquire into the evidence for it." *Miss Seward* (with an incredulous smile): "What, sir, about a ghost?" *Johnson* (with solemn vehemence): "Yes, madam; this is a question which, after five thousand years, is yet undecided: a question, whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human understanding."—*Boswell.*

When I mentioned Thomas Lord Lyttelton's vision, the prediction of the time of his death, and its exact fulfilment: *Johnson:* "It is the most extraordinary thing that has happened in my day. I heard it with my own ears, from his uncle, Lord Westcote. I am so glad to have every evidence of the spiritual world, that I am willing to believe it."—*Boswell.*

I introduced the subject of second sight and other mysterious manifestations, the fulfilment of which, I suggested, might happen by chance. *Johnson:* "Yes, sir; but they have happened so often, that mankind have agreed to think them not fortuitous."—*Boswell.*

Of apparitions he observed, "A total disbelief of them is adverse to the opinion of the existence of the soul between death and the last day. The question simply is whether departed spirits ever have the power of making themselves perceptible to us. A man who thinks he has seen an apparition can only be convinced himself; his authority will not convince another; and his conviction, if rational, must be founded on being told something which cannot be known but by supernatural means."

He mentioned a thing as not unfrequent, of which I had never heard before—being *called*, that is, hearing one's name pronounced by the voice of a known person at a great distance, far beyond the possibility of being reached by any sound uttered by human organs. An acquaintance, on whose veracity I can depend, told me that, walking home one evening to Kilmarnock, he heard himself called from a wood by the voice of a brother who had gone to America; and the next packet brought accounts of that brother's death. Macbean asserted that this inexplicable calling was a thing very well known. Dr. Johnson said that one day at Oxford, as he was turning the key of his chamber, he heard his mother distinctly call—*Sam.* She was then at Lichfield; but nothing ensued. This phenomenon is, I think, as wonderful as any other mysterious fact, which many people are very slow to believe, or rather, indeed, reject with an obstinate contempt.—*Boswell.*

In performance of my engagement, I am compelled to make public as well those particulars of Johnson that may be thought to abase as those that exalt his character. Among the former may be reckoned the credit he for some time gave to the idle story of the Cock Lane ghost.—*Sir John Hawkins.*

Here it is proper, once for all, to give a true and fair statement of Johnson's way of thinking upon the question

whether departed spirits are ever permitted to appear in this world, or in any way to operate upon human life. He has been ignorantly misrepresented as weakly credulous upon that subject; and therefore, though I feel an inclination to disdain and treat with silent contempt so foolish a notion concerning my illustrious friend, yet, as I find it has gained ground, it is necessary to refute it. The real fact, then, is that Johnson had a very philosophical mind, and such a rational respect for testimony as to make him submit his understanding to what was authentically proved, though he could not comprehend why it was so. Being thus disposed, he was willing to inquire into the truth of any relation of supernatural agency, a general belief of which has prevailed in all nations and ages. But so far was he from being the dupe of implicit faith, that he examined the matter with a jealous attention, and no man was more ready to refute its falsehood when he had discovered it. Churchill, in his poem entitled "The Ghost," availed himself of the absurd credulity imputed to Johnson, and drew a caricature of him under the name of "Pomposo," representing him as one of the believers of the story of a ghost in Cock Lane, which, in the year 1762, had gained very general credit in London. Many of my readers, I am convinced, are to this hour under an impression that Johnson was thus foolishly deceived. It will, therefore, surprise them a good deal when they are informed, upon undoubted authority, that Johnson was one of those by whom the imposture was detected. The story had become so popular that he thought it should be investigated; and in this research he was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, the great detector of impostures, who informs me that, after the gentlemen who went and examined into the evidence were satisfied of its falsity, Johnson wrote, in their presence, an account of it, which was published in the newspapers and "Gentleman's Magazine," and undeceived the world.—*Boswell.*

Johnson was undoubtedly prone to believe any supernatural tale; in this respect he was often weakly credulous. Boswell's own testimony establishes this fact, despite his attempt to vindicate Johnson in the passage last quoted. It must be remembered, in this connection, that Boswell was here disqualified to judge fairly of Johnson by his own tendency to superstition. His intimate friend, Malone, says of him, "He delighted in talking concerning ghosts, and what he has frequently denominated the mysterious." And Johnson, writing to Mrs. Thrale from the Hebrides, says, "Boswell, who is very pious, went into a ruined chapel at night to perform his devotions, but came back in haste, for fear of spectres." This does not give one much confidence in Boswell's ability to form a rational opinion of such matters.—*Editor.*

INCREDULITY AND CYNICISM.

He did not give me full credit when I mentioned that I had carried on a short conversation by signs with some Esquimaux who were then in London, particularly with one of them who was a priest. He thought I could not make them understand me. No man was more incredulous as to particular facts which were at all extraordinary; and, therefore, no man was more scrupulously inquisitive in order to discover the truth.—*Boswell.*

He was, indeed, so much impressed with the prevalence of falsehood, voluntary or unintentional, that I never knew any person who, upon hearing an extraordinary circumstance told, discovered more of the *incredulus odi.* He would say, with a significant look and decisive tone, "It is not so. Do not tell this again."—*Boswell.*

Mr. Johnson's incredulity amounted almost to disease, and

I have seen it mortify his companions exceedingly. Two gentlemen, I perfectly well remember, dining with us at Streatham, in the summer of 1782, when Elliot's brave defence of Gibraltar was a subject of common discourse, one of these men naturally enough began some talk about red-hot balls thrown with surprising dexterity and effect; which Mr. Johnson having listened some time to: "I would advise you, sir," said he, with a cold sneer, "never to relate this story again: you really can scarce imagine how very poor a figure you make in the telling of it." His fixed incredulity of everything he heard, and his little care to conceal that incredulity, was teasing enough, to be sure; and I saw Mr. Sharp was pained exceedingly when, relating the history of a hurricane that happened about that time in the West Indies, where, for aught I know, he had himself lost some friends too, he observed Dr. Johnson believed not a syllable of the account. "For 'tis so easy," says he, "for a man to fill his mouth with a wonder, and run about telling the lie before it can be detected, that I have no heart to believe hurricanes, easily raised by the first inventor, and blown forward by thousands more."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

"Indeed, Dr. Johnson," said Miss Monckton, "you must see Mrs. Siddons. Won't you see her in some fine part?" "Why, if I must, madam, I have no choice." "She says, sir, she shall be very much afraid of you." "Madam, that cannot be true." "Not true?" cried Miss Monckton, staring; "yes, it is." "It cannot be, madam." "But she said so to me; I heard her say it myself." "Madam, it is not possible! Remember, therefore, in future, that even fiction should be supported by probability." Miss Monckton looked all amazement, but insisted on the truth of what she had said. "I do not believe, madam," said he, warmly, "she knows my name."—*Madame D'Arblay.*

I mentioned my having that morning introduced to Mr.

Garrick Count Neni, a Flemish nobleman of great rank and fortune, to whom Garrick talked of Abel Drugger as *a small part*, and related, with pleasant vanity, that a Frenchman who had seen him in one of his low characters exclaimed, "*Comment! je ne le crois pas. Ce n'est pas Monsieur Garrick, ce grand homme!*" Garrick added, with an appearance of grave recollection, "If I were to begin life again, I think I should not play these low characters." Upon which I observed, "Sir, you would be in the wrong; for your great excellence is your variety of playing, your representing so well characters so very different." *Johnson:* "Garrick, sir, was not in earnest in what he said; for, to be sure, his peculiar excellence is his variety; and, perhaps, there is not any one character which has not been as well acted by somebody else as he could do it." *Boswell:* "Why then, sir, did he talk so?" *Johnson:* "Why, sir, to make you answer as you did." *Boswell:* "I don't know, sir; he seemed to dip deep into his mind for the reflection." *Johnson:* "He had not far to dip, sir; he had said the same thing, probably, twenty times before."—*Boswell.*

Of Dr. Johnson, when my father and Hogarth were talking together about him one day, "That man," said the latter, "is not contented with believing the Bible, but he fairly resolves, I think, to believe nothing but the Bible. Johnson," added he, "though so wise a fellow, is more like King David than King Solomon, for he says, in his haste, that all men are liars."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

We were speaking of a gentleman who loved his friend: "Make him prime minister," says Johnson, "and see how long his friend will be remembered." But he had a rougher answer for me, when I commended a sermon preached by an intimate acquaintance of our own at the trading end of the town. "What was the subject, madam?" says Dr. Johnson. "Friendship, sir," replied I. "Why now, is it not strange

that a wise man, like our dear little Evans, should take it in his head to preach on such a subject in a place where no one can be thinking of it?" "Why, what are they thinking upon, sir?" said I. "Why, the men are thinking of their money, I suppose, and the women of their mops."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

It is certain he would scarcely allow any one to feel much for the distresses of others; or, whatever he thought they might feel, he was very apt to impute to causes that did no honor to human nature. Indeed, I thought him too fond of Rochefoucault's maxims.—*Miss Reynolds.*

SENTIMENT.

Lady Macleod and I got into a warm dispute. She wanted to build a house upon a farm which she has taken, about five miles from the castle, and to make gardens and other ornaments there; all of which I approved of, but insisted that the seat of the family should always be upon the rock of Dunvegan. *Johnson:* "Ay, in time we'll build all round this rock. You may make a very good house at the farm, but it must not be such as to tempt the Laird of Macleod to go thither to reside. Most of the great families of England have a secondary residence, which is called a jointure-house: let the new house be of that kind." The lady insisted that the rock was very inconvenient; that there was no place near it where a good garden could be made; that it must always be a rude place; that it was a Herculean labor to make a dinner here. I was vexed to find the alloy of modern refinement in a lady who had so much old family spirit. "Madam," said I, "if once you quit this rock, there is no knowing where you may settle. You move five miles at first; then to St. Andrews, as the late laird did; then to Edinburgh; and so on, till you end at Hampstead or in France.

No, no; keep to the rock: it is the very jewel of the estate. It looks as if it had been let down from heaven by the four corners, to be the residence of a chief. Have all the comforts and conveniences of life upon it, but never leave Rorie More's cascade." "But," said she, "is it not enough if we keep it? must we never have more convenience than Rorie More had? He had his beef brought to dinner in one basket, and his bread in another. Why not as well be Rorie More all over, as live upon his rock? And should not we tire in looking perpetually on this rock? It is very well for you, who have a fine place, and everything easy, to talk thus, and think of chaining honest folks to a rock. You would not live upon it yourself." "Yes, madam," said I, "I would live upon it, were I Laird of Macleod, and should be unhappy if I were not upon it." *Johnson*, with a strong voice and most determined manner: "Madam, rather than quit the old rock, Boswell would live in the pit; he would make his bed in the dungeon." I felt a degree of elation at finding my resolute feudal enthusiasm thus confirmed by such a sanction. The lady was puzzled a little. She still returned to her pretty farm—rich ground—fine garden. "Madam," said Dr. Johnson, "were they in Asia, I would not leave the rock."—*Boswell.*

Amidst this cold obscurity, there was one brilliant circumstance to cheer him: he was well acquainted with Mr. Henry Hervey, one of the branches of the noble family of that name, who had been quartered at Lichfield as an officer of the army, and had at this time a house in London, where Johnson was frequently entertained, and had an opportunity of meeting genteel company. Not very long before his death, he mentioned this, among other particulars of his life, which he was kindly communicating to me; and he described this early friend, "Harry Hervey," thus: "He was a vicious man, but very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him."—*Boswell* (1737).

I made a visit to poor Dr. Johnson, to inquire after his health. I found him better, but extremely far from well. One thing, however, gave me infinite satisfaction. He was so good as to ask me after Charles, and said, "I shall be glad to see him: pray tell him to call upon me." I thanked him very much, and said how proud he would be of such a permission. "I should be glad," said he, still more kindly, "to see him, if he were not your brother; but were he a dog, a cat, a rat, a frog, and belonged to you, I must needs be glad to see him."—*Madame D'Arblay.*

Sentiment and Dr. Johnson seem to be incongruous ideas, yet the rugged old man was at times very sentimental, occasionally in a rather comical way. His friend, Dr. Nugent, was very fond of omelet, and he and Johnson often feasted together upon that dish at the club. Mrs. Piozzi tells us that "Johnson felt very painful sensations at the sight of that dish, soon after Nugent's death, and cried, 'Ah, my poor, dear friend, I shall never eat omelet with *thee* again!' quite in an agony."

Mrs. Thrale's marriage with Piozzi was the cause of sore displeasure and reproach; it raised a tumult against her which now seems irrational and impertinent. Johnson shared in the general feeling about the match, and in one of his letters to her, endeavoring to dissuade her from the step, he indulged himself in the following effusion: "When Queen Mary took the resolution of sheltering herself in England, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, attempting to dissuade her, attended her on her journey; and when they came to the irremeable stream that separated the two kingdoms, walked by her side into the water, in the middle of which he seized her bridle, and with earnestness proportioned to her danger and his own affection besought her to return. The Queen went forward— If the parallel reaches thus far, may it go no farther. The tears stand in my eyes."

On the occasion of his leaving Streatham, which had for many years been a pleasant refuge for him, he notes in his journal: "I was called early. I packed up my bundles, and used the foregoing prayer" (which, besides being irrelevant, is somewhat long for quotation), "with my morning devotions somewhat, I think, enlarged. Being earlier than the family, I read St. Paul's farewell in the Acts, and then read fortuitously in the Gospels, which was my parting use of the library." In one of his memorandum-books he made this note of his last Sunday at Streatham: "Went to church at Streatham. *Templo valedixi cum osculo!*" But our sympathy and pensive enjoyment are somewhat disturbed, when we find that, upon this same Sunday, he made yet another Latin entry in his memorandum-book, an entry which Mr. Hayward, the editor of Mrs. Thrale's autobiography, thus translates: "I dined at Streatham on boiled leg of lamb, with spinach, the stuffing of flour and raisins, round of beef, and turkey poult; and after the meat service, figs, grapes, not yet ripe in consequence of the bad season, with peaches, also hard. I took my place at the table in no joyful mood, and partook of the food moderately, lest I should finish by intemperance. If I rightly remember, the banquet at the funeral of Hadon came into my mind. When shall I revisit Streatham?"—*Editor.*

ANTI-SENTIMENTALITY.

Johnson: "No, sir; violent pain of mind, like violent pain of body, *must* be severely felt." *Boswell:* "I own, sir, I have not so much feeling for the distress of others as some people have, or pretend to have; but I know this, that I would do all in my power to relieve them." *Johnson:* "Sir, it is affectation to pretend to feel the distress of others as much as they do themselves. It is equally so, as if one should pretend to feel as much pain while a friend's leg is

cutting off, as he does. No, sir; you have expressed the rational and just nature of sympathy."—*Boswell.*

Talking of our feeling for the distresses of others, *Johnson:* "Why, sir, there is much noise made about it, but it is greatly exaggerated. No, sir; we have a certain degree of feeling to prompt us to do good; more than that Providence does not intend. It would be misery to no purpose." *Boswell:* "But suppose now, sir, that one of your intimate friends were apprehended for an offence for which he might be hanged." *Johnson:* "I should do what I could to bail him, and give him any other assistance; but if he were once fairly hanged, I should not suffer." *Boswell:* "Would you eat your dinner that day, sir?" *Johnson:* "Yes, sir, and eat it as if he were eating with me. Why, there's Baretti, who is to be tried for his life to-morrow. Friends have risen up for him on every side; yet, if he should be hanged, none of them will eat a slice of plum-pudding the less. Sir, that sympathetic feeling goes a very little way in depressing the mind."

I told him that I had dined lately at Foote's, who showed me a letter which he had received from Tom Davies, telling him that he had not been able to sleep, from the concern he felt on account of "*this sad affair of Baretti*," begging of him to try if he could suggest anything that might be of service; and, at the same time, recommending to him an industrious young man who kept a pickle shop. *Johnson:* "Ay, sir, here you have a specimen of human sympathy—a friend hanged, and a cucumber pickled. We know not whether Baretti or the pickle-man has kept Davies from sleep, nor does he know himself. And as to his not sleeping, sir, Tom Davies is a very great man; Tom has been upon the stage, and knows how to do those things: I have not been upon the stage, and cannot do those things." *Boswell:* "I have often blamed myself, sir, for not feeling for others as sensibly as many say they do." *Johnson:* "Sir,

don't be duped by them any more. You will find these very feeling people are not very ready to do you good. They *pay* you by *feeling*."—*Boswell.*

In the evening our gentleman-farmer and two others entertained themselves and the company with a great number of tunes on the fiddle. Johnson desired to have "Let ambition fire thy mind," played over again, and appeared to give a patient attention to it; though he owned to me that he was very insensible to the power of music. I told him that it affected me to such a degree as often to agitate my nerves painfully, producing in my mind alternate sensations of pathetic dejection, so that I was ready to shed tears; and of daring resolution, so that I was inclined to rush into the thickest part of the battle. "Sir," said he, "I should never hear it, if it made me such a fool."—*Boswell.*

I repeated to him an argument of a lady of my acquaintance, who maintained that her husband's having been guilty of numberless infidelities, released her from conjugal obligations, because they were reciprocal. *Johnson:* "This is miserable stuff, sir. To the contract of marriage, besides the man and wife, there is a third party—society; and, if it be considered as a vow—God: and therefore it cannot be dissolved by their consent alone. Laws are not made for particular cases, but for men in general. A woman may be unhappy with her husband; but she cannot be freed from him without the approbation of the civil and ecclesiastical power. A man may be unhappy, because he is not so rich as another; but he is not to seize upon another's property with his own hand." *Boswell:* "But, sir, this lady does not want that the contract should be dissolved; she only argues that she may indulge herself in gallantries, with equal freedom as her husband does, provided she takes care not to introduce a spurious issue into his family. You know, sir, what Macrobius has told of Julia." *John-*

son: "This lady of yours, sir, I think, is very fit for a brothel."—*Boswell.*

On Friday, May 7th, I breakfasted with him at Mr. Thrale's, in the Borough. While we were alone, I endeavored as well as I could to apologize for a lady who had been divorced from her husband by Act of Parliament. I said that he had used her very ill, had behaved brutally to her, and that she could not continue to live with him without having her delicacy contaminated; that all affection for him was thus destroyed; that, the essence of conjugal union being gone, there remained only a cold form, a mere civil obligation; that she was in the prime of life, with qualities to produce happiness; that these ought not to be lost; and that the gentleman on whose account she was divorced had gained her heart while thus unhappily situated. Seduced, perhaps, by the charms of the lady in question, I thus attempted to palliate what I was sensible could not be justified; for when I had finished my harangue, my venerable friend gave me a proper check: "My dear sir, never accustom your mind to mingle virtue and vice. The woman's a whore, and there's an end on't."—*Boswell.*

I have no minute of any interview with Johnson till Thursday, May 15th, when I find what follows. *Boswell:* "I wish much to be in Parliament, sir." *Johnson:* "Why, sir, unless you come resolved to support any administration, you would be the worse for being in Parliament, because you would be obliged to live more expensively." *Boswell:* "Perhaps, sir, I should be the less happy for being in Parliament. I never would sell my vote, and I should be vexed if things went wrong." *Johnson:* "That's cant, sir. It would not vex you more in the House than in the gallery: public affairs vex no man." *Boswell:* "Have not they vexed yourself a little, sir? Have not you been vexed by all the turbulence of this reign, and by that absurd vote of the

House of Commons, 'That the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished?'" *Johnson:* "Sir, I have never slept an hour less, nor eat an ounce less meat. I would have knocked the factious dogs on the head, to be sure; but I was not *vexed*." *Boswell:* "I declare, sir, upon my honor, I did imagine I was vexed, and took a pride in it; but it *was*, perhaps, cant; for I own I neither eat less, nor slept less." *Johnson:* "My dear friend, clear your *mind* of cant. You may *talk* as other people do: you may say to a man, 'Sir, I am your most humble servant.' You are *not* his most humble servant. You may say, 'These are bad times; it is a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times.' You don't mind the times. You tell a man, 'I am sorry you had such bad weather the last day of your journey, and were so much wet.' You don't care sixpence whether he is wet or dry. You may *talk* in this manner—it is a mode of talking in society—but don't *think* foolishly."—*Boswell.*

While Dr. Johnson possessed the strongest compassion for poverty or illness, he did not even pretend to feel for those who lamented the loss of a child, a parent, or a friend.* "These are the distresses of sentiment," he would reply, "which a man who is really to be pitied has no leisure to feel. The sight of people who want food and raiment is so common in great cities, that a surly fellow like me has no compassion to spare for wounds given only to vanity or softness." Cauter, indeed, was he none: he would forget to ask people after the health of their nearest relations, and say, in excuse, "that he knew they did not care. Why should they?" said he; "every one in this world has as much as they can do in caring for themselves, and few have leisure really to think of their neighbor's distresses, however

---

* A most exaggerated statement. Mrs. Piozzi had cause to know him better. (See p. 177.)

they may delight their tongues with talking of them." An acquaintance lost the almost certain hope of a good estate that had been long expected. "Such a one will grieve," said I, "at her friend's disappointment." "She will suffer as much, perhaps," said he, "as your horse did when your cow miscarried."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Boswell wrote him a letter, complaining of melancholy and mental suffering, arising from metaphysical problems which were too deep for him. He received this reply from Johnson: "I hoped you had got rid of all this hypocrisy of misery. What have you to do with Liberty and Necessity? Or what more than to hold your tongue about it? Do not doubt but I shall be most heartily glad to see you here again, for I love every part about you but your affectation of distress." Once, in the course of a political conversation, he said, "The notion of liberty amuses the people of England, and helps to keep off the *tedium vitæ.* When a butcher tells you that his heart bleeds for his country, he has, in fact, no uneasy feeling."—*Editor.*

ARROGANCE.

He was vehement against old Dr. Mounsey, of Chelsea College, as "a fellow who swore and talked bawdy." "I have often been in his company," said Dr. Percy, "and never heard him swear or talk bawdy." Mr. Davies, who sat next to Dr. Percy, having after this had some conversation aside with him, made a discovery which, in his zeal to pay court to Dr. Johnson, he eagerly proclaimed aloud from the foot of the table: "Oh, sir, I have found out a very good reason why Dr. Percy never heard Mounsey swear or talk bawdy, for he tells me he never saw him but at the Duke of Northumberland's table." "And so, sir," said Dr. Johnson, loudly, to Dr. Percy, "you would shield this man

from the charge of swearing and talking bawdy, because he did not do so at the Duke of Northumberland's table. Sir, you might as well tell us that you had seen him hold up his hand at the Old Bailey, and he neither swore nor talked bawdy; or that you had seen him in the cart at Tyburn, and he neither swore nor talked bawdy. And is it thus, sir, that you presume to controvert what I have related?" Dr. Johnson's animadversion was uttered in such a manner that Dr. Percy seemed to be displeased, and soon afterward left the company, of which Johnson did not at that time take any notice.—*Boswell.*

Johnson could not brook appearing to be worsted in argument, even when he had taken the wrong side, to show the force and dexterity of his talents. When, therefore, he perceived that his opponent gained ground, he had recourse to some sudden mode of robust sophistry. Once, when I was pressing upon him with visible advantage, he stopped me thus: "My dear Boswell, let's have no more of this; you'll make nothing of it. I'd rather have you whistle a Scotch tune."—*Boswell.*

Dr. Maxwell said of Johnson, "When exasperated by contradiction, he was apt to treat his opponents with too much acrimony, as, 'Sir, you don't see your way through that question; sir, you talk the language of ignorance.'" In Cooke's "Life of Foote" the following story is told: "On Garrick's showing Johnson a magnificent library full of books, in most elegant bindings, the doctor began running over the volumes in his usual rough and negligent manner, opening the book so wide as almost to break the back of it, and then flung them down, one by one, on the floor, with contempt. 'Zounds!' said Garrick; 'why, what are you about? you'll spoil all my books.' 'No, sir,' replied Johnson, 'I have done nothing but treat a pack of silly plays, in fop's dresses, just as they deserve; but I see no books.'"

Dr. Taylor, his life-long friend, said, "There is no arguing with Johnson, for he will not hear you, and, having the louder voice, must roar you down."—*Editor.*

SELF-ESTEEM.

We supped at Professor Anderson's. The general impression upon my memory is that we had not much conversation at Glasgow, where the professors, like their brethren at Aberdeen, did not venture to expose themselves much to the battery of cannon which they knew might play upon them. Dr. Johnson, who was fully conscious of his own superior powers, afterward praised Principal Robertson for his caution in this respect. He said to me, "Robertson, sir, was in the right. Robertson is a man of eminence, and the head of a college at Edinburgh. He had a character to maintain, and did well not to risk its being lessened."—*Boswell.*

He said, "Dodsley first mentioned to me the scheme of an English Dictionary; but I had long thought of it." *Boswell:* "You did not know what you were undertaking." *Johnson:* "Yes, sir, I knew very well what I was undertaking, and very well how to do it, and have done it very well."—*Boswell.*

Johnson: "Mrs. Thrale's mother said of me what flattered me much. A clergyman was complaining of want of society in the country where he lived, and said, 'They talk of *runts*;' that is, young cows. 'Sir,' said Mrs. Salusbury, 'Mr. Johnson would learn to talk of runts,' meaning that I was a man who would make the most of my situation, whatever it was." He added, "I think myself a very polite man."—*Boswell.*

When I went into Dr. Johnson's room this morning, I observed to him how wonderfully courteous he had been at Inverary, and said, "You were quite a fine gentleman, when with the duchess." He answered, in good-humor, "Sir, I look upon myself as a very polite man."—*Boswell.*

As a curious instance how little a man knows, or wishes to know his own character in the world, or, rather as a convincing proof that Johnson's roughness was only external, and did not proceed from his heart, I insert the following dialogue. *Johnson:* "It is wonderful, sir, how rare a quality good-humor is in life. We meet with very few good-humored men." I mentioned four of our friends, none of whom he would allow to be good-humored. One was *acid*, another was *muddy*, and to the others he had objections which have escaped me. Then, shaking his head and stretching himself at ease in the coach, and smiling with much complacency, he turned to me and said, "I look upon *myself* as a good-humored fellow." The epithet *fellow*, applied to the great Lexicographer, the stately Moralist, the masterly Critic, as if he had been *Sam* Johnson, a mere pleasant companion, was highly diverting; and this light notion of himself struck me with wonder.—*Boswell.*

We happened to be talking of Dr. Barnard, the Provost of Eton, who died about that time, and after a long and just eulogium on his wit, his learning, and his goodness of heart: "He was the only man, too," says Mr. Johnson, quite seriously, "that did justice to my good-breeding; and you may observe that I am well-bred to a degree of needless scrupulosity. No man," continued he, not observing the amazement of his hearers—"no man is so cautious not to interrupt another; no man thinks it so necessary to appear attentive when others are speaking; no man so steadily refuses preference to himself, or so willingly bestows it upon another, as I do; nobody holds so strongly as I do

the necessity of ceremony, and the ill effects which follow the breach of it: yet people think me rude; but Barnard did me justice."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

HUMILITY.

When in good-humor, he would talk of his own writings with a wonderful frankness and candor, and would even criticise them with the closest severity. One day, having read over one of his Ramblers, Mr. Langton asked him how he liked that paper; he shook his head, and answered, "Too wordy." At another time, when one was reading his tragedy of "Irene" to a company at a house in the country, he left the room; and somebody having asked him the reason of this, he replied, "Sir, I thought it had been better."—*Boswell.*

Macleod was too late in coming to breakfast. Dr. Johnson said, laziness was worse than the toothache. *Boswell:* "I cannot agree with you, sir; a basin of cold water or a horsewhip will cure laziness." *Johnson:* "No, sir, it will only put off the fit; it will not cure the disease. I have been trying to cure my laziness all my life, and could not do it." *Boswell:* "But if a man does in a shorter time what might be the labor of a life, there is nothing to be said against him." *Johnson* (perceiving at once that I alluded to him and his Dictionary): "Suppose that flattery to be true, the consequence would be that the world would have no right to censure a man; but that will not justify him to himself."—*Boswell.*

In a magazine I found a saying of Dr. Johnson's something to this purpose, that the happiest part of a man's life is what he passes lying awake in bed in the morning. I read it to him. He said, "I may, perhaps, have said this;

for nobody, at times, talks more laxly than I do."—*Boswell.*

Poor Baretti! Do not quarrel with him; to neglect him a little will be sufficient. He means only to be frank, and manly, and independent, and perhaps, as you say, a little wise. To be frank, he thinks, is to be cynical, and, to be independent, to be rude. Forgive him, dearest lady, the rather because of his misbehavior; I am afraid he has learned part of me. I hope to set him hereafter a better example.—*Johnson* (*from a letter to Mrs. Thrale*).

About this time he had the offer of a living, of which he might have rendered himself capable by entering into holy orders. It was a rectory, in a pleasant country, and of such a yearly value as might have tempted one in better circumstances than himself to accept it; but he had scruples about the duties of the ministerial function that he could not overcome. "I have not," said he, "the requisites for the office, and I cannot, in my conscience, shear that flock which I am unable to feed." Upon conversing with him on that inability which was his reason for declining the offer, it was found to be a suspicion of his patience to undergo the fatigue of catechising and instructing a great number of poor, ignorant persons.—*Sir John Hawkins.*

Johnson read most of Boswell's journal of their trip to the Hebrides, and one day remarked, after reading an account of his own talk, "They call me a scholar, and yet how very little literature is there in my conversation." Once, when speaking of Burke, he said that any one meeting him, even for a few moments, would naturally say, "This is an extraordinary man;" and added, "Now you may be long enough with me, without finding anything extraordinary." —*Editor.*

RESPECT FOR RANK AND AUTHORITY.

A YOUNG lady, who had married a man much her inferior in rank, being mentioned, a question arose how a woman's relations should behave to her in such a situation; and, while I recapitulate the debate, and recollect what has since happened, I cannot but be struck in a manner that delicacy forbids me to express. While I contended that she ought to be treated with an inflexible steadiness of displeasure, Mrs. Thrale was all for mildness and forgiveness, and, according to the vulgar phrase, "making the best of a bad bargain." *Johnson:* "Madam, we must distinguish. Were I a man of rank, I would not let a daughter starve who had made a mean marriage; but, having voluntarily degraded herself from the station which she was originally entitled to hold, I would support her only in that which she herself had chosen; and would not put her on a level with my other daughters. You are to consider, madam, that it is our duty to maintain the subordination of civilized society; and when there is a gross and shameful deviation from rank, it should be punished so as to deter others from the same perversion." —*Boswell.*

"Mrs. Williams was angry that Thrale's family did not send regularly to her every time they heard from me while I was in the Hebrides. Little people are apt to be jealous; but they should not be jealous, for they ought to consider that superior attention will necessarily be paid to superior fortune or rank. Two persons may have equal merit, and on that account may have an equal claim to attention; but one of them may have also fortune and rank, and so may have a double claim."—*Boswell.*

Lord Newhaven and Johnson carried on an argument for some time concerning the Middlesex election. Johnson said, "Parliament may be considered as bound by law as a

man is bound where there is nobody to tie the knot. As it is clear that the House of Commons may expel, and expel again and again, why not allow of the power to incapacitate for that Parliament, rather than have a perpetual contest kept up between Parliament and the people?" Lord Newhaven took the opposite side, but respectfully said, "I speak with great deference to you, Dr. Johnson; I speak to be instructed." This had its full effect on my friend. He bowed his head almost as low as the table to a complimenting nobleman, and called out, "My lord, my lord, I do not desire all this ceremony; let us tell our minds to one another quietly." After the debate was over, he said, "I have got lights on the subject to-day which I had not before." This was a great deal from him, especially as he had written a pamphlet upon it.—*Boswell.*

As he was a zealous friend of subordination, he was at all times watchful to repress the vulgar cant against the manners of the great. "High people, sir," said he, "are the best; take a hundred ladies of quality, you'll find them better wives, better mothers, more willing to sacrifice their own pleasure to their children, than a hundred other women. Tradeswomen (I mean the wives of tradesmen) in the city, who are worth from £10,000 to £15,000, are the worst creatures upon the earth, grossly ignorant, and thinking viciousness fashionable. Farmers, I think, are often worthless fellows. Few lords will cheat; and if they do, they'll be ashamed of it. Farmers cheat, and are not ashamed of it; they have all the sensual vices, too, of the nobility, with cheating into the bargain. There is as much fornication and adultery among farmers as among noblemen." *Boswell:* "The notion of the world, sir, however, is that the morals of women of quality are worse than those in lower stations." *Johnson:* "Yes, sir, the licentiousness of one woman of quality makes more noise than that of a number of women in lower stations; then, sir, you are to consider

the malignity of women in the city against women of quality, which will make them believe anything of them—such as that they call their coachmen to bed. No, sir; so far as I have observed, the higher in rank, the richer ladies are, they are the better instructed and the more virtuous."—*Boswell.*

We dined together with Mr. Scott (now Sir William Scott, his Majesty's Advocate-general) at his chambers in the Temple; nobody else there. The company being small, Johnson was not in such spirits as he had been the preceding day, and for a considerable time little was said. At last he burst forth: "Subordination is sadly broken down in this age. No man, now, has the same authority which his father had—except a jailer. No master has it over his servants; it is diminished in our colleges; nay, in our grammar-schools." *Boswell:* "What is the cause of this, sir?" *Johnson:* "Why, the coming in of the Scotch" (laughing sarcastically). *Boswell:* "That is to say, things have been turned topsy-turvy. But your serious cause." *Johnson:* "Why, sir, there are many causes, the chief of which is, I think, the great increase of money. No man now depends upon the lord of a manor, when he can send to another country and fetch provisions. The shoeblack at the entry of my court does not depend on me. I can deprive him but of a penny a day, which he hopes somebody else will bring him; and that penny I must carry to another shoeblack; so the trade suffers nothing. I have explained, in my 'Journey to the Hebrides,' how gold and silver destroy feudal subordination. But, besides, there is a general relaxation of reverence. No son now depends upon his father, as in former times. Paternity used to be considered as of itself a great thing, which had a right to many claims. That is, in general, reduced to very small bounds. My hope is, that as anarchy produces tyranny, this extreme relaxation will produce *freni strictio.*"—*Boswell.*

In the morning we had talked of old families, and the respect due to them. *Johnson:* "Sir, you have a right to that kind of respect, and are arguing for yourself. I am for supporting the principle, and am disinterested in doing it, as I have no such right." *Boswell:* "Why, sir, it is one more incitement to a man to do well." *Johnson:* "Yes, sir; and it is a matter of opinion, very necessary to keep society together. What is it but opinion, by which we have a respect for authority, that prevents us, who are the rabble, from rising up and pulling down you who are gentlemen from your places, and saying, 'We will be gentlemen in our turn?' Now, sir, that respect for authority is much more easily granted to a man whose father has had it than to an upstart, and so society is more easily supported." *Boswell:* "Perhaps, sir, it might be done by the respect belonging to office, as among the Romans, where the dress, the *toga*, inspired reverence." *Johnson:* "Why, we know very little about the Romans. But, surely, it is much easier to respect a man who has always had respect, than to respect a man who we know was last year no better than ourselves, and will be no better next year. In republics, there is no respect for authority, but a fear of power." *Boswell:* "At present, sir, I think riches seem to gain most respect." *Johnson:* "No, sir, riches do not gain hearty respect; they only procure external attention. A very rich man, from low beginnings, may buy his election in a borough; but, *cæteris paribus*, a man of family will be preferred. People will prefer a man for whose father their fathers have voted, though they should get no more money, or even less. That shows that the respect for family is not merely fanciful, but has an actual operation. If gentlemen of family would allow the rich upstarts to spend their money profusely, which they are ready enough to do, and not vie with them in expense, the upstarts would soon be at an end, and the gentlemen would remain; but if the gentlemen will vie in expense with the

upstarts, which is very foolish, they must be ruined."—*Boswell.*

He again insisted on the duty of maintaining subordination of rank. "Sir, I would no more deprive a nobleman of his respect than of his money. I consider myself as acting a part in the great system of society, and I do to others as I would have them to do to me. I would behave to a nobleman as I should expect he would behave to me were I a nobleman, and he Sam Johnson. Sir, there is one Mrs. Macaulay in this town, a great republican. One day when I was at her house, I put on a very grave countenance, and said to her, 'Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, Madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us.' I thus, sir, showed her the absurdity of the levelling doctrine. She has never liked me since. Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves. They would all have some people under them; why not then have some people above them?" I mentioned a certain author who disgusted me by his forwardness, and by showing no deference to noblemen into whose company he was admitted. *Johnson:* "Suppose a shoemaker should claim an equality with him, as he does with a lord: how he would stare! 'Why, sir, do you stare?' says the shoemaker; 'I do great service to society. 'Tis true, I am paid for doing it; but so are you, sir: and I am sorry to say it, better paid than I am, for doing something not so necessary. For mankind could do better without your books than without my shoes.' Thus, sir, there would be a perpetual struggle for precedence, were there no fixed invariable rules for the distinction of rank, which creates no jealousy, as it is allowed to be accidental."—*Boswell.*

Mr. Dempster having endeavored to maintain that intrinsic merit *ought* to make the only distinction among mankind—*Johnson:* "Why, sir, mankind have found that this cannot be. How shall we determine the proportion of intrinsic merit? Were that to be the only distinction amongst mankind, we should soon quarrel about the degrees of it. Were all distinctions abolished, the strongest would not long acquiesce, but would endeavor to obtain a superiority by their bodily strength. But, sir, as subordination is very necessary for society, and contentions for superiority very dangerous, mankind, that is to say, all civilized nations, have settled it upon a plain, invariable principle. A man is born to hereditary rank; or his being appointed to certain offices gives him a certain rank. Subordination tends greatly to human happiness. Were we all upon an equality, we should have no other enjoyment than mere animal pleasure." I said, I considered distinction or rank to be of so much importance in civilized society, that if I were asked on the same day to dine with the first duke in England, and with the first man in Britain for genius, I should hesitate which to prefer. *Johnson:* "To be sure, sir, if you were to dine only once, and it were never to be known where you dined, you would choose rather to dine with the first man for genius; but to gain most respect, you should dine with the first duke in England. For nine people in ten that you meet with would have a higher opinion of you for having dined with a duke; and the great genius himself would receive you better, because you had been with the great duke."—*Boswell.*

PREJUDICES AND NARROWNESS.

An Irish gentleman said to Johnson, "Sir, you have not seen the best French players." *Johnson:* "Players, sir! I look on them as no better than creatures set upon tables and joint-stools to make faces and produce laughter, like dancing dogs." "But, sir, you will allow that some players are better than others?" *Johnson:* "Yes, sir, as some dogs dance better than others."—*Boswell.*

I told him that one morning when I went to breakfast with Garrick, who was very vain of his intimacy with Lord Camden, he accosted me thus: "Pray now, did you—did you meet a little lawyer turning the corner, eh?" "No, sir," said I. "Pray what do you mean by the question?" "Why," replied Garrick, with an affected indifference, yet as if standing on tiptoe, "Lord Camden has this moment left me. We have had a long walk together." *Johnson:* "Well, sir, Garrick talked very properly. Lord Camden was a little lawyer to be associated so familiarly with a player."—*Boswell.*

Johnson: "Colley Cibber once consulted me as to one of his birthday Odes a long time before it was wanted. I objected very freely to several passages. Cibber lost patience, and would not read his ode to an end. When we had done with criticism, we walked over to Richardson's, the author of 'Clarissa,' and I wondered to find Richardson displeased that I 'did not treat Cibber with more *respect.*' Now, sir, to talk of *respect* for a *player!*" (smiling disdainfully). *Boswell:* "There, sir, you are always heretical; you never will allow merit to a player." *Johnson:* "Merit, sir! what merit? Do you respect a rope-dancer or a ballad-singer?" *Boswell:* "No, sir; but we respect a great player, as a man who can conceive lofty sentiments, and can express them gracefully." *Johnson:* "What, sir, a fellow who claps a

hump on his back, and a lump on his leg, and cries, '*I am Richard the Third?*' Nay, sir, a ballad-singer is a higher man, for he does two things: he repeats and he sings. There is both recitation and music in his performance; the player only recites." *Boswell:* "My dear sir, you may turn anything into ridicule. I allow that a player of farce is not entitled to respect; he does a little thing; but he who can represent exalted characters, and touch the noblest passions, has very respectable powers; and mankind have agreed in admiring great talents for the stage. We must consider, too, that a great player does what very few people are capable to do: his art is a very rare faculty. *Who* can repeat Hamlet's soliloquy, 'To be, or not to be,' as Garrick does it?" *Johnson:* "Anybody may. Jemmy there (a boy about eight years old, who was in the room) will do it as well in a week."—*Boswell.*

His negro servant, Francis Barber, having left him, and been some time at sea, not pressed, as has been supposed, with his own consent, it appears, from a letter to John Wilkes, Esq., from Dr. Smollett, that his master kindly interested himself in procuring his release from a state of life of which Johnson always expressed the utmost abhorrence. He said, "No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail; for being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned." And at another time, "A man in a jail has more room, better food, and commonly better company."—*Boswell.*

He said, "I am willing to love all mankind, except an American;" and his inflammable corruption bursting into horrid fire, he "breathed out threatenings and slaughter," calling them "Rascals—robbers—pirates," and exclaiming he'd "burn and destroy them." Miss Seward, looking to him with mild but steady astonishment, said, "Sir, this is an instance that we are always most violent against those whom

we have injured." He was irritated still more by this delicate and keen reproach, and roared out another tremendous volley, which one might fancy could be heard across the Atlantic. During this tempest I sat in great uneasiness, lamenting his heat of temper, till, by degrees, I diverted his attention to other topics.—*Boswell.*

His unjust contempt for foreigners was, indeed, extreme. One evening, at Old Slaughter's coffee-house, when a number of them were talking loud about little matters, he said, "Does not this confirm old Meynell's observation, '*For anything I see, foreigners are fools!*'"—*Bennet Langton.*

He had long before indulged most unfavorable sentiments of our fellow-subjects in America. For, as early as 1769, I was told by Dr. John Campbell that he had said of them, "Sir, they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging."—*Boswell.*

Mrs. Macsweyn, who officiated as our landlady here (in one of the Scottish islands), had never been on the main-land. On hearing this, Dr. Johnson said to me, before her, "That is rather being behindhand with life. I would at least go and see Glenelg." *Boswell:* "You yourself, sir, have never seen anything but your native island." *Johnson:* "But, sir, by seeing London, I have seen as much of life as the world can show." *Boswell:* "You have not seen Pekin." *Johnson:* "What is Pekin? Ten thousand Londoners would *drive* all the people of Pekin: they would drive them like deer."—*Boswell.*

Johnson: "The French, sir, are a very silly people. They have no common life—nothing but the two ends, beggary and nobility. Sir, they are made up in everything of two extremes. They have no common-sense, they have no common manners, no common learning. They are much

behindhand, stupid, ignorant creatures."—*Miss Reynolds (abridged)*.

Johnson's prejudice against the French was especially bitter. He wrote to a friend soon after his return from the short visit which he made to France: "Their mode of common life is gross, and incommodious, and disgusting. I am come home convinced that no improvement of general use is to be found among them." He noted in his journal that their meals were gross, and spoke of them repeatedly as "ill-bred, untaught people." He contrived to indulge two of his most violent prejudices in one sentence when he said, "France is worse than Scotland in everything but climate. Nature has done more for the French, but they have done less for themselves than the Scotch have done." It is amusing to find his personal feelings displayed even in his Dictionary, as in the following definitions:

"*Tory.* One who adheres to the ancient constitution of the state, and the apostolic hierarchy of the Church of England: opposed to a Whig.

"*Whig.* The name of a faction.

"*Pension.* An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.

"*Pensioner.* A slave of state, hired by a stipend to obey his master.

"*Oats.* A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.

"*Excise.* A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom the excise is paid."

Boswell had a talk with him about these definitions more than twenty years after the publication of the Dictionary, and says, "He mentioned a still stronger instance of the predominance of his private feelings in the composition of this work than any now to be found in it. 'You know, sir, Lord Gower forsook the old Jacobite interest. When I came to the word *renegado*, after telling that it meant "one who deserts to the enemy, a revolter," I added, "*Sometimes we say*

a GOWER." Thus it went to the press, but the printer had more wit than I, and struck it out.'" Many other instances of Johnson's prejudices will be found scattered through this volume.—*Editor.*

Emigration was at this time a common topic of discourse. Dr. Johnson regretted it as hurtful to human happiness; "For," said he, "it spreads mankind, which weakens the defence of a nation, and lessens the comfort of living. Men, thinly scattered, make a shift, but a bad shift, without many things. A smith is ten miles off; they'll do without a nail or a staple. A tailor is far from them; they'll botch their own clothes. It is being concentrated which produces high convenience."—*Boswell.*

At breakfast I asked, "What is the reason that we are angry at a trader's having opulence?" *Johnson*: "Why, sir, the reason is (though I don't undertake to prove that there is a reason), we see no qualities in trade that should entitle a man to superiority. We are not angry at a soldier's getting riches, because we see that he possesses qualities which we have not. If a man returns from a battle having lost one hand, and with the other full of gold, we feel that he deserves the gold; but we cannot think that a fellow by sitting all day at a desk is entitled to get above us." *Boswell:* "But, sir, may we not suppose a merchant to be a man of an enlarged mind, such as Addison in the 'Spectator' describes Sir Andrew Freeport to have been?" *Johnson:* "Why, sir, we may suppose any fictitious character. We may suppose a philosophical day-laborer, who is happy in reflecting that, by his labor, he contributes to the fertility of the earth, and to the support of his fellow-creatures; but we find no such philosophical day-laborer. A merchant may, perhaps, be a man of an enlarged mind; but there is nothing in trade connected with an enlarged mind."—*Boswell.*

Johnson called the East Indians barbarians. *Boswell:* "You will except the Chinese, sir?" *Johnson:* "No, sir." *Boswell:* "Have they not arts?" *Johnson:* "They have pottery." *Boswell:* "What do you say to the written characters of their language?" *Johnson:* "Sir, they have not an alphabet. They have not been able to form what all other nations have formed." *Boswell:* "There is more learning in their language than in any other, from the immense number of their characters." *Johnson:* "It is only more difficult from its rudeness; as there is more labor in hewing down a tree with a stone than with an axe."—*Boswell.*

Johnson: "Time may be employed to more advantage, from nineteen to twenty-four, almost in any way than in travelling: when you set travelling against mere negation, against doing nothing, it is better, to be sure; but how much more would a young man improve were he to study during those years. Indeed, if a young man is wild, and must run after women and bad company, it is better this should be done abroad, as, on his return, he can break off such connections, and begin at home a new man, with a character to form and acquaintances to make. How little does travelling supply to the conversation of any man who has travelled; how little to Beauclerk?" *Boswell:* "What say you to Lord [Charlemont]?" *Johnson:* "I never but once heard him talk of what he had seen, and that was of a large serpent in one of the pyramids of Egypt."—*Boswell.*

INTOLERANCE.

Sir Philip Clerke defended the Opposition to the American war ably and with temper, and I joined him. He said the majority of the nation was against the Ministry. *Johnson:* "I, sir, am against the Ministry; but it is for having too little of that of which Opposition thinks they have too much. Were I minister, if any man wagged his finger against me, he should be turned out; for that which it is in the power of Government to give at pleasure to one or to another, should be given to the supporters of Government."—*Boswell.*

Our next meeting at the Mitre was on Saturday, the 15th of February, when I presented to him my old and most intimate friend, the Rev. Mr. Temple, then of Cambridge. I having mentioned that I had passed some time with Rousseau in his wild retreat, and having quoted some remark made by Mr. Wilkes, with whom I had spent many pleasant hours in Italy, Johnson said, sarcastically, "It seems, sir, you have kept very good company abroad—Rousseau and Wilkes!" Thinking it enough to defend one at a time, I said nothing as to my gay friend, but answered, with a smile, "My dear sir, you don't call Rousseau bad company. Do you really think *him* a bad man?" *Johnson:* "Sir, if you are talking jestingly of this, I don't talk with you. If you mean to be serious, I think him one of the worst of men; a rascal, who ought to be hunted out of society, as he has been. Three or four nations have expelled him, and it is a shame that he is protected in this country."—*Boswell.*

We talked of the proper use of riches. *Johnson:* "If I were a man of a great estate, I would drive all the rascals whom I did not like out of the county at an election."—*Boswell.*

I now recollect, with melancholy pleasure, two little anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, indicating a zeal for religion which one cannot but admire, however characteristically rough. When the Abbé Raynal was introduced to him, upon the Abbé's advancing to shake his hand, the Doctor drew back, and put his hands behind him, and afterward replied to the expostulation of a friend, "Sir, I will not shake hands with an infidel!" At another time I remember asking him if he did not think the Dean of Derry a very agreeable man, to which he made no answer; and on my repeating my question, "Child," said he, "I will not speak anything in favor of a Sabbath-breaker, to please you, nor any one else."—*Hannah More.*

The Abbé Raynal probably remembers that, being at the house of a common friend in London, the master of it approached Johnson with that gentleman, so much celebrated, in his hand and this speech in his mouth: "Will you permit me, sir, to present to you the Abbé Raynal?" "No, sir," replied the Doctor, very loud, and suddenly turned away from them both.—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

COARSENESS.

Johnson's coarseness pervaded, in some measure, his whole nature. I have accordingly arranged the materials for this portion of my work in three divisions—Sensuous, Intellectual, and Moral.—*Editor.*

Sensuous.—We had the music of the bagpipe every day, at Amidale, Dunvegan, and Col. Dr. Johnson appeared fond of it, and used often to stand for some time with his ear close to the great drone.—*Boswell.*

On Wednesday, April 7th, I dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's. I have not marked what company was there.

Johnson harangued upon the qualities of different liquors, and spoke with great contempt of claret, as so weak that "a man would be drowned by it before it made him drunk." He was persuaded to drink one glass of it, that he might judge, not from recollection, which might be dim, but from immediate sensation. He shook his head, and said, "Poor stuff! No, sir, claret is the liquor for boys; port, for men: but he who aspires to be a hero (smiling) must drink brandy. In the first place, the flavor of brandy is most grateful to the palate; and then brandy will do soonest for a man what drinking *can* do for him. There are, indeed, few who are able to drink brandy. That is a power rather to be wished for than attained. And yet," proceeded he, "as in all pleasure hope is a considerable part, I know not but fruition comes too quick by brandy. Florence wine I think the worst; it is wine only to the eye; it is wine neither while you are drinking it, nor after you have drunk it: it neither pleases the taste, nor exhilarates the spirits." I mentioned his scale of liquors —claret for boys, port for men, brandy for heroes. "Then," said Mr. Burke, "let me have claret: I love to be a boy—to have the careless gayety of boyish days." *Johnson:* "I should drink claret too, if it would give me that; but it does not: it neither makes boys men, nor men boys. You'll be drowned by it before it has any effect upon you."—*Boswell.*

Johnson's notions about eating were nothing less than delicate: a leg of pork boiled till it dropped from the bone, a veal-pie with plums and sugar, or an outside cut of a salt buttock of beef, were his favorite dainties. With regard to drink, his liking was for the strongest, as it was not the flavor, but the effect, he sought for, and professed to desire; and when I first knew him, he used to pour capillaire into his port-wine. For the last twelve years, however, he left off all fermented liquors. To make himself some amends, indeed, he took his chocolate liberally, pouring in large quantities of cream, or even melted butter.—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Dr. Johnson loved a fine dinner, but would eat, perhaps, more heartily of a coarse one—boiled beef or veal-pie. Fish he seldom passed over, though he said that he only valued the sauce, and that everybody eat the first as a vehicle for the second. When he poured oyster-sauce over plum-pudding, and the melted butter flowing from the toast into his chocolate, one might surely say he was nothing less than delicate.—*Mrs. Piozzi* (*extract from a letter*).

Of the beauties of painting Johnson had not the least conception, and the notice of this defect led me to mention the following fact: One evening, at the club, I came in with a small roll of prints, which, in the afternoon, I had picked up; I think they were landscapes of Perelle, and laying it down with my hat, Johnson's curiosity prompted him to take it up and unroll it: he viewed the prints severally with great attention, and asked me what sort of pleasure such things could afford me. He said that in his whole life he was never capable of discerning the least resemblance of any kind between a picture and the subject it was intended to represent. To the delights of music he was equally insensible; neither voice nor instrument, nor the harmony of concordant sounds, had power over his affections, or even to engage his attention. Of music in general, he has been heard to say, "It excites in my mind no ideas, and hinders me from contemplating my own;" and of a fine singer, or instrumental performer, that "he had the merit of a canary-bird."—*Sir John Hawkins* (*abridged*).

Intellectual.—He said, "Garrick was no declaimer; there was not one of his own scene-shifters who could not have spoken 'To be or not to be,' better than he did."—*J. P. Kemble.*

After the king* withdrew, Johnson showed himself highly

* George the Third.

pleased with his Majesty's conversation and gracious behavior. He said to Mr. Barnard, "Sir, they may talk of the king as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." And he afterward observed to Mr. Langton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Louis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second."—*Boswell.*

A stranger to Johnson's character and temper would have thought that the study of Shakspeare must have been the most pleasing employment that his imagination could suggest; but it was not so. In a visit that he one morning made to me, I congratulated him on his now being engaged in a work that suited his genius, and that, requiring none of that severe application which his Dictionary had condemned him to, would be executed *con amore.* His answer was, "I look upon this as I did upon the Dictionary; it is all work, and my inducement to it is not love or desire of fame, but the want of money, which is the only motive to writing that I know of."—*Sir John Hawkins* (*abridged*).

When he again talked of Mrs. Careless to-night, he seemed to have had his affection revived; for he said, "If I had married her, it might have been as happy for me." *Boswell:* "Pray, sir, do you not suppose that there are fifty women in the world, with any one of whom a man may be as happy as with any one woman in particular." *Johnson:* "Ay, sir, fifty thousand." *Boswell:* "Then, sir, you are not of opinion with some who imagine that certain men and certain women are made for each other; and that they cannot be happy if they miss their counterparts." *Johnson:* "To be sure not, sir. I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter."—*Boswell.*

Moral.—For sundry beneficed clergymen that requested him, he composed pulpit discourses, and for these, he made no scruple of confessing, he was paid: his price, I am informed, was a moderate one—a guinea. He reckoned that he had written about forty sermons; but, except as to some, knew not in what hands they were—"I have," said he, "been paid for them, and have no right to inquire about them."—*Sir John Hawkins* (*abridged*).

He contributed the Preface to "Rolt's Dictionary of Trade and Commerce," in which he displays such a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the subject as might lead the reader to think that its author had devoted all his life to it. I asked him whether he knew much of Rolt, and of his work. "Sir," said he, "I never saw the man, and never read the book. The booksellers wanted a Preface to a Dictionary of Trade and Commerce. I knew very well what such a Dictionary should be, and I wrote a Preface accordingly."—*Boswell.*

He said, "I am sorry that prize-fighting is gone out. Every art should be preserved, and the art of defence is surely important. Prize-fighting made people accustomed not to be alarmed at seeing their own blood, or feeling a little pain from a wound."—*Boswell.*

On Friday, April 10th, I dined with him at General Oglethorpe's, where we found Dr. Goldsmith. I started the question, whether duelling was consistent with moral duty. The brave old General fired at this, and said, with a lofty air, "Undoubtedly a man has a right to defend his honor." *Goldsmith* (turning to me): "I ask you first, sir, what would you do if you were affronted?" I answered, I should think it necessary to fight. "Why, then," replied Goldsmith, "that solves the question." *Johnson:* "No, sir, it does not solve the question. It does not follow that what a

man would do is therefore right." I said, I wished to have it settled whether duelling was contrary to the laws of Christianity. Johnson immediately entered on the subject, and treated it in a masterly manner; and, so far as I have been able to recollect, his thoughts were these: "Sir, as men become in a high degree refined, various causes of offence arise, which are considered to be of such importance that life must be staked to atone for them, though in reality they are not so. A body that has received a very fine polish may be easily hurt. Before men arrive at this artificial refinement, if one tells his neighbor — he lies, his neighbor tells him—he lies; if one gives his neighbor a blow, his neighbor gives him a blow; but in a state of highly polished society an affront is held to be a serious injury. It must therefore be resented, or rather a duel must be fought upon it, as men have agreed to banish from their society one who puts up with an affront without fighting a duel. Now, sir, it is never unlawful to fight in self-defence. He, then, who fights a duel does not fight from passion against his antagonist, but out of self-defence, to avert the stigma of the world, and to prevent himself from being driven out of society. I could wish there was not that superfluity of refinement; but while such notions prevail, no doubt a man may lawfully fight a duel."—*Boswell.*

He thus treated the point as to prescription of murder in Scotland: "A jury in England would make allowance for deficiencies of evidence on account of lapse of time; but a general rule that a crime should not be punished, or tried for the purpose of punishment, after twenty years, is bad. It is cant to talk of the king's advocate delaying a prosecution from malice. How unlikely is it the king's advocate should have malice against persons who commit murder, or should even know them at all! If the son of the murdered man should kill the murderer, who got off merely by prescription, I would help him to make his escape, though were I upon his

jury I would not acquit him. I would not advise him to commit such an act; on the contrary, I would bid him submit to the determination of society, because a man is bound to submit to the inconveniences of it, as he enjoys the good; but the young man, though politically wrong, would not be morally wrong. He would have to say, 'Here I am among barbarians, who not only refuse to do justice, but encourage the greatest of all crimes. I am therefore in a state of nature; for so far as there is no law, it is a state of nature; and, consequently, upon the eternal and immutable law of justice, which requires that he who sheds man's blood should have his blood shed, I will stab the murderer of my father.'" —*Boswell.*

On Thursday, March 28th, we pursued our journey. I mentioned that old Mr. Sheridan complained of the ingratitude of Mr. Wedderburne and General Fraser, who had been much obliged to him when they were young Scotchmen entering upon life in England. *Johnson:* "Why, sir, a man is very apt to complain of the ingratitude of those who have risen far above him. A man, when he gets into a higher sphere, into other habits of life, cannot keep up all his former connections. Then, sir, those who knew him formerly upon a level with themselves may think that they ought still to be treated as on a level, which cannot be; and an acquaintance in a former situation may bring out things which it would be very disagreeable to have mentioned before higher company, though, perhaps, everybody knows of them."— *Boswell.*

I mentioned to him a dispute between a friend of mine and his lady, concerning conjugal infidelity, which my friend had maintained was by no means so bad in the husband as in the wife. *Johnson:* "Your friend was in the right, sir. Between a man and his Maker, it is a different question; but between a man and his wife, a husband's infidelity is noth-

ing. They are connected by children, by fortune, by serious considerations of community. Wise married women don't trouble themselves about infidelity in their husbands." *Boswell:* "To be sure there is a great difference between the offence of infidelity in a man and that of his wife." *Johnson:* "The difference is boundless. The man imposes no bastards upon his wife."—*Boswell.*

He talked of the heinousness of the crime of adultery, by which the peace of families was destroyed. He said, "Confusion of progeny constitutes the essence of the crime; and therefore a woman who breaks her marriage vows is much more criminal than a man who does it. A man, to be sure, is criminal in the sight of God; but he does not do his wife a very material injury, if he does not insult her; if, for instance, from mere wantonness of appetite, he steals privately to her chamber-maid. Sir, a wife ought not greatly to resent this. I would not receive home a daughter who had run away from her husband on that account. A wife should study to reclaim her husband, by more attention to please him. Sir, a man will not, once in a hundred instances, leave his wife and go to a harlot, if his wife has not been negligent of pleasing."—*Boswell.*

OBTUSENESS TO NATURAL BEAUTY.

We walked, in the evening, in Greenwich Park. He asked me—I suppose, by way of trying my disposition—"Is not this very fine?" Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of nature, and being more delighted with "the busy hum of men," I answered, "Yes, sir, but not equal to Fleet Street." *Johnson:* "You are right, sir."—*Boswell.*

Some gentlemen of the neighborhood came to visit my father; but there was little conversation. One of them ask-

ed Dr. Johnson how he liked the Highlands. The question seemed to irritate him, for he answered, "How, sir, can you ask me what obliges me to speak unfavorably of a country where I have been hospitably entertained? Who *can* like the Highlands? I like the inhabitants very well." The gentleman asked no more questions.—*Boswell.*

Mr. Thrale loved prospects, and was mortified that his friend could not enjoy the sight of those different dispositions of wood and water, hill and valley, that travelling through England and France affords a man. But when he wished to point them out to his companion, "Never heed such nonsense," would be the reply; "a blade of grass is always a blade of grass, whether in one country or another. Let us, if we *do* talk, talk about something. Men and women are my subjects of inquiry: let us see how these differ from those we have left behind."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Mrs. Brooke expatiated on the accumulation of sublime and beautiful objects which form the fine prospect up the river St. Lawrence, in North America. "Come, madam" (says Dr. Johnson), "confess that nothing ever equalled your pleasure in seeing that sight reversed, and finding yourself looking at the happy prospect *down* the river St. Lawrence." The truth is, he hated to hear about prospects and views, and laying out ground, and taste in gardening. "That was the best garden," he said, "which produced most roots and fruits; and that water was most to be prized which contained most fish." He used to laugh at Shenstone most unmercifully for not caring whether there was anything good to eat in the streams he was so fond of. Walking in a wood when it rained was, I think, the only rural image which pleased his fancy.—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

BRUTE FORCE.

It has been confidently related, with many embellishments, that Johnson one day knocked Osborne down in his shop with a folio, and put his foot upon his neck. The simple truth I had from Johnson himself. "Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him. But it was not in his shop: it was in my own chamber."—*Boswell.*

Tom Osborne, the bookseller, was one of "that mercantile rugged race to which the delicacy of the poet is sometimes exposed," as the following anecdote will more fully evince: Mr. Johnson being engaged by him to translate a work of some consequence,* he thought it a respect which he owed his own talents, as well as the credit of his employer, to be as circumspect in the performance of it as possible. Osborne, irritated by what he thought an unnecessary delay, went one day into the room where Johnson was sitting, and abused him in the most illiberal manner. Among other things, he told Johnson "he had been much mistaken in his man; that he was recommended to him as a good scholar, and a ready hand; but that he doubted both; for that Tom such-a-one would have turned out the work much sooner; and that being the case, the probability was that by this here time the first edition would have moved off." Johnson heard him for some time unmoved; but at last, losing all patience, he seized a huge folio, which he was at that time consulting, and aiming a blow at the bookseller's head, succeeded so forcibly as to send him sprawling to the floor. Osborne alarmed the family with his cries; but Johnson, clapping his foot on his breast, would not let him stir till he had exposed him in that situation, and then left him with this triumphant ex-

---

* All the other authorities who notice this event say that it was the Preface to the Catalogue of the Harleian Library.

pression: "Lie there, thou son of dulness, ignorance, and obscurity!"—*Anonymous.* (*From a Life of Johnson, published by G. Kearsley*, 1785.)

Boswell: "Foote has a great deal of humor." *Johnson:* "Yes, sir." *Boswell:* "He has a singular talent of exhibiting character." *Johnson:* "Sir, it is not a talent—it is a vice; it is what others abstain from. It is not comedy, which exhibits the character of a species, as that of a miser gathered from many misers: it is a farce, which exhibits individuals." *Boswell:* "Did not he think of exhibiting you, sir?" *Johnson:* "Sir, fear restrained him; he knew I would have broken his bones. I would have saved him the trouble of cutting off a leg; I would not have left him a leg to cut off."—*Boswell.*

Foote, who so successfully revived the old comedy, by exhibiting living characters, had resolved to imitate Johnson on the stage; expecting great profits from the ridicule of so celebrated a man. Johnson being informed of his intention, and being at dinner at Mr. Thomas Davies's, the bookseller, from whom I had the story, he asked Mr. Davies "what was the common price of an oak stick;" and being answered sixpence, "Why, then, sir," said he, "give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one." I'll have a double quantity; for I am told Foote means to *take me off*, as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity." Davies took care to acquaint Foote of this, which effectually checked the wantonness of the mimic. Mr. Macpherson's menaces made Johnson provide himself with the same implement of defence; and had he been attacked, I have no doubt that, old as he was, he would have made his corporal prowess be felt as much as his intellectual.—*Boswell.*

No sooner did the strong and unequivocal declaration of

Johnson's opinion of the poems of Ossian appear,* than Mr. James Macpherson, the publisher of them, not only repelled the charge of forgery, but in the letter to the author of it threatened him with corporal chastisement. Whether Johnson was apprehensive that his adversary would put his threat in execution, or that he meant to show all who came to see him that he stood upon his guard, he provided himself with a weapon, both of the defensive and offensive kind. It was an oak-plant of a tremendous size; a plant, I say, and not a shoot or branch, for it had a root, which being trimmed to the size of a large orange, became the head of it. Its height was upward of six feet, and from about an inch in diameter at the lower end, increased to near three; this he kept in his bedchamber, so near the chair in which he constantly sat as to be within reach.—*Sir John Hawkins* (*abridged*).

He was once with Garrick at the representation of a play in Lichfield, when, having taken his seat in a chair placed on the stage, he had soon a call to quit it. A Scots officer, who had no good-will toward him, persuaded an innkeeper of the town to take it; and he did as he was bid. Johnson, on his return, finding his seat full, civilly told the intruder that by going out it was not his intention to give it up, and demanded it as his right. The innkeeper, encouraged by the officer, seemed resolved to maintain his situation. Johnson expostulated the matter with him, but, finding him obstinate, lifted up the chair, the man sitting in it, and with such a Herculean force flung both to the opposite side of the stage that the Scotsman cried out, "Damn him, he has broke his limbs!" but that not being the case, Johnson having thus emptied the chair, and Mr. Walmsley interposing, he resumed his seat in it, and with great composure sat out the play.—*Sir John Hawkins* (*abridged*).

---

* Johnson had published a very plain expression of his unbelief in their authenticity, in which he had charged Macpherson with forgery.

Dr. Johnson once assumed a character in which perhaps even Mr. Boswell never saw him. His curiosity having been excited by the praises bestowed on the celebrated Torré's fireworks at Marylebone Gardens, he desired Mr. Steevens to accompany him thither. The evening had proved showery; and soon after the few people present were assembled, public notice was given that the conductors to the wheels, suns, stars, etc., were so thoroughly water-soaked that it was impossible any part of the exhibition should be made. "This is a mere excuse," says the Doctor, "to save their crackers for a more profitable company. Let us both hold up our sticks, and threaten to break those colored lamps that surround the orchestra, and we shall soon have our wishes gratified. The core of the fireworks cannot be injured; let the different pieces be touched in their respective centres, and they will do their offices as well as ever." Some young men who overheard him immediately began the violence he had recommended, and an attempt was speedily made to fire some of the wheels which appeared to have received the smallest damage; but to little purpose were they lighted, for most of them completely failed. The author of "The Rambler," however, may be considered, on this occasion, as the ringleader of a successful riot, though not as a skilful pyrotechnist.—*George Steevens.*

IMPATIENCE AND IRASCIBILITY.

When a person was mentioned who said, "I have lived fifty-one years in this world without having had ten minutes of uneasiness," he exclaimed, "The man who says so, lies; he attempts to impose on human credulity." The Bishop of Exeter in vain observed that men were very different. His Lordship's manner was not impressive; and I learned afterward that Johnson did not find out that the person who talked to him was a prelate: if he had, I doubt not that he

would have treated him with more respect; for, once talking of George Psalmanazar, whom he reverenced for his piety, he said, "I should as soon think of contradicting a Bishop." One of the company provoked him greatly by doing what he could least of all bear, which was quoting something of his own writing against what he then maintained. "What, sir," cried the gentleman, "do you say to

> "'The busy day, the peaceful night,
> Unfelt, uncounted, glided by?'"

Johnson finding himself thus presented as giving an instance of a man who had lived without uneasiness, was much offended; for he looked upon such a quotation as unfair. His anger burst out in an unjustifiable retort, insinuating that the gentleman's remark was a sally of ebriety. "Sir, there is one passion I would advise you to command: when you have drunk out that glass, don't drink another." Here was exemplified what Goldsmith said of him, with the aid of a very witty image from one of Cibber's comedies: "There is no arguing with Johnson; for if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt-end of it."—*Boswell.*

Last night, at the inn, when the factor in Tyr-yi spoke of his having heard that a roof was put on some part of the building at Icolmkill, I unluckily said, "It will be fortunate if we find a cathedral with a roof on it." I said this from a foolish anxiety to engage Dr. Johnson's curiosity more. He took me short at once. "What, sir? how can you talk so? If we shall *find* a cathedral roofed! As if we were going to a *terra incognita:* when everything that is at Icolmkill is so well known. You are like some New England men who came to the mouth of the Thames. 'Come,' said they, 'let us go up and see what sort of inhabitants there are here.' They talked, sir, as if they had been to go up the Susquehanna, or any other American river."—*Boswell.*

Professors Reid and Anderson, and the two Messieurs Foulis, the Elzevirs of Glasgow, dined and drank tea with us at our inn, after which the professors went away; and I, having a letter to write, left my fellow-traveller with Messieurs Foulis. Though good and ingenious men, they had that unsettled, speculative mode of conversation which is offensive to a man regularly taught at an English school and university. I found that, instead of listening to the dictates of the sage, they had teased him with questions and doubtful disputations. He came in a flutter to me, and desired that I might come back again, for he could not bear these men. "O ho, sir," said I, "you are flying to me for refuge!" He never, in any situation, was at a loss for a ready repartee. He answered, with a quick vivacity, "It is, of two evils, choosing the least." I was delighted with this flash bursting from the cloud which hung upon his mind, closed my letter directly, and joined the company.—*Boswell.*

On Monday, September 22d, when at breakfast, I unguardedly said to Dr. Johnson, "I wish I saw you and Mrs. Macaulay together." He grew very angry, and, after a pause, while a cloud gathered on his brow, he burst out, "No, sir, you would not see us quarrel, to make you sport. Don't you know that it is very uncivil to *pit* two people against one another?" Then, checking himself, and wishing to be more gentle, he added, "I do not say you should be hanged or drowned for this, but it *is* very uncivil."—*Boswell.*

Johnson: "Madam, you often provoke me to say severe things by unreasonable commendation. If you would not call for my praise, I would not give you my censure; but it constantly moves my indignation to be applied to to speak well of a thing which I think contemptible."—*Madame D'Arblay.*

He expressed great indignation at the imposture of the

Cock Lane Ghost, and related with much satisfaction how he had assisted in detecting the cheat, and had published an account of it in the newspapers. Upon this subject I incautiously offended him, by pressing him with too many questions, and he showed his displeasure. I apologized, saying that "I asked questions in order to be instructed and entertained; I repaired eagerly to the fountain; but that the moment he gave me a hint, the moment he put a lock upon the well, I desisted." "But, sir," said he, "that is forcing one to do a disagreeable thing." And he continued to rate me. "Nay, sir," said I, "when you have put a lock upon the well, so that I can no longer drink, do not make the fountain of your wit play upon me and wet me."—*Boswell.*

He sometimes could not bear being teased with questions. I was once present when a gentleman asked so many—as, "What did you do, sir?" "What did you say, sir?"—that he at last grew enraged, and said, "I will not be put to the *question.* Don't you consider, sir, that these are not the manners of a gentleman? I will not be baited with *what* and *why;* what is this? what is that? why is a cow's tail long? why is a fox's tail bushy?" The gentleman, who was a good deal out of countenance, said, "Why, sir, you are so good, that I venture to trouble you." *Johnson:* "Sir, my being so *good* is no reason why you should be so *ill.*"—*Boswell.*

I unluckily entered upon the controversy concerning the right of Great Britain to tax America, and attempted to argue in favor of our fellow-subjects on the other side of the Atlantic. I insisted that America might be very well governed, and made to yield sufficient revenue by the means of *influence,* as exemplified in Ireland, while the people might be pleased with the imagination of their participating of the British constitution, by having a body of representatives, without whose consent money could not be

exacted from them. Johnson could not bear my thus opposing his avowed opinion, which he had exerted himself with an extreme degree of heat to enforce; and the violent agitation into which he was thrown, while answering, or rather reprimanding me, alarmed me so, that I heartily repented of my having unthinkingly introduced the subject. —*Boswell.*

Last night, when we were talking of compliments and gross speeches, Mrs. Thrale most justly said that nobody could make either like Dr. Johnson. "Your compliments, sir, are made seldom, but when they are made they have an elegance unequalled; but then, when you are angry, who dares make speeches so bitter and cruel? *Dr. Johnson:* "Madam, I am always sorry when I make bitter speeches, and I never do it but when I am insufferably vexed." *Mrs. Thrale:* "Yes, sir, but you suffer things to vex you that nobody else would vex at."—*Madame D'Arblay.*

He, however, charged Mr. Langton with what he thought want of judgment upon an interesting occasion. "When I was ill," said he, "I desired he would tell me sincerely in what he thought my life was faulty. Sir, he brought me a sheet of paper, on which he had written down several texts of Scripture, recommending Christian charity. And when I questioned him what occasion I had given for such an animadversion, all that he could say amounted to this—that I sometimes contradicted people in conversation. Now what harm does it do to any man to be contradicted?" *Boswell:* "I suppose he meant the *manner* of doing it; roughly and harshly." *Johnson:* "And who is the worse for that?" *Boswell:* "It hurts people of weaker nerves." *Johnson:* "I know no such weak-nerved people." Mr. Burke, to whom I related this conference, said, "It is well if, when a man comes to die, he has nothing heavier upon his conscience than having been a little rough in conversa-

tion." Johnson, at the time when the paper was presented to him, though at first pleased with the attention of his friend, whom he thanked in an earnest manner, soon exclaimed, in a loud and angry tone, "What is your drift, sir?" Sir Joshua Reynolds pleasantly observed, that it was a scene for a comedy to see a penitent get into a violent passion, and belabor his confessor.—*Boswell.*

It grew dusky, and we had a very tedious ride for what was called five miles, but I am sure would measure ten. We had no conversation. I was riding forward to the inn at Glenelg, on the shore opposite to Skye, that I might take proper measures before Dr. Johnson, who was now advancing in dreary silence, Hay leading his horse, should arrive. Vass also walked by the side of his horse, and Joseph followed behind. As therefore he was thus attended, and seemed to be in deep meditation, I thought there could be no harm in leaving him for a little while. He called me back with a tremendous shout, and was really in a passion with me for leaving him. I told him my intentions, but he was not satisfied, and said, "Do you know, I should as soon have thought of picking a pocket as doing so." *Boswell:* "I am diverted with you, sir." *Johnson:* "Sir, I could never be diverted with incivility; doing such a thing makes one lose confidence in him who has done it, as one cannot tell what he may do next." His extraordinary warmth confounded me so much that I justified myself but lamely to him; yet my intentions were not improper. I wished to get on to see how we were to be lodged, and how we were to get a boat—all which I thought I could best settle myself without his having any trouble. I resumed the subject of my leaving him on the road, and endeavored to defend it better. He was still violent upon that head, and said, "Sir, had you gone on, I was thinking that I should have returned with you to Edinburgh, and then have parted from you, and never spoken to you more."—*Boswell.*

He was easily led into topics: it was not easy to turn him from them; but who would wish it? If a man wanted to show himself off by getting up and riding upon him, he was sure to run restive and kick him off; you might as safely have backed Bucephalus, before Alexander had lunged him. Neither did he always like to be over-fondled: when a certain gentleman out-acted his part in this way, he is said to have demanded of him, "What provokes your risibility, sir? Have I said anything that you understand? Then I ask pardon of the rest of the company."—*R. Cumberland.*

PUGNACITY AND CONTRADICTORINESS.

Johnson attacked the Americans with intemperate vehemence of abuse. I said something in their favor, and added that I was always sorry when he talked on that subject. This, it seems, exasperated him, though he said nothing at the time. The cloud was charged with sulphureous vapor which was afterward to burst in thunder. We talked of a gentleman who was running out his fortune in London, and I said, "We must get him out of it. All his friends must quarrel with him, and that will soon drive him away." *Johnson:* "Nay, sir, we'll send *you* to him. If your company does not drive a man out of his house, nothing will." This was a horrible shock, for which there was no visible cause. I afterward asked him why he had said so harsh a thing. *Johnson:* "Because, sir, you made me angry about the Americans." *Boswell:* "But why did you not take your revenge directly?" *Johnson* (smiling): "Because, sir, I had nothing ready. A man cannot strike till he has weapons." This was a candid and pleasant confession.—*Boswell.*

In talking of Hackman, Johnson argued, as Judge Blackstone had done, that his being furnished with two pistols

was a proof that he meant to shoot two persons. Mr. Beauclerk said, "No; for that every wise man who intended to shoot himself took two pistols, that he might be sure of doing it at once. Lord ——'s cook shot himself with one pistol, and lived ten days in great agony. Mr. ——, who loved buttered muffins, but durst not eat them because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself; and then he eat three buttered muffins for breakfast, before shooting himself, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion. *He* had two charged pistols; one was found lying charged upon the table by him, after he had shot himself with the other." "Well," said Johnson, with an air of triumph, "you see, here one pistol was sufficient." Beauclerk replied smartly, "Because it happened to kill him." And either then or very little afterward, being piqued at Johnson's triumphant remark, added, "This is what you don't know, and I do." There was then a cessation of the dispute, and some minutes intervened, during which dinner and the glass went on cheerfully, when Johnson suddenly and abruptly exclaimed, "Mr. Beauclerk, how came you to talk so petulantly to me as 'This is what you don't know, but what I know?' One thing I know, which *you* don't seem to know—that you are very uncivil." *Beauclerk:* "Because you began by being uncivil (which you always are)." The words in parentheses were, I believe, not heard by Dr. Johnson. Here again there was a cessation of arms. Johnson told me that the reason why he waited at first some time without taking any notice of what Mr. Beauclerk said, was because he was thinking whether he should resent it. But when he considered that there were present a young lord and an eminent traveller—two men of the world with whom he had never dined before—he was apprehensive that they might think they had a right to take such liberties with him as Beauclerk did, and therefore resolved he would not let it pass, adding, that he "would not appear a coward." A little while after this, the conversation turned on the violence

of Hackman's temper. Johnson then said, "It was his business to *command* his temper, as my friend Mr. Beauclerk should have done some time ago." *Beauclerk:* "I should learn of *you*, sir." *Johnson:* "Sir, you have given *me* opportunities enough of learning, when I have been in *your* company. No man loves to be treated with contempt." *Beauclerk* (with a polite inclination toward Johnson): "Sir, you have known me twenty years; and however I may have treated others, you may be sure I could never treat you with contempt." *Johnson:* "Sir, you have said more than was necessary."—*Boswell.*

Books of travels having been mentioned, Johnson praised Pennant very highly, as he did at Dunvegan, in the Isle of Skye. Dr. Percy, knowing himself to be the heir male of the ancient Percies, and having the warmest and most dutiful attachment to the noble house of Northumberland, could not sit quietly and hear a man praised who had spoken disrespectfully of Alnwick Castle and the Duke's pleasure-grounds, especially as he thought meanly of his travels. He therefore opposed Johnson eagerly. *Johnson:* "Pennant, in what he has said of Alnwick, has done what he intended; he has made you very angry." *Percy:* "He has said the garden is trim, which is representing it like a citizen's parterre, when the truth is, there is a very large extent of fine turf and gravel-walks." *Johnson:* "According to your own account, sir, Pennant is right. It *is* trim. Here is grass cut close, and gravel rolled smooth. Is not that trim? The extent is nothing against that; a mile may be as trim as a square yard. Your 'extent' puts me in mind of the citizen's enlarged dinner—two pieces of roast-beef and two puddings. There is no variety, no mind exerted in laying out the ground, no trees." *Percy:* "He pretends to give the natural history of Northumberland, and yet takes no notice of the immense number of trees planted there of late." *Johnson:* "That, sir, has nothing to do with the *natural* his-

tory; that is *civil* history. A man who gives the natural history of the oak is not to tell how many oaks have been planted in this place or that. A man who gives the natural history of the cow is not to tell how many cows are milked at Islington. The animal is the same, whether milked in the Park or at Islington." *Percy:* "Pennant does not describe well; a carrier who goes along the side of Loch Lomond would describe it better." *Johnson:* "I think he describes very well." *Percy:* "I travelled after him." *Johnson:* "And *I* travelled after him." *Percy:* "But, my good friend, you are short-sighted, and do not see so well as I do." I wondered at Dr. Percy's venturing thus. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time; but inflammable particles were collecting for a cloud to burst. In a little while Dr. Percy said something more in disparagement of Pennant. *Johnson* (pointedly): "This is the resentment of a narrow mind, because he did not find everything in Northumberland." *Percy* (feeling the stroke): "Sir, you may be as rude as you please." *Johnson:* "Hold, sir! Don't talk of rudeness; remember, sir, you told me (puffing hard with passion struggling for a vent) I was short-sighted. We have done with civility. We are to be as rude as we please." *Percy:* "Upon my honor, sir, I did not mean to be uncivil." *Johnson:* "I cannot say so, sir; for I *did* mean to be uncivil, thinking *you* had been uncivil." Dr. Percy rose, ran up to him, and, taking him by the hand, assured him affectionately that his meaning had been misunderstood; upon which a reconciliation instantly took place. *Johnson:* "My dear sir, I am willing you shall *hang* Pennant." *Percy* (resuming the former subject): "Pennant complains that the helmet is not hung out to invite to the hall of hospitality. Now I never heard that it was a custom to hang out a *helmet.*" *Johnson:* "Hang him up; hang him up."—*Boswell.*

It may be observed that his frequent use of the expression "No, sir," was not always to intimate contradiction; for he

would say so when he was about to enforce an affirmative proposition which had not been denied, as in the instance last mentioned. I used to consider it as a kind of flag of defiance; as if he had said, "Any argument you may offer against this is not just. No, sir, it is not." It was like Falstaff's "I deny your major."—*Boswell.*

Johnson showed more powers of mind in company than in his writings; but he argued only for victory; and when he had neither a paradox to defend, nor an antagonist to crush, he would preface his *assent* with "*Why, no, sir.*"—*Edmund Burke.*

I mentioned a new gaming club, of which Mr. Beauclerk had given me an account, where the members played to a desperate extent. *Johnson:* "Depend upon it, sir, this is mere talk. *Who* is ruined by gaming? You will not find six instances in an age. There is a strange rout made about deep play; whereas you have many more people ruined by adventurous trade; and yet we do not hear such an outcry against it." *Thrale:* "There may be few people absolutely ruined by deep play; but very many are much hurt in their circumstances by it." *Johnson:* "Yes, sir, and so are very many by other kinds of expense." I had heard him talk once before in the same manner; and at Oxford he said, he "wished he had learned to play at cards." The truth, however, is, that he loved to display his ingenuity in argument, and therefore would sometimes in conversation maintain opinions which he was sensible were wrong, but in supporting which his reasoning and wit would be most conspicuous. He would begin thus: "Why, sir, as to the good or evil of card-playing—" "Now," said Garrick, "he is thinking which side he shall take." He appeared to have a pleasure in contradiction, especially when any opinion whatever was delivered with an air of confidence; so that there was hardly any topic, if not one of the great truths of religion

and morality, that he might not have been incited to argue either for or against.—*Boswell.*

A Dinner Scene at Streatham.—"Mr. Pepys," he cried, in a voice the most enraged, "I understand you are offended by my life of Lord Lyttleton! What is it you have to say against it? Come forth, man! Here am I, ready to answer any charge you can bring!" "No, sir!" cried Mr. Pepys, "not at present; I must beg leave to decline the subject. I told Miss Burney before dinner that I hoped it would not be started." I was quite frightened to hear my own name mentioned in a debate which began so seriously; but Dr. Johnson made not to this any answer; he repeated his attack and his challenge, and a violent disputation ensued, in which this great but mortal man was, to own the truth, unreasonably furious and grossly severe. I never saw him so before, and I heartily hope I never shall again.—*Madame D'Arblay.*

On the 14th we had another evening by ourselves at the Mitre. It happened to be a very rainy night; I made some commonplace observations on the relaxation of nerves and depression of spirits which such weather occasioned, adding, however, that it was good for the vegetable creation. Johnson, who, as we have already seen, denied that the temperature of the air had any influence on the human frame, answered, with a smile of ridicule, "Why, yes, sir, it is good for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals." This observation of his aptly enough introduced a good supper, and I soon forgot, in Johnson's company, the influence of a moist atmosphere.—*Boswell.*

On Tuesday, July 26th, I found Mr. Johnson alone. It was a very wet day, and I again complained of the disagreeable effects of such weather. *Johnson:* "Sir, this is all im-

agination, which physicians encourage; for man lives in air as a fish lives in water; so that if the atmosphere press heavy from above, there is an equal resistance from below. To be sure, bad weather is hard upon people who are obliged to be abroad, and men cannot labor so well in the open air in bad weather as in good; but, sir, a smith, or a tailor, whose work is within-doors, will surely do as much in rainy weather as in fair. Some very delicate frames, indeed, may be affected by wet weather, but not common constitutions." —*Boswell.*

By-the-way, I must tell you that Mrs. Montagu is in very great estimation here, even with Dr. Johnson himself, when others do not praise her improperly. "Mark, now," said he, "if I contradict her to-morrow. I am determined, let her say what she will, that I will not contradict her." *Mrs. Thrale:* "Why, to be sure, sir, you did put her a little out of countenance last time she came. Yet you were neither rough, nor cruel, nor ill-natured; but still, when a lady changes color, we imagine her feelings are not quite composed." *Dr. Johnson:* "Why, madam, I won't answer that I sha'n't contradict her again, if she provokes me as she did then; but a less provocation I will withstand."—*Madame D'Arblay.*

We passed through Glensheal, with prodigious mountains on each side. We saw where the battle was fought in the year 1719. Dr. Johnson owned he was now in a scene of as wild nature as he could see; but he corrected me sometimes in my inaccurate observations. "There," said I, "is a mountain like a cone." *Johnson:* "No, sir. It would be called so in a book, but when a man comes to look at it he sees it is not so. It is indeed pointed at the top, but one side of it is larger than the other."—*Boswell.*

I knew by habit—and my ear always expected it—that

whatever was brought forward as settled opinion by another would be met by him with doubt, introduced with "Why, sir, I see no reason," or "Sir, if you mean to say;" which doubt, after the encouragement of a few more words, became stiff denial or contradiction, and exploded in one of those concentrating periods which were certainly the peculiar forte of his powerful mind. I can give an instance of his manner, and in a case where possibly he was right. My youngest brother, being sent to him by my father on some message in weather extremely severe, and having heard from our French master that some distilled scented waters had frozen, repeated this to him as a proof of the intensity of the frost. Johnson said the waters must have been bad. Henry, in the simplicity of a school-boy, as if to take their part, replied that it had occurred at Prince Caraminico's. "Then, sir," said Johnson, "it can't be true —so your story falls to the ground."—*Miss L. M. Hawkins.*

At Mr. Thrale's, in the evening, he repeated his usual paradoxical declamation against action in public speaking. "Action can have no effect upon reasonable minds. It may augment noise, but it never can enforce argument. If you speak to a dog, you use action; you hold up your hand thus, because he is a brute; and in proportion as men are removed from brutes, action will have the less influence upon them." *Mrs. Thrale:* "What, then, sir, becomes of Demosthenes's saying? 'Action, action, action!'" *Johnson:* "Demosthenes, madam, spoke to an assembly of brutes; to a barbarous people."—*Boswell.*

After Mrs. Thrale was gone to bed, Johnson and I sat up late. We resumed Sir Joshua Reynolds's argument on the preceding Sunday, that a man would be virtuous though he had no other motive than to preserve his character. *Johnson:* "Sir, it is not true; for, as to this world, vice does not hurt a man's character." *Boswell:* "Yes, sir, debauching a

friend's wife will." *Johnson:* "No, sir. Who thinks the worse of —— for it?" *Boswell:* "Lord —— was not his friend." *Johnson:* "That is only a circumstance, sir, a slight distinction. He could not get into the house but by Lord ——. A man is chosen knight of the shire, not the less for having debauched ladies." *Boswell:* "What, sir, if he debauched the ladies of gentlemen in the county, will there not be a general resentment against him?" *Johnson:* "No, sir, he will lose those particular gentlemen; but the rest will not trouble their heads about it" (warmly). *Boswell:* "Well, sir, I cannot think so." *Johnson:* "Nay, sir, there is no talking with a man who will dispute what everybody knows (angrily). Don't you know this?" *Boswell:* "No, sir, and I wish to think better of your country than you represent it. I knew in Scotland a gentleman obliged to leave it for debauching a lady; and in one of our counties an earl's brother lost his election, because he had debauched the lady of another earl in that county, and destroyed the peace of a noble family."

Still he would not yield. He proceeded: "Will you not allow, sir, that vice does not hurt a man's character so as to obstruct his prosperity in life, when you know that [Lord Clive] was loaded with wealth and honors; a man who had acquired his fortune by such crimes, that his consciousness of them impelled him to cut his own throat?" *Boswell:* "You will recollect, sir, that Dr. Robertson said, he cut his throat because he was weary of still life, little things not being sufficient to move his great mind." *Johnson* (very angry): "Nay, sir, what stuff is this! You had no more this opinion after Robertson said it than before. I know nothing more offensive than repeating what one knows to be foolish things, by way of continuing a dispute, to see what a man will answer—to make him your butt!" (angrier still). *Boswell:* "My dear sir, I had no such intention as you seem to suspect—I had not, indeed. Might not this nobleman have felt everything 'weary, stale, flat, and un-

profitable,' as Hamlet says." *Johnson:* "Nay, if you are to bring in gabble, I'll talk no more. I will not, upon my honor." My readers will decide upon this dispute.—*Boswell.*

Mrs. Thrale stops a very stormy dispute between Johnson and Mr. Pepys, by saying, "I should be very glad to hear no more of this." This speech had an admirable effect. Mr. Pepys was much gratified by the interruption; and Dr. Johnson, after a pause, said, "Well, madam, you *shall* hear no more of it; yet I will defend myself in every part and in every atom!"—*Madame D'Arblay.*

Care must be taken to distinguish between Johnson when he "talked for victory," and Johnson when he had no desire but to inform and illustrate. "One of Johnson's principal talents (says an eminent friend of his) was shown in maintaining the wrong side of an argument, and in a splendid perversion of the truth. If you could contrive to have his fair opinion on a subject, and without any bias from personal prejudice, or from a wish to be victorious in argument, it was wisdom itself, not only convincing, but overpowering." He had, however, all his life habituated himself to consider conversation as a trial of intellectual vigor and skill; and to this, I think, we may venture to ascribe that unexampled richness and brilliancy which appeared in his own. As a proof at once of his eagerness for colloquial distinction, and his high notion of this eminent friend, he once addressed him thus: "——, we now have been several hours together, and you have said but one thing for which I envied you."—*Boswell.*

In the afternoon the gentlewoman talked violently against the Roman Catholics, and of the horrors of the Inquisition. To the utter astonishment of all the passengers but myself, who knew that he could talk upon any side of a

question, he defended the Inquisition, and maintained that "false doctrine should be checked on its first appearance; that the civil power should unite with the Church in punishing those who dare to attack the established religion, and that such only were punished by the Inquisition."—*Boswell.*

Boswell: "What do you think, sir, of purgatory, as believed by the Roman Catholics?" *Johnson:* "Why, sir, it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and therefore that God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering. You see, sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this." *Boswell:* "But then, sir, their masses for the dead?" *Johnson:* "Why, sir, if it be once established that there are souls in purgatory, it is as proper to pray for *them* as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this life." *Boswell:* "The idolatry of the mass?" *Johnson:* "Sir, there is no idolatry in the mass. They believe God to be there, and they adore him." *Boswell:* "The worship of saints?" *Johnson:* "Sir, they do not worship saints; they invoke them: they only ask their prayers. I am talking all this time of the *doctrines* of the Church of Rome. I grant you that, in *practice*, purgatory is made a lucrative imposition, and that the people do become idolatrous as they recommend themselves to the tutelary protection of particular saints. I think their giving the sacrament only in one kind is criminal, because it is contrary to the express institution of Christ, and I wonder how the Council of Trent admitted it." *Boswell:* "Confession?" *Johnson:* "Why, I don't know but that is a good thing. The Scripture says, 'Confess your faults one to another,' and the priests confess as well as the laity. Then it must be considered that their

absolution is only upon repentance, and often upon penance also. You think your sins may be forgiven without penance, upon repentance alone." I thus ventured to mention all the common objections against the Roman Catholic Church, that I might hear so great a man upon them. What he said is here accurately recorded. But it is not improbable that if one had taken the other side, he might have reasoned differently.—*Boswell.*

He this evening expressed himself strongly against the Roman Catholics, observing, "In everything in which they differ from us they are wrong." He was even against the invocation of saints; in short, he was in the humor of opposition.—*Boswell.*

Dominicetti being mentioned, he would not allow him any merit. "There is nothing in all this boasted system. No, sir; medicated baths can be no better than warm water: their only effect can be that of tepid moisture." One of the company took the other side, maintaining that medicines of various sorts, and some, too, of most powerful effect, are introduced into the human frame by the medium of the pores, and therefore, when warm water is impregnated with salutiferous substances, it may produce great effects as a bath. This appeared to me very satisfactory. Johnson did not answer it; but, talking for victory, and determined to be master of the field, he had recourse to the device which Goldsmith imputed to him in the witty words of one of Cibber's comedies: "There is no arguing with Johnson; for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt-end of it." He turned to the gentleman: "Well, sir, go to Dominicetti and get thyself fumigated; but be sure that the steam be directed to thy *head*, for *that* is the *peccant part*."—*Boswell.*

Mr. Pepys joined Dr. Johnson, with whom he entered into

an argument upon some lines of Gray, and upon Pope's definition of wit, in which he was so roughly confuted, and so severely ridiculed, that he was hurt and piqued beyond all power of disguise, and, in the midst of the discourse, suddenly turned from him, and wishing Mrs. Thrale good-night, very abruptly withdrew. Dr. Johnson was certainly right with respect to the argument and to reason; but his opposition was so warm, and his wit so satirical and exulting, that I was really quite grieved to see how unamiable he appeared, and how greatly he made himself dreaded by all, and by many abhorred. What pity that he will not curb the vehemence of his love of victory and superiority!—*Madame D'Arblay.*

When I called upon Dr. Johnson next morning, I found him highly satisfied with his colloquial prowess the preceding evening. "Well," said he, "we had good talk." *Boswell:* "Yes, sir, you tossed and gored several persons."—*Boswell.*

GENERAL BRUTALITY.

At Mr. Tytler's I happened to tell that one evening, a great many years ago, when Dr. Hugh Blair and I were sitting together in the pit of Drury Lane play-house, in a wild freak of youthful extravagance I entertained the audience *prodigiously* by imitating the lowing of a cow. A little while after I had told this story, I differed from Dr. Johnson, I suppose too confidently, upon some point which I now forget. He did not spare me. "Nay, sir," said he, "if you cannot talk better as a man, I'd have you bellow like a cow."—*Boswell.*

One of the gentlemen said he had seen three folio volumes of Dr. Johnson's sayings collected by me. "I must

put you right, sir," said I, "for I am very exact in authenticity. You could not see folio volumes, for I have none: you might have seen some in quarto and octavo. This is an inattention which one should guard against." *Johnson:* "Sir, it is a want of concern about veracity. He does not know that he saw *any* volumes. If he had seen them, he could have remembered their size."—*Boswell.*

Johnson: "Sheridan is a wonderful admirer of the tragedy of Douglas, and presented its author with a gold medal. Some years ago, at a coffee-house in Oxford, I called to him, 'Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Sheridan, how came you to give a gold medal to Home for writing that foolish play?' This, you see, was wanton and insolent; but I *meant* to be wanton and insolent. A medal has no value but as a stamp of merit. And was Sheridan to assume to himself the right of giving that stamp?"—*Boswell.*

Mrs. Thrale told a story of Hannah More which, I think, exceeds in its severity all the severe things I have yet heard of Dr. Johnson's saying. When she was introduced to him, not long ago, she began singing his praise in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and the instruction she had received from his writings with the highest encomiums. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long use of praise has given him. She then redoubled her strokes, and, as Mr. Seward calls it, peppered still more highly, till at length he turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said, "Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth his having."—*Madame D'Arblay.*

We dined at Mr. Keith's. Mrs. Keith was rather too attentive to Dr. Johnson, asking him many questions about his drinking only water. He repressed that observation by

saying to me, "You may remember that Lady Errol took no notice of this."—*Boswell.*

When we were at Rouen, he took a great fancy to the Abbé Rouffette, with whom he conversed about the destruction of the order of Jesuits, and condemned it loudly, as a blow to the general power of the Church, and likely to be followed with many and dangerous innovations which might at length become fatal to religion itself, and shake even the foundation of Christianity. The gentleman seemed to wonder and delight in his conversation. The talk was all in Latin, which both spoke fluently, and Dr. Johnson pronounced a long eulogium upon Milton with so much ardor, eloquence, and ingenuity, that the Abbé rose from his seat and embraced him. My husband, seeing them apparently so charmed with the company of each other, politely invited the Abbé to England, intending to oblige his friend, who, instead of thanking, reprimanded him severely before the man for such a sudden burst of tenderness toward a person he could know nothing at all of; and thus put a sudden finish to all his own and Mr. Thrale's entertainment from the company of the Abbé Rouffette.—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

A gentleman having, to some of the usual arguments for drinking, added this: "You know, sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable. Would you not allow a man to drink for that reason?" *Johnson:* "Yes, sir, if he sat next *you.*"—*Boswell.*

Johnson's dislike of Mr. Wilkes was so great that it extended even to his connections. He happened to dine one day at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, with a large and distinguished company, among which were Mr. Wilkes's brother Israel and his lady. In the course of conversation, Mr. Israel Wilkes was about to make some remark, when Johnson suddenly stopped him with, "I hope, sir, what you are going to

say may be better worth hearing than what you have already said." This rudeness shocked and spread a gloom over the whole party, particularly as Mr. Israel Wilkes was a gentleman of a very amiable character and of refined taste, and, what Dr. Johnson little suspected, a very loyal subject. —*Miss Reynolds.*

A question was started, how far people who disagree in a capital point can live in friendship together. Johnson said they might. Goldsmith said they could not, as they had not the *idem velle atque idem nolle*—the same likings and the same aversions. *Johnson:* "Why, sir, you must shun the subject as to which you disagree. For instance, I can live very well with Burke. I love his knowledge, his genius, his diffusion and affluence of conversation; but I would not talk to him of the Rockingham party." *Goldsmith:* "But, sir, when people live together who have something as to which they disagree, and which they want to shun, they will be in the situation mentioned in the story of Bluebeard: 'You may look into all the chambers but one.' But we should have the greatest inclination to look into that chamber, to talk of that subject." *Johnson* (with a loud voice): "Sir, I am not saying that *you* could live in friendship with a man from whom you differ as to some point: I am only saying that *I* could do it."—*Boswell.*

In talking Lady Ladd over with Mrs. Thrale, who has a very proper regard for her, but who, I am sure, cannot be blind to her faults, she gave me another proof to those I have already had of the uncontrolled freedom of speech which Dr. Johnson exercises to everybody, and which everybody receives quietly from him. Lady Ladd has been very handsome, but is now, I think, quite ugly. Well, she was a little while ago dressed in so showy a manner as to attract the Doctor's notice; and when he had looked at her some time, he broke out aloud into this quotation:

"With patches, paint, and jewels on,
Sure Phillis is not twenty-one!
But if at night you Phillis see,
The dame at least is forty-three!"

—*Madame D'Arblay.*

One of Dr. Johnson's rudest speeches was to a pompous gentleman coming out of Lichfield Cathedral, who said, "Dr. Johnson, we have had a most excellent discourse to-day." "That may be," said Johnson, "but it is impossible that you should know it."—*Cradock.*

Mr. Tyers was very intimate with Johnson, and was one of his earliest visitors in the morning. But though Johnson held him in great esteem, and felt much relief from his conversation and his accounts of public occurrences, yet Mr. Tyers, with all the mildness of his own character, could not escape Johnson's rough asperity. When Mr. Tyers called on him one morning and told him that he had just taken chambers which had been occupied by Sir Fletcher Norton, "I wish," said the surly censor, "that you had taken his understanding at the same time."—*William Taylor.*

Coming home one cool evening in a boat from Greenwich, Boswell suffered from the cold, and gives this account of the way in which Johnson comforted him: "Johnson, whose robust frame was not in the least affected by the cold, scolded me, as if my shivering had been a paltry effeminacy, saying, 'Why do you shiver?' Sir William Scott, of the Commons, told me that when he complained of a headache in the post-chaise, as they were travelling together to Scotland, Johnson treated him in the same manner: 'At your age, sir, I had no headache.'" Once when he was musing over the fire at Streatham, a young gentleman said to him, "Mr. Johnson, would you advise me to marry?" He answered, "I would advise no man to marry, sir, who is not likely to propagate understanding," and abruptly left the room. When Mrs.

Thrale was talking with him one day about her proposed marriage with Piozzi, he said of that gentleman, "Why, madam, he is not only a stupid, ugly dog, but he is an old dog, too." Boswell gives a long account of an argument about wine which took place at a dinner-party, in the course of which the following dialogue occurred: *Sir Joshua Reynolds:* "But to please one's company is a strong motive." *Johnson* (who, from drinking only water, supposed everybody who drank wine to be elevated): "I won't argue any more with you, sir; you are too far gone." *Sir Joshua:* "I should have thought so, indeed, sir, had I made such a speech as you have now done." *Johnson* (drawing himself in, and, I really thought, blushing): "Nay, don't be angry; I did not mean to offend you." But he could be even ruder; for, when travelling in Wales, he gave the following instance of "freedom of speech:" A nobleman, at whose house he had been entertained, asked him what he thought of a neighboring peer. The answer was: "He is a dull, commonplace sort of man, just like you and your brother." There was something worse than mere rudeness in a cruel stab which he gave Garrick. Garrick was playing Lear, and Johnson and Murphy were meantime conversing loudly behind the scenes. When Garrick came off the stage, he very properly expostulated with them, and said, "You two talk so loud, you destroy all my feelings." And Johnson replied, "Prithee do not talk of feelings; Punch has no feelings."—*Editor.*

Talking of a very respectable author, he told us a curious circumstance in his life, which was, that he had married a printer's devil. *Reynolds:* "A printer's devil, sir! Why, I thought a printer's devil was a creature with a black face, and in rags." *Johnson:* "Yes, sir. But I suppose he had her face washed, and put clean clothes on her." (Then looking very serious and very earnest.) "And she did not disgrace him; the woman had a bottom of good sense." The word *bottom*, thus introduced, was so ludicrous, when con-

trasted with his gravity, that most of us could not forbear tittering and laughing, though I recollect that the Bishop of Killaloe kept his countenance with perfect steadiness, while Miss Hannah More slyly hid her face behind a lady's back who sat on the same settee with her. His pride could not bear that any expression of his should excite ridicule when he did not intend it; he therefore resolved to assume and exercise despotic power, glanced sternly around, and called out, in a strong tone, "Where's the merriment?" Then collecting himself, and looking awful, to make us feel how he could impose restraint, and, as it were, searching his mind for a still more ludicrous word, he slowly pronounced, "I say the *woman* was *fundamentally* sensible;" as if he had said, "Hear this now, and laugh if you dare." We all sat composed as at a funeral.—*Boswell.*

Dr. Johnson did not like any one who said they were happy, or who said any one else was so. "It was all cant," he would cry; "the dog knows he is miserable all the time." A friend whom he loved exceedingly told him on some occasion, notwithstanding, that his wife's sister was really happy, and called upon the lady to confirm his assertion, which she did somewhat roundly, as we say, and with an accent and manner capable of offending Dr. Johnson, if her position had not been sufficient, without anything more, to put him in a very ill humor. "If your sister-in-law is really the contented being she professes herself, sir," said he, "her life gives the lie to every research of humanity; for she is happy without health, without beauty, without money, and without understanding." This story he told me himself; and when I expressed some of the horror I felt, "The same stupidity," said he, "which prompted her to extol felicity she never felt hindered her from feeling what shocks you on repetition. I tell you, the woman is ugly, and sickly, and foolish, and poor; and would it not make a man hang himself to hear such a creature say it was happy?"—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

POWERS OF INVECTIVE AND SATIRE.

Being in company with a gentleman who thought fit to maintain Dr. Berkeley's ingenious philosophy, that nothing exists but as perceived by some mind, when the gentleman was going away, Johnson said to him, "Pray, sir, don't leave us; for we may perhaps forget to think of you, and then you will cease to exist."—*Boswell.*

Next day, Sunday, July 3d, I told him I had been that morning at a meeting of the people called Quakers, where I had heard a woman preach. *Johnson:* "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."—*Boswell.*

"Hume and other sceptical innovators are vain men, and will gratify themselves at any expense. Truth will not afford sufficient food to their vanity: so they have betaken themselves to error. Truth, sir, is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull."—*Boswell.*

On the 6th of March came out Lord Bolingbroke's works, published by Mr. David Mallet. The wild and pernicious ravings, under the name of "Philosophy," which were thus ushered into the world, gave great offence to all well-principled men. Johnson, hearing of their tendency, which nobody disputed, was roused with a just indignation, and pronounced this memorable sentence upon the noble author and his editor: "Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward: a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death!"—*Boswell.*

My much-valued friend, Dr. Barnard, now Bishop of Killaloe, having once expressed to him an apprehension that if he should visit Ireland he might treat the people of that country more unfavorably than he had done the Scotch, he answered, with strong, pointed, double-edged wit, "Sir, you have no reason to be afraid of me. The Irish are not in a conspiracy to cheat the world by false representations of the merits of their countrymen. No, sir; the Irish are a FAIR PEOPLE—they never speak well of one another."—*Boswell.*

Johnson one day asked me, "Have you observed the difference between your own country impudence and Scotch impudence?" The answer being in the negative, "Then I will tell you," said Johnson; "the impudence of an Irishman is the impudence of a fly that buzzes about you, and you put it away; but it returns again, and still flutters and teases. The impudence of a Scotchman is the impudence of a leech, that fixes and sucks your blood."—*Arthur Murphy.*

Sir Allan Maclean bragged that Scotland had the advantage of England, by its having more water. *Johnson:* "Sir, we would not have your water, to take the vile bogs which produce it. You have too much! A man who is drowned has more water than either of us;" and then he laughed. (But this was surely robust sophistry; for the people of taste in England, who have seen Scotland, own that its variety of rivers and lakes makes it naturally more beautiful than England in that respect.) Pursuing his victory over Sir Allan, he proceeded: "Your country consists of two things, stone and water. There is, indeed, a little earth above the stone in some places, but a very little; and the stone is always appearing. It is like a man in rags; the naked skin is still peeping out."—*Boswell.*

We were by no means pleased with our inn at Bristol.

"Let us see now," said I, "how we should describe it." Johnson was ready with his raillery. "Describe it, sir? Why, it was so bad that Boswell wished to be in Scotland!"—*Boswell.*

Mr. Johnson's hatred of the Scotch is so well known, and so many of his *bon mots* expressive of that hatred have been already repeated, that it is perhaps scarcely worth while to write down the conversation between him and a friend of that nation who always resides in London, and who at his return from the Hebrides asked him, with a firm tone of voice, what he thought of his country? "That it is a very vile country, to be sure, sir," returned for answer Mr. Johnson. "Well, sir!" replies the other, somewhat mortified, "God made it." "Certainly He did," answers Mr. Johnson, again; "but we must always remember that He made it for Scotchmen, and comparisons are odious, Mr. Strahan; but God made hell."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

It having been mentioned, I know not with what truth, that a certain female political writer, whose doctrines he disliked, had of late become very fond of dress, sat hours together at her toilet, and even put on rouge: *Johnson:* "She is better employed at her toilet than using her pen. It is better she should be reddening her own cheeks than blackening other people's characters."—*Boswell.*

A dull country magistrate gave Johnson a long, tedious account of his exercising his criminal jurisdiction, the result of which was having sentenced four convicts to transportation. Johnson, in an agony of impatience to get rid of such a companion, exclaimed, "I heartily wish, sir, that I were a fifth!"—*Boswell.*

Johnson having now explicitly avowed his opinion of Lord Chesterfield, did not refrain from expressing himself concerning that nobleman with pointed freedom: "This

man," said he, "I thought had been a lord among wits, but I find he is only a wit among lords!" And when his Letters to his natural son were published, he observed that "they teach the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing-master."—*Boswell.*

Of a certain player he remarked that his conversation usually threatened and announced more than it performed; that it fed you with a continual renovation of hope, to end in a constant succession of disappointment.—*Boswell.*

On my observing to him that a certain gentleman had remained silent the whole evening, in the midst of a very brilliant and learned society, "Sir," said he, "the conversation overflowed and drowned him."—*Boswell.*

A young fellow, very confident in his abilities, lamenting one day that he had lost all his Greek, "I believe it happened at the same time, sir," said Johnson, "that I lost all my large estate in Yorkshire."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

When some one was lamenting Foote's unlucky fate in being kicked, in Dublin, Johnson said he was glad of it. "He is rising in the world," said he. "When he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him."—*Sir John Hawkins.*

Hugh Kelly called upon Dr. Johnson, and, after sitting with him for a short time, rose to go, saying that he feared a longer visit might be troublesome. Dr. Johnson replied, "Not in the least, sir; I had forgotten that you were in the room."—*Anonymous.*

The next name that was started was that of Sir John Hawkins; and Mrs. Thrale said, "Why, now, Dr. Johnson, he is another of those whom you suffer nobody to abuse but

yourself. Garrick is one, too; for if any other person speaks against him, you browbeat him in a minute!" "Why, madam," answered he, "they don't know when to abuse him, and when to praise him; and I will allow no man to speak any ill of David that he does not deserve; and as to Sir John, why really I believe him to be an honest man at the bottom; but, to be sure, he is penurious, and he is mean, and it must be owned he has a degree of brutality and a tendency to savageness that cannot easily be defended."—*Madame D'Arblay.*

It is well known that there was formerly a rude custom for those who were sailing upon the Thames to accost each other as they passed in the most abusive language they could invent, generally, however, with as much satirical humor as they were capable of producing. Addison gives a specimen of this ribaldry in Number 383 of "The Spectator," when Sir Roger de Coverley and he are going to Spring Garden. Johnson was once eminently successful in this species of contest. A fellow having attacked him with some coarse raillery, Johnson answered him thus: "Sir, your wife, *under pretence of keeping a bawdy-house*, is a receiver of stolen goods."—*Boswell.*

Mrs. Thrale complained that she was quite worn out with that tiresome, silly woman who had talked of her family and affairs till she was sick to death of hearing her. "Madam," said he, "why do you blame the woman for the only sensible thing she could do—talking of her family and her affairs? For how should a woman who is as empty as a drum talk upon any other subject? If you speak to her of the sun, she does not know it rises in the east. If you speak to her of the moon, she does not know it changes at the full. If you speak to her of the queen, she does not know she is the king's wife. How, then, can you blame her for talking of her family and affairs?"—*Madame D'Arblay.*

For a lady of quality, since dead, who received us at her husband's seat in Wales with less attention than he had long been accustomed to, he had a rough denunciation. "That woman," cries Johnson, "is like sour small-beer, the beverage of her table, and produce of the wretched country she lives in: like that, she could never have been a good thing; and even that bad thing is spoiled." This was in the same vein of asperity, and, I believe, with something like the same provocation, that he observed of a Scotch lady that she resembled "a dead nettle. Were she alive," said he, "she would sting."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

WIT.

After dinner our conversation first turned upon Pope. Johnson said his characters of men were admirably drawn, those of women not so well. He repeated to us, in his forcible, melodious manner, the concluding lines of the "Dunciad." While he was talking loudly in praise of those lines, one of the company ventured to say, "Too fine for such a poem—a poem on what?" *Johnson* (with a disdainful look): "Why, on *dunces.* It was worth while being a dunce then. Ah, sir, hadst *thou* lived in those days! It is not worth while being a dunce now, when there are no wits."—*Boswell.*

Johnson having argued for some time with a pertinacious gentleman, his opponent, who had talked in a very puzzling manner, happened to say, "I don't understand you, sir;" upon which Johnson observed, "Sir, I have found you an argument; but I am not obliged to find you an understanding."—*Boswell.*

Of Mr. Johnson's Toryism the world has long been witness. Says Garrick to him one day, "Why did not you make me a Tory when we lived so much together? You

love to make people Tories." "Why," says Johnson, pulling a heap of half-pence out of his pocket, "did not the king make these guineas?"—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

John Gilbert Cooper related that soon after the publication of his Dictionary, Garrick being asked by Johnson what people said of it, told him, among other animadversions, it was objected that he cited authorities which were beneath the dignity of such a work, and mentioned Richardson. "Nay," said Johnson, "I have done worse than that: I have cited *thee*, David."—*Boswell.*

Johnson harangued against drinking wine. "A man," said he, "may choose whether he will have abstemiousness and knowledge, or claret and ignorance." Dr. Robertson (who is very companionable) was beginning to dissent as to the proscription of claret. *Johnson* (with a placid smile): "Nay, sir, you shall not differ with me; as I have said that the man is most perfect who takes in the most things, I am for knowledge and claret." *Robertson* (holding a glass of generous claret in his hand): "Sir, I can only drink your health." *Johnson:* "Sir, I should be sorry if *you* should be ever in such a state as to be able to do nothing more." *Robertson:* "Dr. Johnson, allow me to say that in one respect I have the advantage of you: when you were in Scotland, you would not come to hear any of our preachers; whereas, when I am here, I attend your public worship without scruple, and indeed with great satisfaction." *Johnson:* "Why, sir, that is not so extraordinary; the King of Siam sent ambassadors to Louis the Fourteenth; but Louis the Fourteenth sent none to the King of Siam."—*Boswell.*

He was of a directly contrary opinion to that of Fielding in his "Tom Jones," who makes Partridge say of Garrick, "Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner,

and done just as he did." For, when I asked him, "Would not you, sir, start as Mr. Garrick does if you saw a ghost?" he answered, "I hope not. If I did I should frighten the ghost."—*Boswell.*

Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topic of his conversation the praises of his native country. He began with saying that there was very rich land around Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physic there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie then took a new ground, where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe; for he observed that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. *Johnson:* "I believe, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England!"—*Boswell.*

Mrs. Brooke having repeatedly desired Johnson to look over her new play, he always found means to evade it. At last, she pressed him so closely that he actually refused to do it, and told her that she herself, by carefully looking it over, would be able to see if there was anything amiss as well as he could. "But, sir," said she, "I have no time, I have already so many irons in the fire." "Why, then, madam," said he, quite out of patience, "the best thing I can advise you to do is to put your tragedy along with your irons."—*Hannah More* (*abridged*).

Johnson's dexterity in retort when he seemed to be driven to an extremity by his adversary was very remarkable. Of his power in this respect, our common friend, Mr. Windham, of Norfolk, has been pleased to furnish me with an eminent instance. However unfavorable to Scotland, he uniformly gave liberal praise to George Buchanan as a writer. In a

conversation concerning the literary merits of the two countries, in which Buchanan was introduced, a Scotchman, imagining that on this ground he should have an undoubted triumph over him, exclaimed, "Ah, Dr. Johnson, what would you have said of Buchanan had he been an Englishman?" "Why, sir," said Johnson, after a little pause, "I should *not* have said of Buchanan, had he been an *Englishman*, what I will now say of him as a *Scotchman*—that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced."—*Boswell.*

There are few tasks more dreary and wearisome than the perusal of a jest-book. Such pursuit of pleasure soon becomes a wofully serious business. Indeed, for steady reading, a dictionary would be decidedly preferable. Having before me the lively remembrance of personal sufferings, and the dread of inflicting like ills upon innocent and unoffending people, I have given but few examples of Johnson's wit and humor, and have contracted these divisions of my work within narrow limits. The Index will aid any one who wishes to pursue the subject systematically.—*Editor.*

HUMOR.

He would not allow Scotland to derive any credit from Lord Mansfield, for he was educated in England. "Much," said he, "may be made of a Scotchman if he be *caught* young."—*Boswell.*

A gentleman who had been very unhappy in marriage, married immediately after his wife died. Johnson said it was the triumph of hope over experience.—*B. Langton.*

Being solicited to compose a funeral sermon for the daughter of a tradesman, he naturally inquired into the character of the deceased; and being told she was remarkable for her

humility and condescension to inferiors, he observed that those were very laudable qualities, but it might not be so easy to discover who the lady's inferiors were.—*B. Langton.*

A gentleman having said that a *congé d'elire* has not, perhaps, the force of a command, but may be considered only as a strong recommendation, "Sir," replied Johnson, who overheard him, "it is such a recommendation as if I should throw you out of a two-pair-of-stairs window, and recommend you to fall soft."—*Boswell.*

Miss Reynolds was asked for her toast after supper, as the custom was; and not answering readily, was required to give the ugliest man she knew. Without further hesitation she named Goldsmith; on which the Mrs. Cholmondeley of that day, with a sudden burst of sympathy, rose up on the other side of the table and reached across to shake hands with her. "Thus," exclaimed Johnson, who was present—"thus the ancients, on the commencements of their friendships, used to sacrifice a beast betwixt them."—*John Forster (abridged).*

I pitied a friend before Johnson who had a whining wife, that found everything painful to her, and nothing pleasing. "He does not know that she whimpers," says Johnson. "When a door has creaked for a fortnight together, you may observe, the master will scarcely give sixpence to get it oiled."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

His humor crept into the sober pages of his Dictionary, as in these two instances:

"*Grub Street.* The name of a street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and poems; whence any mean production is called '*Grub Street.*'

"*Lexicographer.* A writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge."

After returning from his Scottish tour, he wrote to Boswell:

"I hope Mrs. Boswell and little Miss are well. When shall I see them again? She is a sweet lady, only she was so glad to see me go, that I have almost a mind to come again, that she may again have the same pleasure."—*Editor.*

He said, "You think I love flattery, and so I do; but a little too much always disgusts me. That fellow, Richardson, on the contrary, could not be contented to sail quietly down the stream of reputation without longing to taste the froth from every stroke of the oar."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Mrs. Digby was present at the introduction of Dr. Johnson at one of the late Mrs. Montagu's literary parties, when she herself, with several still younger ladies, almost immediately surrounded our Colossus of literature (an odd figure, sure enough) with more wonder than politeness; and while contemplating him as if he had been some monster from the deserts of Africa, Johnson said to them, "Ladies, I am tame; you may stroke me!"—*B. N. Turner* (*in the New Monthly Magazine, December*, 1818).

After breakfast on Friday a curious trait occurred of Dr. Johnson's jocosity. While Mrs. Thrale was in the midst of her most flattering persuasions,* the Doctor, seesawing in his chair, began laughing to himself so heartily as to almost shake his seat as well as his sides. We stopped our confabulation, in which he had ceased to join, hoping he would reveal the subject of his mirth; but he enjoyed it inwardly, without heeding our curiosity, till at last he said he had been struck with a notion that "Miss Burney would begin her dramatic career by writing a piece called 'Streatham.'" He paused, and laughed yet more cordially; and then sud-

---

* That Miss Burney should write a comedy. This scene occurred at the country-seat of the Thrales, at Streatham, where Johnson and Miss Burney were guests.

denly commanded a pomposity to his countenance and his voice, and added, "Yes, 'Streatham. A Farce!'" How little did I expect from this Lexiphanes, this great and dreaded lord of English literature, a turn for burlesque humor!—*Madame D'Arblay.*

PLAYFULNESS.

Dr. Johnson has more fun, and comical humor, and love of nonsense, than almost anybody I ever saw: I mean, when with those he likes; for otherwise he can be as severe and bitter as report relates him.—*Madame D'Arblay.*

Next morning I won a small bet from Lady Diana Beauclerk, by asking him as to one of his particularities, which her ladyship laid I durst not do. It seems he had been frequently observed at the Club to put into his pocket the Seville oranges, after he had squeezed the juice of them into the drink which he had made for himself. Beauclerk and Garrick talked of it to me, and seemed to think that he had a strange unwillingness to be discovered. We could not divine what he did with them; and this was the bold question to be put. I saw on his table the spoils of the preceding night, some fresh peels, nicely scraped and cut into pieces. "Oh, sir," said I, "I now partly see what you do with the squeezed oranges you put into your pocket at the Club." *Johnson:* "I have a great love for them." *Boswell:* "And pray, sir, what do you do with them? You scrape them, it seems, very neatly; and what next?" *Johnson*: "Let them dry, sir." *Boswell:* "And what next?" *Johnson:* "Nay, sir, you shall know their fate no farther." *Boswell:* "Then the world must be left in the dark. It must be said," assuming a mock solemnity, "he scraped them and let them dry; but what he did with them next, he never could be prevailed upon to tell." *Johnson:* "Nay, sir, you should say it

more emphatically: 'he could not be prevailed upon, even by his dearest friends, to tell.'"—*Boswell.*

I dined with Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson, who was very comic and good-humored. Susan Thrale had just had her hair turned up and powdered, and has taken to the womanly robe. Dr. Johnson sportively gave her instructions how to increase her consequence, and "take upon her" properly. "Begin," he said, "Miss Susan, with something grand—something to surprise mankind! Let your first essay in life be a warm censure of 'Cecilia.'* You can no way make yourself more conspicuous. Tell the world how ill it was conceived, and how ill executed. Tell them how little there is in it of human nature, and how well your knowledge of the world enables you to judge of the failings in that book. Find fault without fear; and if you are at a loss for any to find, invent whatever comes into your mind; for you may say what you please with little fear of detection, since of those who praise 'Cecilia,' not half have read it, and of those who have read it, not half remember it. Go to work, therefore, boldly; and particularly mark that the character of 'Albany' is extremely unnatural, to your own knowledge, since you never met with such a man at Mrs. Cummyn's school."—*Madame D'Arblay.*

I told him that I heard Dr. Percy was writing the history of the wolf in Great Britain. *Johnson:* "The wolf, sir! why the wolf? Why does he not write of the bear, which we had formerly? Nay, it is said we had the beaver. Or why does he not write of the gray rat, the Hanover rat, as it is called, because it is said to have come into this country about the time that the family of Hanover came? I should like to see '*The History of the Gray Rat, by Thomas Percy, D.D., Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty*'" (laughing

---

* Miss Burney's second novel, which had just appeared.

immoderately). *Boswell:* "I am afraid a court chaplain could not decently write of the gray rat." *Johnson:* "Sir, he need not give it the name of the Hanover rat." Thus could he indulge a luxuriant, sportive imagination, when talking of a friend whom he loved and esteemed.—*Boswell.*

We all observed a sudden play of the muscles in the countenance of the Doctor that showed him to be secretly enjoying some ludicrous idea; and accordingly, a minute or two after, he pursed up his mouth, and, in an assumed pert, yet feminine accent, while he tossed up his head to express wonder, he affectedly minced out, "La, Polly !—only think! Miss has danced with a lord !"*—*Madame D'Arblay.*

Dr. Warton was always called an enthusiast by Dr. Johnson, who at times, when in gay spirits, and with those with whom he trusted their ebullition, would take off Dr. Warton with the strongest humor; describing, almost convulsively, the ecstasy with which he would seize upon the person nearest to him, to hug in his arms, lest his grasp should be eluded, while he displayed some picture or some prospect; and indicated, in the midst of contortions and gestures that violently and ludicrously shook, if they did not affright his captive, the particular point of view or of design that he wished should be noticed.—*Madame D'Arblay.*

"I have known," said the Doctor, with the most comical look, "all the wits, from Mrs. Montagu down to Bet Flint!" "Bet Flint!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "pray who is she?" "Oh, a fine character, madam! She was habitually a slut and a drunkard, and occasionally a thief and a harlot." "And, for Heaven's sake, how came you to know her?" "Why, madam, she figured in the literary world, too! Bet Flint

---

* This was a quotation from a speech of "Biddy Branghton," in Miss Burney's novel, "Evelina."

wrote her own life, and called herself Cassandra, and it was in verse; it began:

> 'When Nature first ordained my birth,
> A diminutive I was born on earth;
> And then I came from a dark abode
> Into a gay and gaudy world.'

So Bet brought me her verses to correct; but I gave her half a crown, and she liked it as well. Bet had a fine spirit —she advertised for a husband, but she had no success, for she told me no man aspired to her. Then she hired very handsome lodgings and a foot-boy; and she got a harpsichord, but Bet could not play; however, she put herself in fine attitudes and drummed." Then he gave an account of another of these geniuses who called herself by some fine name I have forgotten what. "She had not quite the same stock of virtue," continued he, "nor the same stock of honesty as Bet Flint; but I suppose she envied her accomplishments, for she was so little moved by the power of harmony, that while Bet Flint thought she was drumming away very divinely, the other jade had her indicted for a nuisance." "And pray what became of her, sir?" "Why, madam, she stole a quilt from the man of the house, and he had her taken up; so when she found herself obliged to go to jail, she ordered a sedan-chair, and bid her foot-boy walk before her. However, the boy proved refractory, for he was ashamed, though his mistress was not." "And did she ever get out of jail again, sir?" "Yes, madam; when she came to her trial, the judge acquitted her. 'So now,' she said to me, 'the quilt is my own, and now I'll make a petticoat of it.' Oh, I loved Bet Flint!" Oh, how we all laughed! Then he gave an account of another lady, who called herself Laurinda, and who also wrote verses and stole furniture; but he had not the same affection for her, he said, though she too "was a lady who had high notions of honor." Then followed the history of another, who called herself Hortensia, and who walked up and down the

park, repeating a book of Virgil. "Bless me, sir!" cried Mrs. T., "how can all these vagabonds contrive to get at *you*, of all people?" "Oh, the dear creatures!" cried he, laughing heartily, "I can't but be glad to see them!" He gave it all with so droll a solemnity, and it was all so unexpected, that Mrs. Thrale and I were almost equally diverted.—*Madame D'Arblay.*

At night, Mrs. Thrale asked if I would have anything? I answered "No;" but Dr. Johnson said, "Yes; she is used, madam, to suppers; she would like an egg or two, and a few slices of ham, or a rasher—a rasher, I believe, would please her better." How ridiculous! However, nothing could persuade Mrs. Thrale not to have the cloth laid; and Dr. Johnson was so facetious that he challenged Mr. Thrale to get drunk. "I wish," said he, "my master would say to me, 'Johnson, if you will oblige me, you will call for a bottle of Toulon, and then we will set to it, glass for glass, till it is done;' and after that, I will say, 'Thrale, if you will oblige me, you will call for another bottle of Toulon, and then we will set to it, glass for glass, till that is done;' and by the time we should have drunk the two bottles, we should be so happy and such good friends, that we should fly into each other's arms, and both together call for the third!"

Now for this morning's breakfast. Dr. Johnson, as usual, came last into the library; he was in high spirits, and full of mirth and sport. I had the honor of sitting next to him; and now, all at once, he flung aside his reserve, thinking, perhaps, that it was time I should fling aside mine. Mrs. Thrale told him that she intended taking me to Mr. T——'s. "So you ought, madam," cried he; "it is your business to be cicerone to her." Then suddenly he snatched my hand, and kissing it, "Ah," he added, "they will little think what a Tartar you carry to them!" "No, that they won't!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "Miss Burney looks so meek and so quiet, nobody would suspect what a comical girl she is; but I be-

lieve she has a great deal of malice at heart." "Oh, she's a toad!" cried the Doctor, laughing—"a sly young rogue! with her Smiths and her Branghtons." "Why, Dr. Johnson," said Mrs. T., "I hope you are very well this morning! If one may judge by your spirits and good-humor, the fever you threatened us with is gone off." He had complained that he was going to be ill last night. "Why, no, madam, no," answered he. "I am not yet well; I could not sleep at all; there I lay, restless and uneasy, and thinking all the time of Miss Burney. Perhaps I have offended her, thought I; perhaps she is angry; I have seen her but once, and I talked to her of a rasher— Were you angry?" I think I need not tell you my answer. "I have been endeavoring to find some excuse," continued he, "and, as I could not sleep, I got up and looked for some authority for the word; and I find, madam, it is used by Dryden: in one of his prologues he says, 'And snatch a homely rasher from the coals.' So you must not mind me, madam: I say strange things, but I mean no harm."—*Madame D'Arblay.*

Mrs. Thrale: "To-morrow, sir, Mrs. Montagu dines here, and then you will have talk enough." Dr. Johnson began to seesaw, with a countenance strongly expressive of inward fun; and after enjoying it some time in silence, he suddenly, and with great animation, turned to me and cried, "Down with her, Burney! Down with her! Spare her not! Attack her, fight her, and down with her at once! You are a rising wit, and she is at the top; and when I was beginning the world, and was nothing and nobody, the joy of all my life was to fire at all the established wits; and then everybody loved to halloo me on. But there is no game now; everybody would be glad to see me conquered: but then, when I was new, to vanquish the great ones was all the delight of my poor, little, dear soul! So at her, Burney! at her, and down with her!" Some time after, when we had all been a few minutes silent, he turned to me and

said, "Come, Burney, shall you and I study our parts against Mrs. Montagu comes?" "Miss Burney," cried Mrs. Thrale, "you must get up your courage for this encounter. I think you should begin with Miss Gregory, and down with her first." *Johnson:* "No, no; always fly at the eagle! Down with Mrs. Montagu herself!"—*Madame D'Arblay.*

Among those who were so intimate with Dr. Johnson as to have him occasionally an intimate in their families, it is a well-known fact that he would frequently descend from the contemplation of subjects the most profound imaginable to the most childish playfulness. It was no uncommon thing to see him hop, step, and jump. He would often seat himself on the back of his chair; and more than once he has been known to propose a race on some grass-plot adapted to the purpose. He was very intimate with and much attached to Mr. John Payne, once a bookseller in Paternoster Row, and afterward chief accountant of the Bank. Mr. Payne was of a very diminutive appearance; and once when they were together on a visit with a friend at some distance from town, Johnson, in a gayety of humor, proposed to run a race with Mr. Payne. The proposal was accepted; but before they had proceeded more than half of the intended distance, Johnson caught his little adversary up in his arms, and without any ceremony placed him upon the arm of a tree which was near, and then continued running as if he had met with a hard match. He afterward returned with much exultation to release his friend from the no very pleasant situation in which he had left him.—*Anonymous* (*from the European Magazine*).

GALLANTRY.

He particularly piqued himself upon his nice observance of ceremonious punctilios toward ladies. A remarkable instance of this was his never suffering any lady to walk from his house to her carriage, through Bolt Court, unattended by himself to hand her into it (at least I have reason to suppose it to be his general custom, from his constant performance of it to those with whom he was most intimately acquainted); and if any obstacle prevented it from driving off, there he would stand by the door of it, and gather a mob around him; indeed, they would begin to gather the moment he appeared handing the lady down the steps into Fleet Street. But to describe his appearance—his important air—that, indeed, cannot be described; and his morning habiliments would excite the utmost astonishment in my reader that a man in his senses could think of stepping outside his door in them, or even to be seen at home. Sometimes he exhibited himself at the distance of eight or ten doors from Bolt Court, to get at the carriage, to the no small diversion of the populace.—*Miss Reynolds.*

Here let me not forget a curious anecdote, as related to me by Mr. Beauclerk, which I shall endeavor to exhibit as well as I can in that gentleman's lively manner; and in justice to him it is proper to add that Dr. Johnson told me I might rely both on the correctness of his memory and the fidelity of his narrative. "When Madame de Boufflers was first in England," said Beauclerk, "she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over, she and I left him, and were got into Inner Temple Lane, when all at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, upon a little recollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honors of his

literary residence to a foreign lady of quality, and, eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the staircase in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple gate, and, brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand and conducted her to her coach. His dress was a rusty-brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by this singular appearance."—*Boswell.*

Mrs. Percy told me that Johnson once stayed near a month at their parsonage; that Dr. Percy looked out all sorts of books to be ready for his amusement after breakfast; and that Johnson was so attentive and polite to her that, when Dr. Percy mentioned the literature prepared in the study, he said, "No, sir, I shall first wait upon Mrs. Percy, to feed the ducks."—*Cradock* (*abridged*).

When Mrs. Siddons came into the room, there happened to be no chair ready for her, which he observing, said, with a smile, "Madam, you who so often occasion a want of seats to other people will the more easily excuse the want of one yourself."—*J. P. Kemble.*

On Tuesday, October 12th, I dined with him at Mr. Ramsay's, with Lord Newhaven and some other company, none of whom I recollect, but a beautiful Miss Graham, a relation of his lordship's, who asked Dr. Johnson to hob or nob with her. He was flattered by such pleasing attention, and politely told her he never drank wine: but if she would drink a glass of water, he was much at her service. She accepted. "Oh, sir," said Lord Newhaven, "you are caught." *Johnson:* "Nay, I do not see *how* I am *caught;* but if I am caught, I don't want to get free again. If I am caught, I

hope to be kept." Then, when the two glasses of water were brought, smiling placidly to the young lady, he said, "Madam, let us *reciprocate*."—*Boswell.*

At the time that Miss Linley was in the highest esteem as a public singer, Dr. Johnson came in the evening to drink tea with Miss Reynolds; and when he entered the room she said to him, "See, Dr. Johnson, what a preference I give to your company; for I had an offer of a place in a box at the Oratorio to hear Miss Linley; but I would rather sit with you than hear Miss Linley sing." "And I, madam," replied Johnson, "would rather sit with you than sit upon a throne."—*Northcote.*

When I told him that a young and handsome countess had said to me, "I should think that to be praised by Dr. Johnson would make one a fool all one's life;" and that I answered, "Madam, I shall make him a fool to-day, by repeating this to him;" he said, "I am too old to be made a fool; but if you say I am made a fool, I shall not deny it. I am much pleased with a compliment, especially from a pretty woman."—*Boswell.*

The next morning we rose at four o'clock, and when we came down-stairs, to our great surprise, found Dr. Johnson waiting to receive and breakfast with us, though the night before he had taken leave of us. We therefore drank our coffee with him, and then he handed us both into the chaise. —*Madame D'Arblay.*

Dr. Johnson (looking earnestly at me): "Nay, it's very handsome!" "What, sir?" cried I, amazed. "Why, your cap. I have looked at it some time, and I like it much. It has not that vile bandeau across it which I have so often cursed." *Mrs. Thrale:* "Well, sir, that bandeau you quarrelled with was worn by every woman at court the last

birthday, and I observed that all the men found fault with it." *Dr. Johnson:* "The truth is, that women, take them in general, have no idea of grace. Fashion is all they think of. I don't mean Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney when I talk of women! they are goddesses! and therefore I except them." *Mrs. Thrale:* "Lady Ladd never wore the bandeau, and said she never would, because it is unbecoming." *Dr. Johnson* (laughing): "Did she not? Then is Lady Ladd a charming woman, and I have yet hopes of entering into engagements with her!"—*Madame D'Arblay.*

When we were summoned to dinner, Mrs. Thrale made my father and me sit on each side of her. I said that I hoped I did not take Dr. Johnson's place—for he had not yet appeared. "No," answered Mrs. Thrale, "he will sit by you, which I am sure will give him great pleasure." Soon after we were seated, this great man entered. Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, and he took his place. We had a noble dinner and a most elegant dessert. Dr. Johnson, in the middle of dinner, asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him. "Mutton," answered she; "so I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it." "No, madam, no," cried he; "I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day." "Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, laughing, "you must take great care of your heart if Dr. Johnson attacks it; for I assure you he is not often successless." "What's that you say, madam?" cried he; "are you making mischief between the young lady and me already?"—*Madame D'Arblay.*

Mr. Metcalf, with much satire, and much entertainment, kept chattering to me,* till Dr. Johnson found me out and brought a chair to me. "So," said he to Mr. Metcalf, "it is

---

* At an evening entertainment.

you, is it, that are engrossing her thus?" "He's jealous!" said Mr. Metcalf, dryly. "How these people talk of Mrs. Siddons!" said the Doctor. "I came hither in full expectation of hearing no name but the name I love and pant to hear, when from one corner to another they are talking of that jade, Mrs. Siddons! till at last, wearied out, I went yonder into a corner, and repeated to myself, 'Burney! Burney! Burney! Burney!'" "Ay, sir," said Mr. Metcalf, "you should have carved it upon the trees." "Sir, had there been any trees, so I should; but being none, I was content to carve it upon my heart."—*Madame D'Arblay.*

EXTEMPORE VERSE-MAKING.

He observed that a gentleman of eminence in literature had got into a bad style of poetry of late. "He puts," said he, "a very common thing in a strange dress till he does not know it himself, and thinks other people do not know it." *Boswell:* "That is owing to his being so much versant in old English poetry." *Johnson:* "What is that to the purpose, sir? If I say a man is drunk, and you tell me it is owing to his taking much drink, the matter is not mended. No, sir, —— has taken to an odd mode. For example, he'd write thus:

> 'Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
> Wearing out life's evening gray.'

Gray evening is common enough; but *evening gray* he'd think fine. Stay; we'll make out the stanza:

> 'Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
> Wearing out life's evening gray;
> Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell,
> What is bliss, and which the way?'"

Boswell: "But why smite his bosom, sir?" *Johnson:* "Why,

to show he was in earnest" (smiling). He at an after period added the following stanza:

"Thus I spoke; and speaking sighed,
Scarce repressed the starting tear;
When the smiling sage replied—
Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

—*Boswell.*

I went into his room on the morning of my birthday, and said to him, "Nobody sends me any verses now, because I am five-and-thirty years old; and Stella was fed with them till forty-six, I remember." My being just recovered from illness and confinement will account for the manner in which he burst out suddenly, without the least previous hesitation, and without having entertained the smallest intention toward it half a minute before:

"Oft in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five;
He that ever hopes to thrive,
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five."

"And now," said he, as I was writing them down, "you may see what it is to come for poetry to a dictionary-maker; you may observe that the rhymes run in alphabetical order exactly."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

When Dr. Percy first published his collection of ancient English ballads, perhaps he was too lavish in commendation of the beautiful simplicity and poetic merit he supposed himself to discover in them. This circumstance provoked Johnson to observe, one evening at Miss Reynolds's tea-table, that he could rhyme as well, and as elegantly, in common narrative and conversation. "For instance," says he:

"As with my hat upon my head,
I walked along the Strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand."

Or, to render such poetry subservient to my own immediate use:

"I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar softened well,
Another dish of tea.

"Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drunk the liquor up.

"Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth—
Nor hear it with a frown—
Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down."

And thus he proceeded through several more stanzas till the reverend critic cried out for quarter.—*George Steevens.*

Some of the old legendary stories put in verse by modern writers provoked him to caricature them one day at Streatham; but they are already well known, I am sure:

"The tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon the stone;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squealed on."

I could give another comical instance of caricature imita-

tion. One day when I was praising these verses of Lopez de Vega—

"Se aquien los leones vence
Vence una muger hermosa
O el de flaco averguence
O ella di ser mas furiosa"—

more than he thought they deserved, Mr. Johnson instantly observed that they were "founded on a trivial conceit, and that conceit ill explained, and ill expressed besides. The lady, we all know, does not conquer in the same manner as the lion does. 'Tis a mere play of words," added he, "and you might as well say that

If the man who turnips cries,
Cries not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father."

And this humor is of the same sort with which he answered the friend who commended the following line:

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

"To be sure," said Dr. Johnson,

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

This readiness of finding a parallel, or making one, was shown by him perpetually in the course of conversation. When the French verses of a certain pantomime were quoted thus:

"Je suis Cassandre descendue des cieux,
Pour vous faire entendre, mesdames et messieurs,
Que je suis Cassandre descendue des cieux;"

he cried out gayly and suddenly, almost in a moment,

"I am Cassandra come down from the sky,
To tell each by-stander what none can deny,
That I am Cassandra come down from the sky."

The pretty Italian verses, too, at the end of Baretti's book he did in the same manner:

"Viva! viva la padrona!
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
La padrona è un angiolella
Tutta buona e tutta bella;
Tutta bella e tutta buona,
Viva! viva la padrona!"

"Long may live my lovely Hetty!
Always young and always pretty,
Always pretty, always young,
Live my lovely Hetty long!
Always young and always pretty;
Long may live my lovely Hetty!"

When some one in company commended the verses of M. de Beuserade *à son Lit:*

"Théatre des ris et des pleurs,
Lit! où je nais, et où je meurs,
Tu nous fais voir comment voisins
Sont nos plaisirs, et nos chagrins;"

he replied, without hesitating:

"In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe."

—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

COMMON-SENSE.

Mrs. Desmoulins made tea; and she and I talked before him upon a topic which he had once borne patiently from me when we were by ourselves—his not complaining of the world because he was not called to some great office, nor had attained to great wealth. He flew into a violent passion—I confess with some justice—and commanded us to have done. "Nobody," said he, "has a right to talk in this manner—to bring before a man his own character and the events of his life—when he does not choose it should be done. I never have sought the world; the world was not

to seek me. It is rather wonderful that so much has been done for me. All the complaints which are made of the world are unjust. I never knew a man of merit neglected: it was generally by his own fault that he failed of success. A man may hide his head in a hole; he may go into the country, and publish a book now and then, which nobody reads, and then complain he is neglected. There is no reason why any person should exert himself for a man who has written a good book: he has not written it for any individual. I may as well make a present to a postman who brings me a letter. When patronage was limited, an author expected to find a Mæcenas, and complained if he did not find one. Why should he complain? This Mæcenas has others as good as he, or others who have got the start of him." *Boswell:* "But surely, sir, you will allow that there are men of merit at the bar who never get practice." *Johnson:* "Sir, you are sure that practice is got from an opinion that the person employed deserves it best; so that if a man of merit at the bar does not get practice, it is from error, not from injustice. He is not neglected. A horse that is brought to market may not be bought, though he is a very good horse; but that is from ignorance, not from intention." —*Boswell.*

When asked how he felt upon the ill success of his tragedy, he replied, "Like the Monument;" meaning that he continued firm and unmoved as that column. And let it be remembered, as an admonition to the *genus irritabile* of dramatic writers, that this great man, instead of peevishly complaining of the bad taste of the town, submitted to its decision without a murmur. He had, indeed, upon all occasions a great deference for the general opinion. "A man," said he, "who writes a book, thinks himself wiser or wittier than the rest of mankind; he supposes that he can instruct or amuse them; and the public to whom he appeals must, after all, be the judges of his pretensions."—*Boswell.*

I described to him an impudent fellow from Scotland who affected to be a savage, and railed at all established systems. *Johnson:* "There is nothing surprising in this, sir. He wants to make himself conspicuous. He would tumble in a hog-sty, as long as you looked at him and called to him to come out. But let him alone, never mind him, and he'll soon give it over." I added that the same person maintained that there was no distinction between virtue and vice. *Johnson:* "Why, sir, if the fellow does not think as he speaks, he is lying; and I see not what honor he can propose to himself from having the character of a liar. But if he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses, let us count our spoons."—*Boswell.*

This evening one of our married ladies—a lively, pretty little woman—good-humoredly sat down upon Dr. Johnson's knee, and being encouraged by some of the company, put her hands round his neck and kissed him. "Do it again," said he, "and let us see who will tire first." He kept her on his knee some time, while he and she drank tea. He was now like a *buck* indeed. All the company were much entertained to find him so easy and pleasant. To me it was highly comic, to see the grave philosopher—the "Rambler"—toying with a Highland beauty! But what could he do? He must have been surly, and weak too, had he not behaved as he did. He would have been laughed at, and not more respected, and less loved.—*Boswell.*

I observed that hardly any man was accurately prepared for dying; but almost every one left something undone, something in confusion; that my father, indeed, told me he knew one man (Carlyle, of Limekilns), after whose death all his papers were found in exact order, and nothing was omitted in his will. *Johnson:* "Sir, I had an uncle who died so; but such attention requires great leisure, and great firmness

of mind. If one was to think constantly of death, the business of life would stand still. I am no friend to making religion appear too hard. Many good people have done harm by giving severe notions of it. In the same way, as to learning: I never frighten young people with difficulties; on the contrary, I tell them that they may very easily get as much as will do very well. I do not, indeed, tell them that they will be Bentleys."—*Boswell.*

He said our judges had not gone deep in the question concerning literary property. I mentioned Lord Monboddo's opinion—that if a man could get a work by heart he might print it, as by such an act the mind is exercised. *Johnson:* "No, sir; a man's repeating it no more makes it his property, than a man may sell a cow which he drives home." I said printing an abridgment of a work was allowed, which was only cutting the horns and tail off the cow. *Johnson:* "No, sir; 'tis making the cow have a calf."—*Boswell.*

He said, "A man should pass a part of his time with *the laughers*, by which means anything ridiculous or particular about him might be presented to his view, and corrected." I observed he must have been a bold laugher who would have ventured to tell Dr. Johnson of any of his particularities. Having observed the vain, ostentatious importance of many people in quoting the authority of dukes and lords, as having been in their company, he said he went to the other extreme, and did not mention his authority when he should have done it, had it not been that of a duke or a lord. —*Boswell.*

Upon the question whether a man who had been guilty of vicious actions would do well to force himself into solitude and sadness—*Johnson:* "No, sir, unless it prevent him from being vicious again. With some people, gloomy penitence is only madness turned upside down. A man may be gloomy,

till, in order to be relieved from gloom, he has recourse again to criminal indulgences."—*Boswell.*

Of the various states and conditions of humanity, he despised none more than the man who marries for a maintenance; and of a friend who made his alliance on no higher principles, he said once, "Now has that fellow" (it was a nobleman of whom they were speaking) "at length obtained a certainty of three meals a day; and for that certainty, like his brother dog in the fable, he will get his neck galled for life with a collar."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

A man, he observed, should begin to write soon; for if he waits till his judgment is matured, his inability, through want of practice, to express his conceptions will make the disproportion so great between what he sees and what he can attain that he will probably be discouraged from writing at all. As a proof of the justness of this remark, we may instance what is related of the great Lord Granville: that after he had written his letter giving an account of the battle of Dettingen, he said, "Here is a letter expressed in terms not good enough for a tallow-chandler to have used."—*Bennet Langton.*

Mr. Langton told us he was about to establish a school upon his estate, but it had been suggested to him that it might have a tendency to make the people less industrious. *Johnson:* "No, sir. While learning to read and write is a distinction, the few who have that distinction may be the less inclined to work; but when everybody learns to read and write, it is no longer a distinction. A man who has a laced waistcoat is too fine a man to work; but if everybody had laced waistcoats, we should have people working in laced waistcoats. There are no people whatever more industrious, none who work more, than our manufacturers; yet they have all learned to read and write. Sir, you must

not neglect doing a thing immediately good from fear of remote evil, from fear of its being abused. A man who has candles may sit up too late, which he would not do if he had not candles; but nobody will deny that the art of making candles, by which light is continued to us beyond the time that the sun gives us light, is a valuable art, and ought to be preserved."—*Boswell.*

I talked of preaching, and of the great success which those called "Methodists" have. *Johnson:* "Sir, it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people, and which clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a principle of duty when it is suited to their congregations—a practice for which they will be praised by men of sense. To insist against drunkenness as a crime because it debases reason, the noblest faculty of man, would be of no service to the common people; but to tell them that they may die in a fit of drunkenness, and show them how dreadful that would be, cannot fail to make a deep impression. Sir, when your Scotch clergy give up their homely manner, religion will soon decay in that country."—*Boswell.*

He said, "There is nothing more likely to betray a man into absurdity than *condescension;* when he seems to suppose his understanding too powerful for his company."—*Bennet Langton.*

He recommended that when one person meant to serve another he should not go about it slyly, or, as we say, underhand, out of a false idea of delicacy, to surprise one's friend with an unexpected favor, "which, ten to one," says he, "fails to oblige your acquaintance, who had some reasons against such a mode of obligation, which you might have known but for that superfluous cunning which you think an elegance. Oh, never be seduced by such silly pretences!"

continued he. "If a wench wants a good gown, do not give her a fine smelling-bottle because that is more delicate—as I once knew a lady lend the key of her library to a poor scribbling dependent, as if she took the woman for an ostrich, that could digest iron."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Though a stern, *true-born Englishman*, and fully prejudiced against all other nations, he had discernment enough to see, and candor enough to censure, the cold reserve too common among Englishmen toward strangers. "Sir," said he, "two men of any other nation who are shown into a room together, at a house where they are both visitors, will immediately find some conversation. But two Englishmen will probably go each to a different window, and remain in obstinate silence. Sir, we as yet do not enough understand the common rights of humanity."—*Boswell.*

At supper, Lady Macleod mentioned Dr. Cadogan's book on the gout. *Johnson:* "It is a good book in general, but a foolish one in particulars. It is good in general, as recommending temperance, and exercise, and cheerfulness. In that respect it is only Dr. Cheyne's book told in a new way; and there should come out such a book every thirty years, dressed in the mode of the times. It is foolish in maintaining that the gout is not hereditary, and that one fit of it, when gone, is like a fever when gone." Lady Macleod objected that the author does not practise what he teaches. *Johnson:* "I cannot help that, madam; that does not make his book the worse. People are influenced more by what a man says, if his practice is suitable to it, because they are blockheads. The more intellectual people are, the readier will they attend to what a man tells them: if it is just, they will follow it, be his practice what it will. No man practises so well as he writes. I have all my life-long been lying till noon; yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early

will ever do any good. Only consider! You read a book; you are convinced by it; you do not know the author. Suppose you afterward know him, and find that he does not practise what he teaches, are you to give up your former conviction? At this rate you would be kept in a state of equilibrium, when reading every book, till you knew how the author practised." "But," said Lady Macleod, "you would think better of Dr. Cadogan, if he acted according to his principles." *Johnson:* "Why, madam, to be sure, a man who acts in the face of light is worse than a man who does not know so much; yet I think no man should be worse thought of for publishing good principles. There is something noble in publishing truth, though it condemns one's self."—*Boswell.*

Johnson: "There is in human nature a general inclination to make people stare; and every wise man has himself to cure of it, and does cure himself. If you wish to make people stare by doing better than others, why make them stare till they stare their eyes out? But consider how easy it is to make people stare by being absurd. I may do it by going into a drawing-room without my shoes. You remember the gentleman in 'The Spectator,' who had a commission of lunacy taken out against him for his extreme singularity, such as never wearing a wig, but a night-cap. Now, sir, abstractedly, the night-cap was best: but, relatively, the advantage was overbalanced by his making the boys run after him."—*Boswell.*

He ridiculed a friend who, looking out on Streatham Common from our windows one day, lamented the enormous wickedness of the times, because some bird-catchers were busy there one fine Sunday morning. "While half the Christian world is permitted," said he, "to dance and sing, and celebrate Sunday as a day of festivity, how comes your Puritanical spirit so offended with frivolous and empty de-

viations from exactness? Whoever loads life with unnecessary scruples, sir," continued he, "provokes the attention of others on his conduct, and incurs the censure of singularity without reaping the reward of superior virtue."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

In answer to the arguments used by Puritans, Quakers, etc., against showy decorations of the human figure, I once heard him exclaim, "Oh, let us not be found, when our Master calls us, ripping the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues! Let us all conform in outward customs, which are of no consequence, to the manners of those whom we live among, and despise such paltry distinctions. Alas! sir," continued he, "a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat will not find his way thither the sooner in a gray one!"—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

He observed, "All knowledge is of itself of some value. There is nothing so minute or inconsiderable, that I would not rather know it than not. In the same manner, all power, of whatever sort, is of itself desirable. A man would not submit to learn to hem a ruffle of his wife, or of his wife's maid; but if a mere wish could attain it, he would rather wish to be able to hem a ruffle."—*Boswell.*

Last night Dr. Johnson gave us an account of the whole process of tanning, and of the nature of milk, and the various operations upon it, as making whey, etc. His variety of information is surprising; and it gives one much satisfaction to find such a man bestowing his attention on the useful arts of life. Ulinish was much struck with his knowledge, and said, "He is a great orator, sir; it is music to hear this man speak."—*Boswell.*

I have often been astonished with what exactness and perspicuity he will explain the process of any art. He this morning explained to us all the operation of coining, and at night all the operation of brewing, so very clearly, that Mr. Macqueen said, when he heard the first, he thought he had been bred in the Mint; when he heard the second, that he had been bred a brewer.—*Boswell.*

Johnson devoted some time to the study of medicine, and was familiar with the principles of that science. At one time early in his life he thought seriously of becoming a lawyer; his knowledge of law was extensive. Boswell mentions several instances of his applying to Johnson for aid in important law cases, involving difficult and perplexing questions; whereupon Johnson gave him written opinions, which proved to be highly valuable.—*Editor.*

Though born and bred in a city, he well understood both the theory and practice of agriculture, and even the management of a farm; he could describe, with great accuracy, the process of malting; and, had necessity driven him to it, could have thatched a dwelling. Of field recreations, such as hunting, setting, and shooting, he would discourse like a sportsman. He had taken a very comprehensive view of life and manners, and that he was well acquainted with the views and pursuits of all classes and characters of men, his writings abundantly show. His knowledge in manufactures was extensive, and his comprehension relative to mechanical contrivances was still more extraordinary. The well-known Mr. Arkwright pronounced him to be the only person who, on a first view, understood both the principle and powers of his most complicated piece of machinery.—*Sir John Hawkins* (*abridged*).

He would sometimes good-naturedly enter into a long chat for the instruction or entertainment of people he de-

spised. I perfectly recollect his condescending to delight my daughter's dancing-master with a long argument about *his* art; which the man protested, at the close of the discourse, the Doctor knew more of than himself.—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

HONESTY AND TRUTHFULNESS.

Johnson was fond of disputation, and willing to see what could be said on each side of the question, when a subject was argued. At all other times no man had a more scrupulous regard for truth; from which, I verily believe, he would not have deviated to save his life.—*Thomas Percy.*

The importance of strict and scrupulous veracity cannot be too often inculcated. Johnson was known to be so rigidly attentive to it that even in his common conversation the slightest circumstance was mentioned with exact precision. The knowledge of his having such a principle and habit made his friends have a perfect reliance on the truth of everything that he told, however it might have been doubted if told by many others. As an instance of this, I may mention an odd incident which he related as having happened to him one night in Fleet Street: "A gentlewoman," said he, "begged I would give her my arm to assist her in crossing the street, which I accordingly did; upon which she offered me a shilling, supposing me to be the watchman. I perceived that she was somewhat in liquor." This, if told by most people, would have been thought an invention; when told by Johnson, it was believed by his friends as much as if they had seen what had passed.—*Boswell.*

Next morning, while we were at breakfast, Johnson gave a very earnest recommendation of what he himself practised with the utmost conscientiousness—I mean a strict attention

to truth, even in the most minute particulars. "Accustom your children," said he, "constantly to this: If a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them; you do not know where deviation from truth will end." *Boswell:* "It may come to the door; and when once an account is at all varied in one circumstance, it may by degrees be varied so as to be totally different from what really happened." Our lively hostess, whose fancy was impatient of the rein, fidgeted at this, and ventured to say, "Nay, this is too much. If Mr. Johnson should forbid me to drink tea, I would comply, as I should feel the restraint only twice a day; but little variations in narrative must happen a thousand times a day, if one is not perpetually watching." *Johnson:* "Well, madam, and you *ought* to be perpetually watching. It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world."—*Boswell.*

One reason why his memory was so particularly exact might be derived from his rigid attention to veracity. Being always resolved to relate every fact as it stood, he looked even on the smaller parts of life with minute attention, and remembered such passages as escape cursory and common observers. His veracity was, indeed, from the most trivial to the most solemn occasions, strict even to severity. He scorned to embellish a story with fictitious circumstances, which he used to say took off from its real value. "A story," he said, "should be a specimen of life and manners; but if the surrounding circumstances are false, as it is no more a representation of reality, it is no longer worthy our attention."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

He talked to me with serious concern of a certain female friend's "laxity of narration and inattention to truth." "I am as much vexed," said he, "at the ease with which she

hears it mentioned to her, as at the thing itself. I told her, 'Madam, you are contented to hear every day said to you what the highest of mankind have died for, rather than bear.' You know, sir, the highest of mankind have died rather than bear to be told they had uttered a falsehood. Do talk to her of it; I am weary."—*Boswell.*

I mentioned Mr. Maclaurin's uneasiness on account of a degree of ridicule carelessly thrown on his deceased father in Goldsmith's "History of Animated Nature," in which that celebrated mathematician is represented as being subject to fits of yawning so violent as to render him incapable of proceeding in his lecture—a story altogether unfounded, but for the publication of which the law would give no reparation. This led us to agitate the question whether legal redress could be obtained even when a man's deceased relation was calumniated in a publication. Mr. Murray maintained there should be reparation, unless the author could justify himself by proving the fact. *Johnson:* "Sir, it is of so much more consequence that truth should be told than that individuals should not be made uneasy, that it is much better that the law does not restrain writing freely concerning the characters of the dead. Damages will be given to a man who is calumniated in his life-time, because he may be hurt in his worldly interest, or at least hurt in his mind; but the law does not regard that uneasiness which a man feels on having his ancestor calumniated. That is too nice. Let him deny what is said, and let the matter have a fair chance by discussion. But if a man could say nothing against a character but what he can prove, history could not be written; for a great deal is known of men of which proof cannot be brought. A minister may be notoriously known to take bribes, and yet you may not be able to prove it." Mr. Murray suggested that the author should be obliged to show some sort of evidence, though he would not require a strict legal proof; but Johnson firmly and resolutely opposed any

restraint whatever, as adverse to a free investigation of the characters of mankind.—*Boswell.*

Mr. Levett this day showed me Dr. Johnson's library, which was contained in two garrets over his chambers, where Lintot, son of the celebrated bookseller of that name, had formerly his warehouse. I found a number of good books, but very dusty, and in great confusion. The floor was strewed with manuscript leaves, in Johnson's own handwriting, which I beheld with a degree of veneration, supposing they, perhaps, might contain portions of the "Rambler," or of "Rasselas." I observed an apparatus for chemical experiments, of which Johnson was all his life very fond. The place seemed to be very favorable for retirement and meditation. Johnson told me that he went up thither without mentioning it to his servant when he wanted to study, secure from interruption; for he would not allow his servant to say he was not at home when he really was. "A servant's strict regard for truth," said he, "must be weakened by such a practice. A philosopher may know that it is merely a form of denial; but few servants are such nice distinguishers. If I accustom a servant to tell a lie for *me*, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many lies for *himself?*"—*Boswell.*

Mr. Morgann and he had a dispute pretty late at night, in which Johnson would not give up, though he had the wrong side; and, in short, both kept the field. Next morning, when they met in the breakfast-room, Dr. Johnson accosted Mr. Morgann thus: "Sir, I have been thinking on our dispute last night. *You were in the right.*"—*Boswell.*

Speaking of Dr. Campbell, at Rasay, he told us that he one day called on him, and they talked of "Tull's Husbandry." Dr. Campbell said something. Dr. Johnson began to dispute it. "Come," said Dr. Campbell, "we do not want

to get the better of one another: we want to increase each other's ideas." Dr. Johnson took it in good part, and the conversation then went on coolly and instructively. His candor in relating this anecdote does him much credit, and his conduct on that occasion proves how easily he could be persuaded to talk from a better motive than "for victory." —*Boswell.*

A lady once asked him how he came to define *Pastern* the *knee* of a horse. Instead of making an elaborate defence, as she expected, he at once answered, "Ignorance, madam—pure ignorance."—*Boswell.*

He had a kindness for the Irish nation, and thus generously expressed himself to a gentleman from that country on the subject of a *union* which artful politicians have often had in view: "Do not make a union with us, sir; we should unite with you only to rob you. We should have robbed the Scotch, if they had had anything of which we could have robbed them."—*Boswell.*

On the morning of December 7th, 1784, only six days before his death, Dr. Johnson requested to see the editor of these anecdotes, from whom he had borrowed some of the early volumes of the "Gentleman's Magazine," with a professed intention to point out the pieces which he had written in that collection. The books lay on the table, with many leaves doubled down, particularly those which contained his share in the Parliamentary Debates; and such was the goodness of Johnson's heart, that he solemnly declared that "the only part of his writings which then gave him any compunction was his account of the debates in the 'Magazine;' but that at the time he wrote them he did not think he was imposing on the world. The mode," he said, "was to fix upon a speaker's name, and then to conjure up an answer."—*John Nichols.*

Johnson told me that, as soon as he found that the speeches were thought genuine, he determined that he would write no more of them; "for he would not be accessory to the propagation of falsehood." And such was the tenderness of his conscience, that a short time before his death he expressed his regret for his having been the author of fictions which had passed for realities.—*Boswell.*

APOLOGIES.

I had slept ill. Dr. Johnson's anger had affected me much.* I considered that without any bad intention I might suddenly forfeit his friendship, and was impatient to see him this morning. I told him how uneasy he had made me by what he had said, and reminded him of his own remark at Aberdeen, upon old friendships being hastily broken off. He owned he had spoken to me in a passion; that he would not have done what he threatened; and that if he had he should have been ten times worse than I; that forming intimacies would indeed be "limning the water," were they liable to such sudden dissolution; and he added, "Let's think no more on't." *Boswell:* "Well, then, sir, I shall be easy; remember I am to have fair warning in case of any quarrel; you are never to spring a mine upon me; it was absurd in me to believe you." *Johnson:* "You deserved about as much as to believe me from night to morning."—*Boswell.*

I must here mention an incident which shows how ready Johnson was to make amends for any little incivility. When I called upon him the morning after he had pressed me rather roughly to read louder, he said, "I was peevish yes-

---

* Johnson had been furiously angry with him upon very slight grounds. See page 109.

terday; you must forgive me; when you are as old and as sick as I am, perhaps you may be peevish too." I have heard him make many apologies of this kind.—*Hoole.*

Miss Johnson, one of Sir Joshua's nieces, was dining one day at her uncle's with Dr. Johnson and a large party: the conversation happening to turn on music, Johnson spoke very contemptuously of that art, and added, "that no man of talent, or whose mind was capable of better things, ever would or could devote his time and attention to so idle and frivolous a pursuit." The young lady, who was very fond of music, whispered her next neighbor, "I wonder what Dr. Johnson thinks of King David." Johnson overheard her, and with great good-humor and complacency said, "Madam, I thank you; I stand rebuked before you, and promise that upon one subject at least you shall never hear me talk nonsense again."—*Anonymous.*

He and Mr. Langton and I went together to the Club, where we found Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, and some other members, and among them our friend Goldsmith, who sat silently brooding over Johnson's reprimand to him after dinner. Johnson perceived this, and said aside to some of us, "I'll make Goldsmith forgive me;" and then called to him in a loud voice, "Dr. Goldsmith, something passed to-day where you and I dined;* I ask your pardon." Goldsmith answered placidly, "It must be much from you, sir, that I take ill." And so at once the difference was over, and they were on as easy terms as ever, and Goldsmith rattled away as usual.—*Boswell.*

I shall never forget with what regret he spoke of the rude reply he made to Dr. Barnard, on his saying that men never

---

* There had been a very stormy scene, and Johnson had said to Goldsmith, not wholly without cause, "Sir, you are impertinent."

improved after the age of forty-five. "That is not true, sir," said Johnson. "You, who perhaps are forty-eight, may still improve, if you will try; I wish you would set about it; and I am afraid," he added, "there is great room for it;" and this was said in rather a large party of ladies and gentlemen at dinner. Soon after the ladies withdrew from the table, Dr. Johnson followed them, and, sitting down by the lady of the house, he said, "I am very sorry for having spoken so rudely to the dean." "You very well may, sir." "Yes," he said, "it was highly improper to speak in that style to a minister of the Gospel, and I am the more hurt on reflecting with what mild dignity he received it." When the dean came up into the drawing-room, Dr. Johnson immediately rose from his seat, and made him sit on the sofa by him, and with such a beseeching look for pardon, and with such fond gestures—literally smoothing down his arms and his knees—tokens of penitence which were so graciously received by the dean as to make Dr. Johnson very happy.—*Miss Reynolds.*

In the year 1774 I was making a tour in a gig. Just as we came to the point of the hill going down into Matlock, we saw Mr. Thrale's carriage, in which were Dr. Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. The horses were breathing after ascending the hill. I, with all the conceit of a young man, tripped very pertly from the gig to the carriage, and shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. Dr. Johnson took not the smallest notice; on which Mr. Thrale said, "Dr. Johnson, here is Mr. Cholmondeley." Dr. Johnson neither spoke nor moved. He repeated, "Dr. Johnson, here is Mr. Cholmondeley." Dr. Johnson was equally silent. Mr. Thrale repeated it a third time, when Dr. Johnson answered, "Well, sir, and what if there is Mr. Cholmondeley?" I, of course, tripped back again. I imagine Mrs. Thrale must, in some dispute, have reproached him with this. Four years afterward I went to dine at Mr. Thrale's, at Brighton. The house was

small, the passage running close by the room into the street. I arrived before Dr. Johnson was dressed. When he entered the room, he said, "George, I want to speak to you." He led me from the passage into the street; then said, "George, I owe you reparation for an injury which I do not recollect. I am told that some years ago I met you on the point of Matlock Hill, and spoke to you with unjustifiable insolence. Whether I was thinking of something else, or whether I had been quarrelling with Thrale, I know not; but I ought not so to have insulted an innocent, unoffending young man, and I beg your pardon."—*G. J. Cholmondeley.*

No man was more ready to make an apology, when he had censured unjustly, than Johnson. When a proof-sheet of one of his works was brought to him, he found fault with the mode in which a part of it was arranged, refused to read it, and in a passion desired that the compositor might be sent to him. The compositor was Mr. Manning, a decent, sensible man, who had composed about one-half of his Dictionary when in Mr. Strahan's printing-house, and a great part of his "Lives of the Poets" when in that of Mr. Nichols, and who (in his seventy-seventh year), when in Mr. Baldwin's printing-house, composed a part of the first edition of this work concerning him. By producing the manuscript, he at once satisfied Dr. Johnson that he was not to blame; upon which Johnson candidly and earnestly said to him, "Mr. Compositor, I ask your pardon; Mr. Compositor, I ask your pardon, again and again."—*Boswell.*

PIETY.

While Dr. Johnson and I stood in calm conference by ourselves in Dr. Taylor's garden, at a pretty late hour in a serene autumn night, looking up to the heavens, I directed the discourse to the subject of a future state. My friend was in a placid and most benignant frame of mind. "Sir," said he, "I do not imagine that all things will be made clear to us immediately after death, but that the ways of Providence will be explained to us very gradually." I ventured to ask him whether, although the words of some texts of Scripture seemed strong in support of the dreadful doctrine of an eternity of punishment, we might not hope that the denunciation was figurative, and would not literally be executed. *Johnson:* "Sir, you are to consider the intention of punishment in a future state. We have no reason to be sure that we shall then be no longer liable to offend against God. We do not know that even the angels are quite in a state of security; nay, we know that some of them have fallen. It may therefore, perhaps, be necessary, in order to preserve both men and angels in rectitude, that they should have continually before them the punishment of those who have deviated from it; but we may hope that by some other means a fall from rectitude may be prevented. Some of the texts of Scripture upon this subject are, as you observe, indeed strong; but they may admit of a mitigated interpretation." He talked to me upon this awful and delicate question in a gentle tone, and as if afraid to be decisive.—*—Boswell.*

We spoke of death. Dr. Johnson on this subject observed that the boastings of some men as to dying easily were idle talk, proceeding from partial views. I mentioned Hawthornden's "Cypress-grove," where it is said that the world is a mere show, and that it is unreasonable for a man to wish to continue in the show-room after he has seen it.

Let him go cheerfully out, and give place to other spectators. *Johnson:* "Yes, sir, if he is sure he is to be well after he goes out of it. But if he is to grow blind after he goes out of the show-room, and never to see anything again, or if he does not know whither he is to go next, a man will not go cheerfully out of a show-room. No wise man will be contented to die if he thinks he is to go into a state of punishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die if he thinks he is to fall into annihilation; for, however unhappy any man's existence may be, he yet would rather have it than not exist at all. No; there is no rational principle by which a man can die contented but a trust in the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ." This short sermon, delivered with an earnest tone in a boat upon the sea, which was perfectly calm, on a day appropriated to religious worship, while every one listened with an air of satisfaction, had a most pleasing effect upon my mind.—*Boswell.*

Johnson's "Prayers and Meditations," which were published after his death, give many indications of the depth and fervor of his religious life. In the two selections here given, it may be observed that the style is very different from that of Johnson's other compositions:

"*Against inquisitive and perplexing thoughts.* O Lord, my Maker and Protector, who has graciously sent me into this world to work out my salvation, enable me to drive from me all such unquiet and perplexing thoughts as may mislead or hinder me in the practice of those duties which Thou hast required. When I behold the works of Thy hands, and consider the course of Thy providence, give me grace always to remember that Thy thoughts are not my thoughts, nor Thy ways my ways. And while it shall please Thee to continue me in this world, where much is to be done, and little to be known, teach me by Thy Holy Spirit to withdraw my mind from unprofitable and dangerous inquiries, from difficulties vainly curious, and doubts impossible to be solved. Let me rejoice in the light which Thou hast imparted; let me serve Thee with active zeal and humble confidence, and wait with patient expectation for the time in which the soul which Thou receivest shall be satisfied with knowledge. Grant this, O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

"Almighty and most merciful Father, who seest all our miseries, and knowest all our necessities, look down upon me, and pity me. Defend me from the violent incursion of evil thoughts, and enable me to form and keep such resolutions as may conduce to the discharge of the duties which Thy Providence shall appoint me; and so help me, by Thy Holy Spirit, that my heart may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found, and that I may serve Thee with a pure affection and a cheerful mind. Have mercy upon me; O God, have mercy upon me; years and infirmities oppress me, terror and anxiety beset me. Have mercy upon me, my Creator and my Judge. In all perplexities relieve and free me; and so help me by Thy Holy Spirit, that I may now so commemorate the death of Thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ as that, when this short and painful life shall have an end, I may, for His sake, be received to everlasting happiness. Amen."

This volume of "Prayers and Meditations" is worthy of careful study; and without such study, it is impossible to obtain a fair estimate of Johnson's religious convictions.—*Editor.*

After we had offered up our private devotions, and had chatted a little from our beds, Dr. Johnson said, "God bless us both, for Jesus Christ's sake! Good-night!" I pronounced "Amen." He fell asleep immediately.—*Boswell.*

We talked of Kennicott's edition of the Hebrew Bible, and hoped it would be quite faithful. *Johnson:* "Sir, I know not any crime so great, that a man could contrive to commit, as poisoning the sources of eternal truth."—*Boswell.*

His religion had a tincture of enthusiasm, arising, as is conjectured, from the fervor of his imagination, and the perusal of St. Augustine and other of the fathers, and the writings of Kempis and the ascetics, which prompted him to the employment of composing meditations and devotional exercises. It farther produced in him an habitual reverence for the name of God, which he was never known to utter but on proper occasions and with due respect, and operated on those who were admitted to his

conversation as a powerful restraint of all profane discourse and idle discussions of theological questions; and, lastly, it inspired him with that charity without which we are told that all pretensions to religion are vain.—*Sir John Hawkins* (*abridged*).

Dear Madam,*—This letter will not, I hope, reach you many days before me; in a distress which can be so little relieved, nothing remains for a friend but to come and partake it.

Poor, dear, sweet little boy! When I read the letter this day to Mrs. Aston, she said, "Such a death is the next to translation." Yet, however I may convince myself of this, the tears are in my eyes; and yet I could not love him as you loved him, nor reckon on him for a future comfort, as you and his father reckoned upon him.

He is gone, and we are going! We could not have enjoyed him long, and shall not long be separated from him. He has probably escaped many such pangs as you are now feeling.

Nothing remains but that with humble confidence we resign ourselves to Almighty goodness, and fall down without irreverent murmurs before the Sovereign distributor of good and evil, with hope that though sorrow endureth for a night, yet joy may come in the morning.

I have known you, madam, too long to think that you want any arguments for submission to the Supreme Will; nor can my consolation have any effect but that of showing that I wish to comfort you. What can be done, you must do for yourself. Remember first that your child is happy; and then that he is safe, not only from the ills of this world, but from those more formidable dangers which extend their mischief to eternity. You have brought into the world a rational being: have seen him happy during the little life

---

* Written to Mrs. Thrale upon the death of her son.

that has been granted to him, and can have no doubt that he is happy now.

When you have obtained by prayer such tranquillity as nature will admit, force your attention, as you can, upon your accustomed duties and accustomed entertainments. You can do no more for our dear boy, but you must not therefore think less on those whom your attention may make fitter for the place to which he is gone. I am, dearest madam, your most affectionate humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

COURAGE.

LONG before he broached the idea of his Dictionary, or any other work which chiefly contributed to raise and establish his literary reputation, he was much with a bookseller of eminence, who frequently consulted him about manuscripts offered for sale, or books newly published. But whenever Johnson's opinion happened to differ from his, he would stare Johnson full in the face, and remark with much gravity and arrogance, "I wish you could write as well." This Johnson thought was literally telling a professional man that he was an impostor, or that he assumed a character to which he was not equal. He therefore heard the gross imputation once or twice with sullen contempt. One day, however, in the presence of several gentlemen who knew them both, this bookseller very incautiously threw out the same illiberal opinion. Johnson could suppress his indignation no longer. "Sir," said he, "you are not competent to decide a question which you do not understand. If your allegations be true, you have the brutality to insult me with what is not my fault, but my misfortune. If your allegation be not true, your impudent speech only shows how much more detestable a liar is than a brute." The strong, conclusive aspect and ferocity of manner which accompa-

nied the utterance of these words, from a poor author to a purse-proud bookseller, made a deep impression in Johnson's favor, and secured him, perhaps, more civility and respect in his subsequent dealings with the trade than any other transaction of his life.—*Anonymous* (*from a volume entitled "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Dr. S. Johnson," London*, 1785).

No man was ever more remarkable for personal courage. He had, indeed, an awful dread of death, or, rather, "of something after death;" and what rational man, who seriously thinks of quitting all that he has ever known, and going into a new and unknown state of being, can be without that dread? But his fear was from reflection, his courage natural. His fear, in that one instance, was the result of philosophical and religious consideration. He feared death; but he feared nothing else, not even what might occasion death. Many instances of his resolution may be mentioned. One day, at Mr. Beauclerk's house in the country, when two large dogs were fighting, he went up to them, and beat them till they separated. And at another time, when told of the danger there was that a gun might burst if charged with many balls, he put in six or seven and fired it off against a wall. Mr. Langton told me that when they were swimming together near Oxford, he cautioned Dr. Johnson against a pool which was reckoned particularly dangerous; upon which Johnson directly swam into it. He told me himself that one night he was attacked in the street by four men, to whom he would not yield, but kept them all at bay till the watch came up and carried both him and them to the round-house. —*Boswell.*

As Johnson had now very faint hopes of recovery, and as Mrs. Thrale was no longer devoted to him, it might have been supposed that he would naturally have chosen to remain in the comfortable house of his beloved wife's daugh-

ter, and end his life where he began it. But there was in him an animated and lofty spirit; and however complicated diseases might depress ordinary mortals, all who saw him beheld and acknowledged the *invictum animum Catonis.* Such was his intellectual ardor even at this time, that he said to one friend, "Sir, I look upon every day to be lost in which I do not make a new acquaintance;" and to another, when talking of his illness, "I will be conquered; I will not capitulate."—*Boswell.*

Fear was, indeed, a sensation to which Mr. Johnson was an utter stranger, excepting when some sudden apprehensions seized him that he was going to die; and even then he kept all his wits about him, to express the most humble and pathetic petitions to the Almighty; and when the first paralytic stroke took his speech from him, he instantly set about composing a prayer in Latin, at once to deprecate God's mercy, to satisfy himself that his mental powers remained unimpaired, and to keep them in exercise, that they might not perish by permitted stagnation. When one day he had at my house taken tincture of antimony instead of emetic wine, he was himself the person to direct what to do for him, and managed with as much coolness and deliberation as if he had been prescribing for an indifferent person.—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Johnson, with that native fortitude which, amidst all his bodily distress and mental sufferings, never forsook him, asked Dr. Brocklesby, as a man in whom he had confidence, to tell him plainly whether he could recover. "Give me," said he, "a direct answer." The doctor having first asked him if he could bear the whole truth, which way soever it might lead, and being answered that he could, declared that, in his opinion, he could not recover without a miracle. "Then," said Johnson, "I will take no more physic, not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded."—*Boswell.*

INDEPENDENCE.

One day,* when the servant who used to be sent to school to conduct him home had not come in time, he set out by himself, though he was then so near-sighted that he was obliged to stoop down on his hands and knees to take a view of the kennel, before he ventured to step over it. His school-mistress, afraid that he might miss his way, or fall into the kennel, or be run over by a cart, followed him at some distance. He happened to turn about and perceive her. Feeling her careful attention as an insult to his manliness, he ran back to her in a rage and beat her as well as his strength would permit.—*Boswell.*

Mr. Bateman's lectures were so excellent, that Johnson used to come and get them at second-hand from Taylor, till his poverty being so extreme that his shoes were worn out, and his feet appeared through them, he saw that this humiliating circumstance was perceived by the Christ-church men, and he came no more. He was too proud to accept of money; and somebody having set a pair of new shoes at his door, he threw them away with indignation.†—*Boswell.*

He took care to guard himself against any possible suspicion that his settled principles of reverence for rank and respect for wealth were at all owing to mean or interested motives; for he asserted his own independence as a literary man. "No man," said he, "who ever lived by literature has lived more independently than I have done."—*Boswell.*

Boswell: "Goldsmith is the better for attacks." *Johnson:* "Yes, sir; but he does not think so yet. When Gold-

---

* When he was about four years old.

† At Oxford University, where Johnson was a member of Pembroke College. His friend Taylor was a member of Christ-church College.

smith and I published each of us something at the same time, we were given to understand that we might review each other. Goldsmith was for accepting the offer. I said, 'No; set reviewers at defiance.' It was said to old Bentley, upon the attacks against him, 'Why, they'll write you down.' 'No, sir,' he replied; 'depend upon it, no man was ever written down but by himself.'"—*Boswell.*

Dr. Watson observed that Glasgow University had fewer home students since trade increased, as learning was rather incompatible with it. *Johnson:* "Why, sir, as trade is now carried on by subordinate hands, men in trade have as much leisure as others; and now learning itself is a trade. A man goes to a bookseller and gets what he can. We have done with patronage. In the infancy of learning, we find some great man praised for it. This diffused it among others. When it becomes general, an author leaves the great and applies to the multitude." *Boswell:* "It is a shame that authors are not now better patronized." *Johnson:* "No, sir. If learning cannot support a man, if he must sit with his hands across till somebody feeds him, it is as to him a bad thing, and it is better as it is. With patronage, what flattery! what falsehood! While a man is in equilibrio, he throws truth among the multitude, and lets them take it as they please; in patronage, he must say what pleases his patron, and it is an equal chance whether that be truth or falsehood." *Watson:* "But is not the case now that, instead of flattering one person, we flatter the age?" *Johnson:* "No, sir. The world always lets a man tell what he thinks his own way."—*Boswell.*

Nothing more certainly offended Dr. Johnson than the idea of a man's faculties decaying by time. "It is not true, sir," would he say; "what a man could once do, he would always do, unless, by dint of vicious indolence, and compliance with the nephews and nieces who crowd around an old

fellow, and help to tuck him in, till he, contented with the exchange of fame for ease, e'en resolves to let them set the pillows at his back, and gives no further proof of his existence than just to suck the jelly that prolongs it."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Johnson's connection with Chesterfield came to an *eclaircissement* the moment the Dictionary made its appearance. Moore, author of "The World," and the creature of this nobleman, was employed by him to sound Johnson on the subject of a dedication. Some time before Johnson had been refused admittance to his lordship. This, it was pretended, happened by the mistake of a porter, though it is pretty well known few servants take such liberties without the connivance of their masters. Johnson, who saw through all the disguises of Chesterfield's pride, never forgave the indignity. Moore, without touching on that point, expressed his hopes that Johnson would dedicate his Dictionary to Chesterfield. He received a very pointed and direct negative. "I am under obligations," said he, "to no great man; and, of all others, Chesterfield ought to know better than to think me capable of contracting myself into a dwarf, that he may be thought a giant." "You are certainly obliged to his lordship," said Moore, "for two very elegant papers in 'The World,' and all the influence of his good opinion, in favor of your work." "You seem totally unacquainted with the true state of the fact," replied Johnson. "After making a hazardous and fatiguing voyage round the literary world, I had fortunately got sight of the shore, and was coming into port with a pleasant tide and a fair wind, when my Lord Chesterfield sends out two little cockboats to tow me in. I know my Lord Chesterfield tolerably well, Mr. Moore. He may be a wit among lords, but I fancy he is no more than a lord among wits."—*Anonymous* (*abridged; from a Memoir published in* 1785).

Further to appease him, his lordship sent two persons, the

one a specious but empty man, Sir Thomas Robinson, more distinguished by the tallness of his person than for any estimable qualities; the other, an eminent painter, now living. These were instructed to apologize for his lordship's treatment of him, and to make him tenders of his future friendship and patronage. Sir Thomas, whose talent was flattery, was profuse in his commendations of Johnson and his writings, and declared that, were his circumstances other than they were, himself would settle five hundred pounds a year on him. "And who are you," asked Johnson, "that talk thus liberally?" "I am," said the other, "Sir Thomas Robinson, a Yorkshire baronet." "Sir," replied Johnson, "if the first peer of the realm were to make me such an offer, I would show him the way down-stairs."—*Sir John Hawkins.*

Lord Chesterfield, to whom Johnson had paid the high compliment of addressing to his lordship the Plan of his Dictionary, had behaved to him in such a manner as to excite his contempt and indignation. The world has been for many years amused with a story confidently told, and as confidently repeated with additional circumstances, that a sudden disgust was taken by Johnson upon occasion of his having been one day kept long in waiting in his lordship's antechamber, for which the reason assigned was that he had company with him; and that at last, when the door opened, out walked Colley Cibber; and that Johnson was so violently provoked when he found for whom he had been so long excluded, that he went away in a passion, and never would return. I remember having mentioned this story to George, Lord Lyttelton, who told me he was very intimate with Lord Chesterfield; and holding it as a well-known truth, defended Lord Chesterfield by saying that "Cibber, who had been introduced familiarly by the back-stairs, had probably not been there above ten minutes." It may seem strange even to entertain a doubt concerning a story so long and so widely current, and thus implicitly adopted, if not sanctioned, by

the authority which I have mentioned; but Johnson himself assured me that there was not the least foundation for it. He told me that there never was any particular incident which produced a quarrel between Lord Chesterfield and him; but that his lordship's continued neglect was the reason why he resolved to have no connection with him. When the Dictionary was upon the eve of publication, Lord Chesterfield, who, it is said, had flattered himself with expectations that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, attempted, in a courtly manner, to soothe and insinuate himself with the Sage, conscious, as it should seem, of the cold indifference with which he had treated its learned author; and further attempted to conciliate him by writing two papers in "The World," in recommendation of the work; and it must be confessed that they contain some studied compliments, so finely turned that, if there had been no previous offence, it is probable that Johnson would have been highly delighted. Praise, in general, was pleasing to him; but by praise from a man of rank and elegant accomplishments he was peculiarly gratified. This courtly device failed of its effect. Johnson, who thought that "all was false and hollow," despised the honey words, and was even indignant that Lord Chesterfield should for a moment imagine that he could be the dupe of such an artifice. His expression to me concerning Lord Chesterfield upon this occasion was, "Sir, after making great professions, he had for many years taken no notice of me; but when my Dictionary was coming out, he fell a scribbling in 'The World' about it; upon which I wrote him a letter, expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him." This is that celebrated letter of which so much has been said, and about which curiosity has been so long excited, without being gratified. I for many years solicited Johnson to favor me with a copy of it, that so excellent a composition might not be lost to posterity. He delayed from time to time to give it me, till at

last, in 1781, when we were on a visit at Mr. Dilly's, at Southill, in Bedfordshire, he was pleased to dictate it to me from memory. He afterward found among his papers a copy of it, which he had dictated to Mr. Baretti, with its title and corrections in his own handwriting. This he gave to Mr. Langton, adding, that if it were to come into print, he wished it to be from that copy. By Mr. Langton's kindness, I am enabled to enrich my work with a perfect transcript of what the world has so eagerly desired to see:

"*To the Right Honorable the Earl of Chesterfield.*

"February 7, 1775.

"My Lord, — I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of 'The World,' that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*, that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess: I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

"The shepherd in 'Virgil' grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that

the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I shall conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

"My lord, your lordship's most humble,

"Most obedient servant, SAM. JOHNSON."

—*Boswell.*

EXPRESSIONS OF GOOD-WILL AND APPROBATION.

I ASSURED him that in the extensive and various range of his acquaintance there never had been any one who had a more sincere respect and affection for him than I had. He said, "I believe it, sir. Were I in distress, there is no man to whom I should sooner come than to you. I should like to come and have a cottage in your park, toddle about, live mostly on milk, and be taken care of by Mrs. Boswell. She and I are good friends now—are we not?"—*Boswell.*

I said to him, "My dear sir, we must meet every year, if you don't quarrel with me." *Johnson:* "Nay, sir, you are more likely to quarrel with me than I with you. My regard for you is greater almost than I have words to express; but I do not choose to be always repeating it; write it down on the first leaf of your pocket-book, and never doubt of it again."—*Boswell.*

Never, my dear sir, do you take it into your head to think that I do not love you; you may settle yourself in full confidence both of my love and my esteem; I love you as a kind man, I value you as a worthy man, and hope in time to reverence you as a man of exemplary piety. I hold you, as Hamlet has it, "in my heart of hearts," and therefore it is little to say, that I am, sir,

Your affectionate humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON.

You always seem to call for tenderness. Know, then, that in the first month of the present year I very highly esteem and very cordially love you. I hope to tell you this at the beginning of every year as long as we live; and why should we trouble ourselves to tell or hear it oftener? SAM. JOHNSON.

—*Extracts from letters to Boswell.*

We talked of Mr. Langton. Johnson, with a warm vehemence of affectionate regard, exclaimed, "The earth does not bear a worthier man than Bennet Langton."—*Boswell.*

I shall never forget the exalted character he drew of his friend Mr. Langton, nor with what energy, what fond delight he expatiated in his praise, giving him every excellence that nature could bestow, and every perfection humanity could acquire. On the praises of Mrs. Thrale he used to dwell with a peculiar delight, a paternal fondness.—*Miss Reynolds* (*abridged*).

He said, "I know not who will go to Heaven if Langton does not. Sir, I could almost say, '*Sit anima mea cum Langtono.*'"—*Boswell.*

Dr. Farmer, of Cambridge, had written a most excellent and convincing pamphlet to prove that Shakspeare knew little or nothing of the ancients but by translations. Being in company with Dr. Johnson, he received from him the following compliment upon the work: "Dr. Farmer, you have done that which never was done before; that is, you have completely finished a controversy beyond all further doubt." "I thank you," answered Dr. Farmer, "for your flattering opinion of my work, but still think there are some critics who will adhere to their old opinions—certain persons that I could name." "Ah," said Johnson, "that may be true; for the limbs will quiver and move after the soul is gone."—*Northcote.*

I then slyly introduced Mr. Garrick's fame, and his assuming the airs of a great man. *Johnson:* "Sir, it is wonderful how *little* Garrick assumes. No, sir, Garrick *fortunam reverenter habet.* Consider, sir—celebrated men, such as you have mentioned, have had their applause at a distance; but Garrick had it dashed in his face, sounded in his ears, and went home every night with the plaudits of a thousand in his *cranium.* Then, sir, Garrick did not *find*, but *made* his way to the tables, the levees, and almost the bedchambers of the great. Then, sir, Garrick had under him a numerous body of people; who, from fear of his power and hopes of his favor, and admiration of his talents, were constantly submissive to him. And here is a man who has advanced the dignity of his profession. Garrick has made a player a higher character." *Scott:* "And he is a very sprightly writer too." *Johnson:* "Yes, sir; and all this supported by great wealth of his own acquisition. If all this had happened to me, I should have had a couple of fellows with long poles walking before me, to knock down everybody that stood in the way. Consider, if all this had happened to Cibber or Quin, they'd have jumped over the moon. Yet Garrick speaks to *us*" (smiling). *Boswell:* "And Garrick is a very good man, a charitable man." *Johnson:* "Sir, a liberal man. He has given away more money than any man in England. There may be a little vanity mixed; but he has shown that money is not his first object." —*Boswell.*

I knew that Johnson would let nobody attack Garrick but himself, as Garrick said to me, and I had heard him praise his liberality; so, to bring out his commendation of his celebrated pupil, I said, loudly, "I have heard Garrick is liberal." *Johnson:* "Yes, sir, I know that Garrick has given away more money than any man in England that I am acquainted with, and that not from ostentatious views. Garrick was very poor when he began life; so, when he

came to have money, he probably was very unskilful in giving away, and saved when he should not. But Garrick began to be liberal as soon as he could; and I am of opinion the reputation of avarice, which he has had, has been very lucky for him, and prevented his having many enemies. You despise a man for avarice, but you do not hate him. Garrick might have been much better attacked for living with more splendor than is suitable to a player; if they had had the wit to have assaulted him in that quarter, they might have galled him more. But they have kept clamoring about his avarice, which has rescued him from much obloquy and envy."—*Boswell.*

When Dr. Johnson and I were talking of Garrick, I observed that he was a very moderate, fair, and pleasing companion; when we considered what a constant influx had flowed upon him, both of fortune and fame, to throw him off his bias of moral and social self-government. "Sir," replied Johnson, in his usual emphatical and glowing manner, "you are very right in your remark; Garrick has undoubtedly the merit of a temperate and unassuming behavior in society; for more pains have been taken to spoil that fellow than if he had been heir-apparent to the empire of India."

When Garrick was one day mentioning to me Dr. Johnson's illiberal treatment of him on different occasions, "I question," said he, "whether, in his calmest and most dispassionate moments, he would allow me the high theatrical merit which the public have been so generous as to attribute to me." I told him that I would take an early opportunity to make the trial, and that I would not fail to inform him of the result of my experiment. As I had rather an active curiosity to put Johnson's disinterested generosity fairly to the test on this apposite subject, I took an early opportunity of waiting on him, to hear his verdict on Garrick's pretensions to his great and universal fame. I found him in very good and social humor; and I began a conversation which

naturally led to the mention of Garrick. I said something particular on his excellence as an actor; and I added, "But pray, Dr. Johnson, do you really think that he deserves that illustrious theatrical character and that prodigious fame which he has acquired?" "Oh, sir," said he, "he deserves everything that he has acquired, for having seized the very soul of Shakspeare; for having embodied it in himself; and for having extended its glory over the world." I was not slow in communicating to Garrick the answer of the Delphic Oracle. The tear started in his eye—"Oh! Stockdale," said he, "such a praise from such a man! *this* atones for all that has passed!"—*Percival Stockdale.*

On Wednesday Johnson came to see us, and made us a long visit. On Mrs. Garrick's telling him she was always more at her ease with persons who had suffered the same loss as herself,* he said that was a comfort she could seldom have, considering the superiority of her husband's merit and the cordiality of their union.—*Hannah More.*

Dr. Johnson's high opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds was formed at a very early period of their intimacy, and increased, instead of diminishing, through life. Once, at Mr. Thrale's, when Sir Joshua left the room, Johnson observed, "There goes a man not to be spoiled by prosperity."—*Northcote.*

Dr. Johnson is very gay and sociable and comfortable, and quite as kind to me as ever; and he says the Bodleian librarian has but done his duty,† and that when he goes to Oxford, he will write my name in the books, and my age when I writ them, and sign the whole with his own; "and then," he says, "the world may know that we

---

* This was after Garrick's death.

† In giving Miss Burney's "Evelina" a place in the Bodleian Library.

'So mixed our studies, and so joined our fame;'

for we shall go down hand to hand to posterity."—*Madame D'Arblay.*

Goldsmith, in his diverting simplicity, complained one day, in a mixed company, of Lord Camden. "I met him," said he, "at Lord Clare's house in the country, and he took no more notice of me than if I had been an ordinary man." The company having laughed heartily, Johnson stood forth in defence of his friend. "Nay, gentlemen," said he, "Dr. Goldsmith is in the right. A nobleman ought to have made up to such a man as Goldsmith; and I think it is much against Lord Camden that he neglected him."—*Boswell.*

I talked of the officers whom we had left to-day, how much service they had seen, and how little they got for it, even of fame. *Johnson:* "Sir, a soldier gets as little as any man can get." *Boswell:* "Goldsmith has acquired more fame than all the officers last war who were not generals." *Johnson:* "Why, sir, you will find ten thousand fit to do what they did, before you find one who does what Goldsmith has done. You must consider that a thing is valued according to its rarity. A pebble that paves the street is in itself more useful than the diamond upon a lady's finger." I wish our friend Goldsmith had heard this.—*Boswell.*

Soon after Goldsmith's death, some people dining with Sir Joshua were commenting rather freely on some part of his works, which in their opinion neither discovered talent nor originality. To this Dr. Johnson listened, in his usual growling manner, for some time; when at length, his patience being exhausted, he rose with great dignity, looked them full in the face, and exclaimed, "If nobody were suffered to abuse poor Goldy but those who could write as well, he would have few censors."—*Northcote.*

We talked of Mr. Burke. Dr. Johnson said he had great variety of knowledge, store of imagery, copiousness of language. *Robertson:* "He has wit too." *Johnson:* "No, sir; he never succeeds there. 'Tis low; 'tis conceit. I used to say Burke never once made a good joke. What I most envy Burke for is his being constantly the same. He is never what we call humdrum; never unwilling to begin to talk, nor in haste to leave off." *Boswell:* "Yet he can listen." *Johnson:* "No, I cannot say he is good at that. So desirous is he to talk, that if one is speaking at this end of the table, he'll speak to somebody at the other end. Burke, sir, is such a man, that if you met him for the first time in the street where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that when you parted you would say, 'This is an extraordinary man.'"—*Boswell.*

Johnson: "Never believe extraordinary characters which you hear of people. Depend upon it, sir, they are exaggerated. You do not see one man shoot a great deal higher than another." I mentioned Mr. Burke. *Johnson:* "Yes, Burke *is* an extraordinary man. His stream of mind is perpetual." It is very pleasing to me to record that Johnson's high estimation of the talents of this gentleman was uniform from their early acquaintance. Sir Joshua Reynolds informs me that when Mr. Burke was first elected a member of Parliament, and Sir J. Hawkins expressed a wonder at his attaining a seat, Johnson said: "Now, we who know Mr. Burke know that he will be one of the first men in the country." And once when Johnson was ill, and unable to exert himself as much as usual without fatigue, Mr. Burke having been mentioned, he said, "That fellow calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now, it would kill me." So much was he accustomed to consider conversation as a contest, and such was his notion of Burke as an opponent!—*Boswell.*

He had spent during the progress of the work the money for which he had contracted to write his Dictionary. We have seen that the reward of his labor was only fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds; and when the expense of amanuenses and paper, and other articles is deducted, his clear profit was very inconsiderable. I once said to him, "I am sorry, sir, you did not get more for your Dictionary." His answer was, "I am sorry too. But it was very well. The booksellers are generous, liberal-minded men." He upon all occasions did ample justice to their character in this respect. He considered them as the patrons of literature.—*Boswell.*

E.: "From the experience which I have had—and I have had a great deal—I have learned to think *better* of mankind." *Johnson:* "From my experience, I have found them worse in commercial dealings, more disposed to cheat, than I had any notion of; but more disposed to do one another good than I had conceived." *J.:* "Less just, and more beneficent." *Johnson:* "And really it is wonderful, considering how much attention is necessary for men to take care of themselves, and ward off immediate evils which press upon them—it is wonderful how much they do for others. As it is said of the greatest liar that he tells more truth than falsehood, so it may be said of the worst man that he does more good than evil."—*Boswell.*

GENEROSITY.

On Friday, March 20th, I found him at his own house, sitting with Mrs. Williams, and was informed that the room formerly allotted to me was now appropriated to a charitable purpose, Mrs. Desmoulins, and I think her daughter, and a Miss Carmichael, being all lodged in it. Such was his humanity, and such his generosity, that Mrs. Desmoulins her-

self told me he allowed her half a guinea a week. Let it be remembered that this was above a twelfth part of his pension. His liberality, indeed, was at all periods of his life very remarkable. Mr. Howard, of Lichfield, at whose father's house Johnson had in his early years been kindly received, told me that when he was a boy at the Charterhouse, his father wrote to him to go and pay a visit to Mr. Samuel Johnson, which he accordingly did, and found him in an upper room of poor appearance. Johnson received him with much courteousness, and talked a great deal to him as to a school-boy, of the course of his education, and other particulars. When he afterward came to know and understand the high character of this great man, he recollected his condescension with wonder. He added, that when he was going away, Mr. Johnson presented him with half a guinea; and this, said Mr. Howard, was at a time when he probably had not another.—*Boswell.*

He gave away all he had, and all he ever had gotten, except the two thousand pounds he left behind; and the very small portion of income which he spent on himself, with all our calculation, we never could make more than seventy, or, at most, fourscore pounds a year; and he pretended to allow himself a hundred. He had numberless dependents, out of doors as well as in, "who," as he expressed it, "did not like to see him latterly, unless he brought 'em money."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

The addition of three hundred pounds a year* to what Johnson was able to earn by the ordinary exercise of his talents raised him to a state of comparative affluence, and afforded him the means of assisting many whose real or pretended wants had formerly excited his compassion. He now practised a rule which he often recommended to his friends

---

* His pension.

—always to go abroad with some loose money to give to beggars.—*Sir John Hawkins.*

When visiting Lichfield, toward the latter part of his life, he was accustomed, on his arrival, to deposit with Miss Porter as much cash as would pay his expenses back to London. He could not trust himself with his own money, as he felt himself unable to resist the importunity of the numerous claimants on his benevolence.—*Harwood.*

KINDNESS.

Though Johnson's circumstances were at this time far from being easy, his humane and charitable disposition was constantly exerting itself. Mrs. Anna Williams, daughter of a very ingenious Welsh physician, and a woman of more than ordinary talents in literature, having come to London in hopes of being cured of a cataract in both her eyes, which afterward ended in total blindness, was kindly received as a constant visitor at his house while Mrs. Johnson lived; and after her death, having come under his roof in order to have an operation upon her eyes performed with more comfort to her than in lodgings, she had an apartment from him during the rest of her life at all times when he had a house.—*Boswell* (1751).

My next meeting with Johnson was on Friday, the 1st of July, when he and I and Dr. Goldsmith supped at the Mitre. I was before this time pretty well acquainted with Goldsmith, who was one of the brightest ornaments of the Johnsonian school. Goldsmith's respectful attachment to Johnson was then at its height; for his own literary reputation had not yet distinguished him so much as to excite a vain desire of competition with his great master. He had increased my admiration of the goodness of Johnson's heart

by incidental remarks in the course of conversation, such as, when I mentioned Mr. Levett, whom he entertained under his roof, "He is poor and honest, which is recommendation enough to Johnson;" and when I wondered that he was very kind to a man of whom I had heard a very bad character, "He is now become miserable, and that insures the protection of Johnson."—*Boswell.*

On Saturday, May 9th, we fulfilled our purpose of dining by ourselves at the Mitre, according to old custom. There was on these occasions a little circumstance of kind attention to Mrs. Williams which must not be omitted. Before coming out, and leaving her to dine alone, he gave her her choice of a chicken, a sweetbread, or any other little nice thing, which was carefully sent to her from the tavern, ready dressed.—*Boswell.*

Mrs. Williams was very peevish; and I wondered at Johnson's patience with her now, as I had often done on similar occasions. The truth is that his humane consideration of the forlorn and indigent state in which this lady was left by her father induced him to treat her with the utmost tenderness, and even to be desirous of procuring her amusement, so as sometimes to incommode many of his friends, by carrying her with him to their houses, where, from her manner of eating, in consequence of her blindness, she could not but offend the delicacy of persons of nice sensations.—*Boswell.*

We surely cannot but admire the benevolent exertions of this great and good man, especially when we consider how grievously he was afflicted with bad health, and how uncomfortable his home was made by the perpetual jarring of those whom he charitably accommodated under his roof. He has sometimes suffered me to talk jocularly of his group of females, and call them his *Seraglio.* He thus mentions them, together with honest Levett, in one of his letters to

Mrs. Thrale: "Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll loves none of them."—*Boswell.*

These connections exposed him to trouble and incessant solicitation, which he bore well enough; but his inmates were enemies to his peace, and occasioned him great disquiet. The jealousy that subsisted among them rendered his dwelling irksome to him, and he seldom approached it, after an evening's conversation abroad, but with the dread of finding it a scene of discord, and of having his ears filled with the complaints of Mrs. Williams of Frank's neglect of his duty, and of Frank against Mrs. Williams. Even those intruders who had taken shelter under his roof, and who, in his absence from home, brought thither their children, found cause to murmur; "their provision of food was scanty, or their dinners ill-dressed;" all which he chose to endure rather than put an end to their clamors by ridding his home of such thankless and troublesome guests. Nay, so insensible was he of the ingratitude of those whom he suffered thus to hang upon him, and among whom he may be said to have divided an income which was little more than sufficient for his own support, that he would submit to reproach and personal affront from some of them; even Levett would sometimes insult him; and Mrs. Williams, in her paroxysms of rage, has been known to drive him from her presence.—*Sir John Hawkins.*

He nursed whole nests of people in his house, where the lame, the blind, the sick, and the sorrowful found a sure retreat from all the evils whence his little income could secure them; and, commonly spending the middle of the week at our house, he kept his numerous family in Fleet Street upon a settled allowance, but returned to them every Saturday to give them three good dinners and his company, before he came back to us on the Monday night—treating

them with the same, or perhaps more ceremonious civility, than he would have done by as many people of fashion.—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

His sincere regard for Francis Barber, his faithful negro servant, made him so desirous of his further improvement, that he now placed him at a school at Bishop Stortford, in Hertfordshire.—*Boswell.*

He then told me that he had a request to make me, namely, that I would allow his servant Frank to look up to me as his friend, adviser, and protector. He said that he had left him seventy pounds a year, but that even that sum might not place him above the want of a protector. Having obtained my assent to this, he proposed that Frank should be called in; and desiring me to take him by the hand in token of the promise, repeated before him the recommendation he had just made of him, and the promise I had given to attend to it.—*William Windham* (*abridged*).

He had for many years a cat which he called Hodge, that kept always in his room at Fleet Street; but so exact was he not to offend the human species by superfluous attention to brutes, that when the creature was grown sickly and old, and could eat nothing but oysters, Mr. Johnson always went out himself to buy Hodge's dinner, that Francis the black's delicacy might not be hurt at seeing himself employed for the convenience of a quadruped.—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Johnson's love of little children, which he discovered upon all occasions, calling them "pretty dears," and giving them sweetmeats, was an undoubted proof of the real humanity and gentleness of his disposition. His uncommon kindness to his servants, and serious concern not only for their comfort in this world but their happiness in the next, was another unquestionable evidence of what all who were inti-

mately acquainted with him knew to be true. Nor would it be just, under this head, to omit the fondness which he showed for animals which he had taken under his protection. I never shall forget the indulgence with which he treated Hodge, his cat, for whom he himself used to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants having that trouble should take a dislike to the poor creature. I am, unluckily, one of those who have an antipathy to a cat, so that I am uneasy in the room with one; and I own I frequently suffered a good deal from the presence of the same Hodge. I recollect him one day scrambling up Dr. Johnson's breast, apparently with much satisfaction, while my friend, smiling, and half whistling, rubbed down his back and pulled him by the tail; and, when I observed he was a fine cat, saying, "Why, yes, sir; but I have had cats whom I liked better than this;" and then, as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, adding, "But he is a very fine cat—a very fine cat indeed." This reminds me of the ludicrous account which he gave Mr. Langton of the despicable state of a young gentleman of good family: "Sir, when I heard of him last, he was running about town shooting cats." And then, in a sort of kindly reverie, he bethought himself of his own favorite cat, and said, "But Hodge sha'n't be shot: no, no, Hodge shall not be shot."—*Boswell.*

Dr. Johnson, in his tour through North Wales, passed two days at the seat of Colonel Middleton, of Gwynagag. While he remained there, the gardener caught a hare amidst some potato plants, and brought it to his master, then engaged in conversation with the Doctor. An order was given to carry it to the cook. As soon as Johnson heard this sentence, he begged to have the animal placed in his arms; which was no sooner done than, approaching the window, then half open, he restored the hare to her liberty, shouting after her to accelerate her speed. "What have you done?" cried the Colonel. "Why, Doctor, you have robbed my table of a

delicacy—perhaps deprived us of a dinner!" "So much the better, sir," replied the humane champion of a condemned hare; "for if your table is to be supplied at the expense of the laws of hospitality, I envy not the appetite of him who eats it. This, sir, is not a hare *ferœ naturœ*, but one which had placed itself under your protection; and savage indeed must be that man who does not make his hearth an asylum for the confiding stranger."—*European Magazine.*

Boswell: "Pray, sir, have you been much plagued with authors sending you their works to revise?" *Johnson:* "No, sir; I have been thought a sour, surly fellow." *Boswell:* "Very lucky for you, sir, in that respect." I must, however, observe that, notwithstanding what he now said—which he no doubt imagined at the time to be the fact—there was, perhaps, no man who more frequently yielded to the solicitations even of very obscure authors to read their manuscripts, or more liberally assisted them with advice and correction.—*Boswell.*

I arrived on Monday, March 15th, and next morning, at a late hour, found Dr. Johnson sitting over his tea, attended by Mrs. Desmoulins, Mr. Levett, and a clergyman, who had come to submit some poetical pieces to his revision. It is wonderful what a number and variety of writers, some of them even unknown to him, prevailed on his good-nature to look over their works, and suggest corrections and improvements.—*Boswell.*

In the midst of his own diseases and pains, he was ever compassionate to the distresses of others, and actively earnest in procuring them aid, as appears from a note to Sir Joshua Reynolds, of June, in these words: "I am ashamed to ask for some relief for a poor man, to whom, I hope, I have given what I can be expected to spare. The man importunes me, and the blow goes round."—*Boswell.*

Though he often enlarged upon the evil of intoxication, he was by no means harsh and unforgiving to those who indulged in occasional excess of wine. One of his friends, I well remember, came to sup at a tavern with him and some other gentlemen, and too plainly discovered that he had drunk too much at dinner. When one who loved mischief, thinking to produce a severe censure, asked Johnson, a few days afterward, "Well, sir, what did your friend say to you, as an apology for being in such a situation?" Johnson answered, "Sir, he said all that a man *should* say: he said he was sorry for it."—*Boswell.*

Another evening Johnson's kind indulgence toward me had a pretty difficult trial. I had dined at the Duke of Montrose's with a very agreeable party, and his Grace, according to his usual custom, had circulated the bottle very freely. Lord Graham and I went together to Miss Monckton's, where I certainly was in extraordinary spirits, and above all fear or awe. In the midst of a great number of persons of the first rank, among whom I recollect, with confusion, a noble lady of the most stately decorum, I placed myself next to Johnson, and, thinking myself now fully his match, talked to him in a loud and boisterous manner, desirous to let the company know how I could contend with *Ajax.* I particularly remember pressing him upon the value of the pleasures of the imagination, and, as an illustration of my argument, asking him, "What, sir, supposing I were to fancy that the —— (naming the most charming duchess in his Majesty's dominions) were in love with me, should I not be very happy?" My friend with much address evaded my interrogatories, and kept me as quiet as possible; but it may easily be conceived how he must have felt. However, when, a few days afterward, I waited upon him and made an apology, he behaved with the most friendly gentleness.—*Boswell.*

His humane, forgiving disposition was put to a pretty

strong test, on his return to London, by a liberty which Mr. Thomas Davies had taken with him in his absence, which was to publish two volumes, entitled "Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces," which he advertised in the newspapers "By the Author of 'The Rambler.'" In this collection, several of Dr. Johnson's acknowledged writings, several of his anonymous performances, and some which he had written for others, were inserted; but there were also some in which he had no concern whatever. He was at first very angry, as he had good reason to be. But, upon consideration of his poor friend's narrow circumstances, and that he had only a little profit in view, and meant no harm, he soon relented, and continued his kindness to him as formerly.—*Boswell.*

When Davies printed the "Fugitive Pieces" without his knowledge or consent, "How," said I, "would Pope have raved had he been served so!" "We should never," replied Johnson, "have heard the last on't, to be sure; but then Pope was a narrow man. I will, however," added he, "storm and bluster *myself* a little this time"—so he went to London in all the wrath he could muster up. At his return I asked how the affair ended. "Why," said he, "I was a fierce fellow, and pretended to be very angry; and Thomas was a good-natured fellow, and pretended to be very sorry; so there the matter ended. I believe the dog loves me dearly. Mr. Thrale (turning around to my husband), what shall you and I do that is good for Tom Davies? We will do something for him, to be sure."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

On Friday I had a visit from Dr. Johnson. He came on purpose to reason with me about this pamphlet, which he had heard from my father had so greatly disturbed me. Shall I not love him more than ever? However, Miss Young was just arrived, and Mr. Bremner spent the evening here, and therefore he had the delicacy and goodness to forbear

coming to the point. Yet he said several things that I understood, though they were unintelligible to all others; and he was more kind, more good-humored, more flattering to me than ever. He repeatedly charged me not to fret. Indeed, he was all good-humor and kindness, and seemed quite bent on giving me comfort as well as flattery.—*Madame D'Arblay.*

His generous humanity to the miserable was almost beyond example. The following instance is well attested: Coming home late one night, he found a poor woman lying in the street so much exhausted that she could not walk. He took her upon his back and carried her to his house, where he discovered that she was one of those wretched females who had fallen into the lowest state of vice, poverty, and disease. Instead of harshly upbraiding her, he had her taken care of with all tenderness for a long time, at a considerable expense, till she was restored to health, and endeavored to put her into a virtuous way of living. —*Boswell.*

When Goldsmith's comedy, the "Good-natured Man," was produced at Covent Garden, Johnson did everything in his power to insure its success; he wrote a prologue for it, attended its rehearsal, and went to the theatre, with other members of the Club, upon the night of its production. The comedy was received with small favor; sentimental comedies were just then the fashion, and the audience pronounced Goldsmith's humor coarse and low. Indeed, nothing saved this admirable play but the acting of Shuter, the original "Croaker;" as it was, the escape was so narrow that the author could hardly be congratulated upon a success. What followed has been so happily told by John Forster, in his Life of Goldsmith, that I shall adopt his narrative:

"Poor Goldsmith had, meanwhile, been suffering exquisite

distress; had lost all faith in his comedy and in himself; and when the curtain fell, could only think of his debt of gratitude to Shuter. 'He hurried round to the green-room,' says Cooke, 'thanked him in his honest, sincere manner, before all the performers;' and told him 'he had exceeded his own idea of the character, and that the fine comic richness of his coloring made it almost appear as new to him as to any other person in the house!' Then, with little heart for doubtful congratulations, he turned off to meet his friends in Gerrard Street.* By the time he arrived there, his spirits had to all appearance returned. He had forgotten the hisses. The members might have seen that he eat no supper, but he chatted gayly as if nothing had happened amiss. Nay, to impress his friends still more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity, he even sung his favorite song, which he never consented to sing but on special occasions, about an 'An Old Woman tossed in a Blanket seventeen times as high as the Moon;' and was altogether very noisy and loud. But some time afterward, when he and Johnson were dining with Percy at the chaplain's table at St. James's, he confessed what his feelings this night had really been, and told how the night had ended. 'All the while,' he said, 'I was suffering horrid tortures, and verily believe that if I had put a bit into my mouth it would have strangled me on the spot, I was so excessively ill; but I made more noise than usual to cover all that, and so they never perceived my not eating, nor, I believe, at all imaged to themselves the anguish of my heart. But when all were gone except Johnson here, I burst out a-crying, and even swore by —— that I would never write again.' Johnson sat in amazement while Goldsmith made the confession, and then confirmed it. 'All which, Doctor,' he said, 'I thought had been a secret between you and me; and I am sure I would not have said anything about it for the

* Where the Club met.

world.' That is very certain. No man so unlikely as Johnson, when he had a friend's tears to wipe away, critically to ask himself, or afterward discuss, whether or not they ought to have been shed; but none so likely, if they came to be discussed by others, to tell you how much he despised them. What he says must thus be taken with what he does—in all his various opinions of Goldsmith more especially. When Mrs. Thrale asked him of this matter, he spoke of it with contempt, and said that 'no man should be expected to sympathize with the sorrows of vanity.' But he *had* sympathized with them, at least to the extent of consoling them. Goldsmith never flung himself in vain on that great, rough, tender heart. The weakness he did his best to hide from even the kindly Langton, the humane and generous Reynolds, was sobbed out freely there; nor is it difficult to guess how Johnson comforted him. 'Sir,' he said to Boswell, when that ingenious young gentleman, now a practising Scotch advocate, joined him a month or two later at Oxford, and talked slightingly of the 'Good-natured Man,' 'it is the best comedy that has appeared since the "Provok'd Husband." There has not been of late any such character exhibited on the stage as that of Croaker. Sir, "False Delicacy" is totally devoid of character.' Who can doubt that Goldsmith had words of reassurance at least as kindly as these to listen to, as he walked home that night from Gerrard Street with Samuel Johnson?"

TENDERNESS.

Such was his sensibility, and so much was he affected by pathetic poetry, that, when he was reading Dr. Beattie's "Hermit," in my presence, it brought tears into his eyes.—*Boswell.*

His affection for Topham Beauclerk was so great, that

when Beauclerk was laboring under that severe illness which at last occasioned his death, Johnson said (with a voice faltering with emotion), "Sir, I would walk to the extent of the diameter of the earth to save Beauclerk."—*Bennet Langton.*

When I came to Lichfield, I found my old friend Harry Jackson dead. It was a loss, and a loss not to be repaired, as he was one of the companions of my childhood. I hope we may long continue to gain friends; but the friends which merit or usefulness can procure us are not able to supply the place of old acquaintance, with whom the days of youth may be retraced, and those images revived which gave the earliest delight. If you and I live to be much older, we shall take great delight in talking over the Hebridean Journey.—*Johnson* (*from a letter to Boswell*).

Fanny Burney: "Well, this I know, whoever I may hear complain of Dr. Johnson's severity, I shall always vouch for his kindness, as far as regards myself, and his indulgence." *Mrs. Thrale:* "Ay, but I hope he will trim you yet, too." *Dr. Johnson:* "I hope not; I should be very sorry to say anything that should vex my dear little Burney."—*Madame D'Arblay.*

In the evening the company divided pretty much into parties, and almost everybody walked upon the gravel-walk before the windows. I was going to have joined some of them, when Dr. Johnson stopped me, and asked how I did. "I was afraid, sir," said I, "you did not intend to know me again; for you have not spoken to me before since your return from town." "My dear," cried he, taking both my hands, "I was not sure of you, I am so near-sighted, and I apprehended making some mistake." Then drawing me very unexpectedly toward him, he actually kissed me!—*Madame D'Arblay.*

Garrick was followed to the Abbey by a long extended train of friends, illustrious for their rank and genius. I saw old Samuel Johnson standing beside his grave, at the foot of Shakspeare's monument, and bathed in tears.—*Richard Cumberland.*

There are always a great many candidates ready when any vacancy happens in the Club, and it requires no small interest and reputation to get elected; but upon Garrick's death, when numberless applications were made to succeed him, Johnson was deaf to them all: he said, "No, there never could be found any successor worthy of such a man;" and he insisted upon it there should be a year's widowhood in the Club before they thought of a new election.—*Hannah More.*

After supper Dr. Johnson turned the conversation upon silent folks—whether by way of reflection and reproof, or by accident, I know not; but I do know he is provoked with me for not talking more; and I was afraid he was seriously provoked. But a little while ago I went into the music-room, where he was *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Thrale, and calling me to him, he took my hand and made me sit next him, in a manner that seemed truly affectionate. "Sir," cried I, "I was much afraid I was going out of your favor!" "Why so? what should make you think so?" "Why, I don't know—my silence, I believe. I began to fear you would give me up." "No, my darling! my dear little Burney, no. When I give you up—" "What then, sir?" said Mrs. Thrale. "Why, I don't know; for whoever would give her up would deserve worse than I can say; I know not what would be bad enough."—*Madame D'Arblay.*

Edwards: "I have been twice married, Doctor. You, I suppose, have never known what it was to have a wife." *Johnson:* "Sir, I have known what it was to have a wife, and (in a solemn, tender, faltering tone) I have known what

it was to *lose a wife.* I had almost broke my heart."*—*Boswell.*

Such were Johnson's tender remembrances of his wife, that after her death, though he had a whole house at command, he would study nowhere but in a garret. Being asked the reason why he chose a situation so incommodious, he answered, "Because in that room only I never saw Mrs. Johnson."—*George Steevens.*

Her wedding-ring, when she became his wife, was, after her death, preserved by him, as long as he lived, with an affectionate care, in a little round wooden box, in the inside of which he pasted a slip of paper, thus inscribed by him in fair characters, as follows:

"*Eheu!*
Eliz. Johnson,
Nupta Jul. 9° 1736.
Mortua, eheu!
Mart. 17° 1752."

—*Boswell.*

He burned many letters during the last week, I am told; and those written by his mother drew from him a flood of tears when the paper they were written on was all consumed. Mr. Sastres saw him cast a melancholy look upon their ashes, which he took up and examined, to see if a word was still visible.—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

I shall never forget the impression I felt in Dr. Johnson's favor the first time I was in his company, on his saying that, as he returned to his lodgings, at one or two o'clock in the morning, he often saw poor children asleep on thresholds and stalls, and that he used to put pennies into their hands to buy them a breakfast.—*Miss Reynolds.*

---

* This was twenty-six years after his wife's death.

I intended to set out for Scotland next morning;* but Sir Joshua cordially insisted that I should stay another day, that Johnson and I might dine with him, that we three might talk of his Italian tour, and, as Sir Joshua expressed himself, "have it all out." I hastened to Johnson, and was told by him that he was rather better to-day. *Boswell:* "I am very anxious about you, sir, and particularly that you should go to Italy for the winter, which I believe is your own wish." *Johnson:* "It is, sir." *Boswell:* "You have no objections, I presume, but the money it would require." *Johnson:* "Why, no, sir." Upon which I gave him a particular account of what had been done, and read to him the Lord Chancellor's letter. He listened with much attention, then warmly said, "This is taking prodigious pains about a man." "Oh, sir," said I, with most sincere affection, "your friends would do everything for you." He paused, grew more and more agitated, till tears started into his eyes, and he exclaimed, with fervent emotion, "God bless you all!" I was so affected that I also shed tears. After a short silence, he renewed and extended his grateful benediction: "God bless you all, for Jesus Christ's sake!" We both remained for some time unable to speak. He rose suddenly and quitted the room, quite melted in tenderness. He stayed but a short time, till he had recovered his firmness. Soon after he returned I left him, having first engaged him to dine at Sir Joshua Reynolds's next day. I never was again under that roof which I had so long reverenced.—*Boswell.*

---

* This was in the spring of 1784, six months before Johnson's death. His friends were anxious that he should go abroad, hoping that his life might thus be prolonged; and a letter had been written to Thurlow, the Lord Chancellor, recommending an increase of Johnson's pension. To this letter Thurlow had given a favorable answer.

AUTHORITY AND PREDOMINANCE.

That superiority over his fellows which he maintained with so much dignity in his march through life was not assumed from vanity and ostentation, but was the natural and constant effect of those extraordinary powers of mind of which he could not but be conscious by comparison; the intellectual difference which in other cases of comparison of characters is often a matter of undecided contest being as clear in his case as the superiority of stature in some men above others. Johnson did not strut or stand on tiptoe; he only did not stoop. From his earliest years his superiority was perceived and acknowledged. He was from the beginning ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν — a king of men. His school-fellow, Mr. Hector, has obligingly furnished me with many particulars of his boyish days, and assured me that he never knew him corrected at school but for talking, and diverting other boys from their business. He seemed to learn by intuition; for, though indolence and procrastination were inherent in his constitution, whenever he made an exertion he did more than any one else. In short, he is a memorable instance of what has been often observed — that the boy is the man in miniature, and that the distinguishing characteristics of each individual are the same through the whole course of life. His favorites used to receive very liberal assistance from him; and such was the submission and deference with which he was treated, such the desire to obtain his regard, that three of the boys—of whom Mr. Hector was sometimes one—used to come in the morning as his humble attendants, and carry him to school. One in the middle stooped, while he sat upon his back, and one on each side supported him; and thus he was borne triumphant. Such a proof of the early predominance of intellectual vigor is very remarkable, and does honor to human nature. Talking to me once himself of his being much distinguished at school, he told me "they never thought to raise me by comparing me to any

one; they never said, 'Johnson is as good a scholar as such a one;' but 'such a one is as good a scholar as Johnson;' and this was said but of one—but of Lowe; and I do not think he was as good a scholar."—*Boswell.*

We dined at Sir Alexander Gordon's. The Provost, Professor Ross, Professor Dunbar, Professor Thomas Gordon, were there. After dinner came in Dr. Gerard, Professor Leslie, Professor Macleod. We had little or no conversation in the morning; now we were but barren. The professors seemed afraid to speak.—*Boswell.*

We had a calm after the storm,* stayed the evening and supped, and were pleasant and gay. But Dr. Percy told me he was very uneasy at what had passed; for there was a gentleman there who was acquainted with the Northumberland family, to whom he hoped to have appeared more respectable, by showing how intimate he was with Dr. Johnson, and who might now, on the contrary, go away with an opinion to his disadvantage. He begged I would mention this to Dr. Johnson, which I afterward did. His observation upon it was, "This comes of *stratagem.* Had he told me that he wished to appear to advantage before that gentleman, he should have been at the top of the house all the time." He spoke of Dr. Percy in the handsomest manner. —*Boswell.*

Dr. Johnson was again all himself; and so civil to me!—even admiring how I dress myself! Indeed, it is well I have so much of his favor; for it seems he always speaks his mind concerning the dress of ladies, and all ladies who are here obey his injunctions implicitly, and alter whatever he disapproves. When Dr. Johnson was gone, Mrs. Thrale told me of my mother's being obliged to change her dress. "Now,"

---

* For an account of this "storm," see page 113.

said she, "Mrs. Burney had on a very pretty linen jacket and coat, and was going to church; but Dr. Johnson, who, I suppose, did not like her in a jacket, saw something was the matter, and so found fault with the linen; and he looked and peered, and then said, 'Why, madam, this won't do! you must not go to church so!' So away went poor Mrs. Burney and changed her gown! And when she had done so, he did not like it; but he did not know why; so he told her she should not wear a black hat and cloak in summer! Last time she came she was in a white cloak, and she told Dr. Johnson she had got her old white cloak scoured on purpose to oblige him! 'Scoured!' says he; 'ay—have you, madam?' So he seesawed; for he could not for shame find fault; but he did not seem to like the scouring."—*Madame D'Arblay.*

On Wednesday, April 29th, I dined with him at Mr. Allan Ramsay's, where were Lord Binning, Dr. Robertson the historian, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the Honorable Mrs. Boscawen, widow of the admiral. Before Johnson came, we talked a good deal of him. Ramsay said he had always found him a very polite man, and that he treated him with great respect, which he did very sincerely. I said I worshipped him. *Robertson:* "But some of you spoil him; you should not worship him; you should worship no man." *Boswell:* "I cannot help worshipping him, he is so much superior to other men." *Robertson:* "In criticism, and in wit and conversation, he is no doubt very excellent; but in other respects he is not above other men; he will believe anything, and will strenuously defend the most minute circumstances connected with the Church of England." *Boswell:* "Believe me, Doctor, you are much mistaken as to this; for when you talk with him calmly in private, he is very liberal in his way of thinking." *Robertson:* "He and I have been always very gracious. The first time I met him was one evening at Strahan's, when he had just had an un-

lucky altercation with Adam Smith, to whom he had been so rough that Strahan, after Smith was gone, had remonstrated with him, and told him that I was coming soon, and that he was uneasy to think that he might behave in the same manner to me. 'No, no, sir,' said Johnson, 'I warrant you, Robertson and I shall do very well.' Accordingly, he was gentle and good-humored and courteous with me the whole evening; and he has been so upon every occasion that we have met since. I have often said" (laughing) "that I have been in a great measure indebted to Smith for my good reception." No sooner did he of whom we had been thus talking so easily arrive, than we were all as quiet as a school upon the entrance of the head-master, and were very soon set down to a table covered with such a variety of good things as contributed not a little to dispose him to be pleased.—*Boswell (abridged)*.

Dr. Johnson: "Come, come, have done with this now;* why should you overpower her? Let's have no more of it. I don't mean to dissent from what you say; I think well of it, and approve of it; but you have said enough of it." Mr. Murphy, who equally loves and reverences Dr. Johnson, instantly changed the subject.—*Madame D'Arblay.*

On the evening I have spoken of, at Mr. Vesey's, you would have been much gratified, as it exhibited an instance of the high importance in which Dr. Johnson's character is held, I think even beyond any I ever before was witness to. The company consisted chiefly of ladies, among whom were the Duchess-dowager of Portland and the Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Lucan, Lady Clermont, and others of note both for their station and understandings. Among the gentlemen

---

* Mrs. Thrale and Arthur Murphy had been urging Miss Burney to write a comedy; and Murphy had continued to talk about it till Johnson grew tired of the subject.

were Lord Althorpe—whom I have before named—Lord Macartney, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Lucan, Mr. Wraxal—whose book you have probably seen, "The Tour to the Northern Parts of Europe;" a very agreeable, ingenious man—Dr. Warren, Mr. Pepys—the Master in Chancery, whom, I believe, you know—and Dr. Barnard, the Provost of Eton. As soon as Dr. Johnson was come in and had taken a chair, the company began to collect around him, till they became not less than four, if not five, deep; those behind standing, and listening over the heads of those that were sitting near him. The conversation for some time was chiefly between Dr. Johnson and the Provost of Eton, while the others contributed occasionally their remarks. Without attempting to detail the particulars of the conversation—which, perhaps, if I did, I should spin my account to a tedious length—I thought, my dear sir, this general account of the respect with which our valued friend was attended to might be acceptable.—*Bennet Langton* (*abridged, from a letter to Boswell*).

Mrs. Thrale: "I am sure I have had my share of scolding from you!" *Johnson:* "It is true you have; but you have borne it like an angel, and you have been the better for it." *Mrs. Thrale:* "That I believe, sir; for I have received more instruction from you than from any man or any book; and the vanity that you should think me worth instructing always overcame the vanity of being found fault with. And so you had the scolding and I the improvement." *Fanny Burney:* "And I am sure both make for the honor of both!" *Johnson:* "I think so too. But Mrs. Thrale is a sweet creature, and never angry; she has a temper the most delightful of any which I ever knew." *Mrs. Thrale:* "This I can tell you, sir, and without any flattery—I not only bear your reproofs when present, but in almost everything I do in your absence I ask myself whether you would like it, and what you would say to it."—*Madame D'Arblay.*

Sir William Forbes writes to me thus:

"I enclose the *Round-robin.* This *jeu d'esprit* took its rise one day at dinner, at our friend Sir Joshua Reynolds's. All the company present, except myself, were friends and acquaintances of Dr. Goldsmith. The epitaph written for him by Dr. Johnson became the subject of conversation, and various emendations were suggested, which it was agreed should be submitted to the Doctor's consideration. But the question was, who should have the courage to propose them to him? At last it was hinted that there could be no way so good as that of a *Round-robin*, as the sailors call it, which they make use of when they enter into a conspiracy, so as not to let it be known who puts his name first or last to the paper. This proposition was instantly assented to; and Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry, now Bishop of Killaloe, drew up an address to Dr. Johnson on the occasion, replete with wit and humor, but which it was feared the Doctor might think treated the subject with too much levity. Mr. Burke then proposed the address as it stands in the paper in writing, to which I had the honor to officiate as clerk.

"Sir Joshua agreed to carry it to Dr. Johnson, who received it with much good-humor, and desired Sir Joshua to tell the gentlemen that he would alter the epitaph in any manner they pleased as to the sense of it; but *he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription.*

"I consider this *Round-robin* as a species of literary curiosity worth preserving, as it marks, in a certain degree, Dr. Johnson's character."

Sir William Forbes's observation is very just. The anecdote now related proves, in the strongest manner, the reverence and awe with which Johnson was regarded by some of the most eminent men of his time in various departments, and even by such of them as lived most with him; while it also confirms what I have again and again inculcated, that he was by no means of that ferocious and irascible character which has been ignorantly imagined.—*Boswell.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

In London when Twenty-eight Years Old.—He had a little money when he came to town, and he knew how he could live in the cheapest manner. His first lodgings were at the house of Mr. Norris, a stay-maker, in Exeter Street, adjoining Catharine Street, in the Strand. "I dined," said he, "very well for eightpence, with very good company, at the Pineapple, in New Street, just by. Several of them had travelled. They expected to meet every day; but did not know one another's names. It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing."—*Boswell.*

Income in Youth.—Painful as it is to relate, I have heard Dr. Johnson assert that he subsisted for a considerable space of time upon the scanty pittance of fourpence-halfpenny per day.—*Richard Cumberland.*

Night Wanderings.—It is melancholy to reflect, that Johnson and Savage were sometimes in such extreme indigence that they could not pay for a lodging; so that they have wandered together whole nights in the streets. Yet in these almost incredible scenes of distress, we may suppose that Savage mentioned many of the anecdotes with which Johnson afterward enriched the life of his unhappy companion, and those of other poets. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that one night in particular, when Savage and he walked round St. James's Square for want of a lodging, they were not at all depressed by their situation, but in high spirits, and brimful of patriotism, traversed the square for several hours, inveighed against the minister, and "resolved they would *stand by their country.*"—*Boswell.*

Dining Behind a Screen.—The following striking proof of Johnson's extreme indigence when he published the Life of Savage was communicated to Mr. Boswell by Mr. Richard Stowe, of Aspley, in Bedfordshire, from the information of Mr. Walter Harte, author of the Life of Gustavus Adolphus: "Soon after Savage's Life was published, Mr. Harte dined with Edward Cave, and occasionally praised it. Soon after, meeting him, Cave said, 'You made a man very happy t'other day.' 'How could that be?' says Harte; 'nobody was there but ourselves.' Cave answered by reminding him that a plate of victuals was sent behind a screen, which was to Johnson, dressed so shabbily that he did not choose to appear; but on hearing the conversation, he was highly delighted with the encomiums on his book."—*Malone.*

Boswell's first Meeting with Johnson.—Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us. Mr. Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man; both he and his wife (who has been celebrated for her beauty), though upon the stage for many years, maintained a uniform decency of character, and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them as with any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to

be so peculiarly excellent. At last, on Monday, the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlor, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting advancing toward us, he announced his awful approach to me somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my lord, it comes!" I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy-chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." "From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression, "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, sir, I find is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a great deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Mrs. Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would

be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "Oh, sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me forever from making any further attempts.—*Boswell.*

Johnson's Knowledge of Boswell's Intentions.—The Sunday evening that we sat by ourselves at Aberdeen I asked him several particulars of his life from his early years. I proceeded in my inquiries, also writing them in his presence. I have them on detached sheets. I shall collect authentic materials for "The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.;" and if I survive him, I shall be one who will most faithfully do honor to his memory. I have now a vast treasure of his conversation at different times since the year 1762, when I first obtained his acquaintance, and by assiduous inquiry I can make up for not knowing him sooner. It is no small satisfaction to me to reflect that Dr. Johnson read this, and, after being apprised of my intention, communicated to me at subsequent periods many particulars of his life which probably could not otherwise have been preserved.—*Boswell.*

Johnson's Approval of the "Journal."—He read this day a good deal of my Journal, written in a small book with which he had supplied me, and was pleased, for he said, "I wish thy books were twice as big." He helped me to fill

up blanks which I had left in first writing it, when I was not quite sure of what he had said, and he corrected any mistakes that I had made.—*Boswell.*

Revelry in the Hebrides.—Dr. Johnson went to bed soon. When one bowl of punch was finished, I rose, and was near the door, in my way up-stairs to bed; but Corrichatachin said it was the first time Col had been in his house, and he should have his bowl; and would not I join in drinking it? The heartiness of my honest landlord, and the desire of doing social honor to our very obliging conductor, induced me to sit down again. Col's bowl was finished, and by that time we were well warmed. A third bowl was soon made, and that too was finished. We were cordial and merry to a high degree; but of what passed I have no recollection, with any accuracy. I remember calling Corrichatachin by the familiar appellation of Corri, which his friends do. A fourth bowl was made, by which time Col and young Mackinnon, Corrichatachin's son, slipped away to bed. I continued a little with Corri and Knockow; but at last I left them. It was near five in the morning when I got to bed. I awaked at noon with a severe headache. I was much vexed that I should have been guilty of such a riot, and afraid of a reproof from Dr. Johnson. I thought it very inconsistent with that conduct which I ought to maintain while the companion of the "Rambler." About one he came into my room, and accosted me, "What! drunk yet?" His tone of voice was not that of severe upbraiding; so I was relieved a little. "Sir," said I, "they kept me up." He answered, "No, you kept them up, you drunken dog!" This he said with good-humored English pleasantry. Soon afterward Corrichatachin, Col, and other friends assembled round my bed. Corri had a brandy-bottle and glass with him, and insisted I should take a dram. "Ay," said Dr. Johnson, "fill him drunk again. Do it in the morning, that we may laugh at him all day. It is a poor thing for a fellow to get

drunk at night, and skulk to bed, and let his friends have no sport." Finding him thus jocular, I became quite easy; and when I offered to get up, he very good-naturedly said, "You need be in no such hurry now."—*Boswell.*

Boswell puts his Head in the Lion's Jaws.—After the ladies were gone from the table, we talked of the Highlanders not having sheets; and this led us to consider the advantage of wearing linen. *Johnson:* "All animal substances are less cleanly than vegetable. Wool, of which flannel is made, is an animal substance; flannel therefore is not so cleanly as linen. I remember, I used to think tar dirty; but when I knew it to be only a preparation of the juice of the pine, I thought so no longer. It is not disagreeable to have the gum that oozes from a plum-tree upon your fingers, because it is vegetable; but if you have any candle-grease, any tallow, upon your fingers, you are uneasy till you rub it off. I have often thought that if I kept a seraglio, the ladies should all wear linen gowns, or cotton—I mean stuffs made of vegetable substances. I would have no silk; you cannot tell when it is clean; it will be very nasty before it is perceived to be so. Linen detects its own dirtiness." To hear the grave Dr. Samuel Johnson, "that majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom," while sitting solemn in an arm-chair in the Isle of Skye, talk *ex cathedra* of his keeping a seraglio, and acknowledge that the supposition had *often* been in his thoughts, struck me so forcibly with ludicrous contrast, that I could not but laugh immoderately. He was too proud to submit even for a moment to be the object of ridicule, and instantly retaliated with such keen, sarcastic wit, and such a variety of degrading images—of every one of which I was the object—that though I can bear such attacks as well as most men, I yet found myself so much the sport of all the company that I would gladly expunge from my mind every trace of this severe retort.—*Boswell.*

A Quarrel and Reconciliation.—On Saturday, May 2d, I dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, where there was a very large company, and a great deal of conversation; but, owing to some circumstances which I cannot now recollect, I have no record of any part of it, except that there were several people there by no means of the Johnsonian school; so that less attention was paid to him than usual, which put him out of humor; and upon some imaginary offence from me, he attacked me with such rudeness that I was vexed and angry, because it gave those persons an opportunity of enlarging upon his supposed ferocity, and ill treatment of his best friends. I was so much hurt, and had my pride so much roused, that I kept away from him for a week, and perhaps might have kept away much longer, nay, gone to Scotland without seeing him again, had not we fortunately met and been reconciled. To such unhappy chances are human friendships liable. On Friday, May 8th, I dined with him at Mr. Langton's. I was reserved and silent, which I suppose he perceived, and might recollect the cause. After dinner, when Mr. Langton was called out of the room, and we were by ourselves, he drew his chair near to mine, and said, in a tone of conciliating courtesy, "Well, how have you done?" *Boswell:* "Sir, you have made me very uneasy by your behavior to me when we were last at Sir Joshua Reynolds's. You know, my dear sir, no man has a greater respect and affection for you, or would sooner go to the end of the world to serve you. Now, to treat me so—" He insisted that I had interrupted him, which I assured him was not the case, and proceeded: "But why treat me so before people who neither love you nor me?" *Johnson:* "Well, I am sorry for it. I'll make it up to you twenty different ways, as you please." *Boswell:* "I said to-day to Sir Joshua, when he observed that you tossed me sometimes, 'I don't care how often or how high he tosses me when only friends are present, for then I fall on soft ground; but I do not like falling on stones, which is the case when enemies are

present.' I think this is a pretty good image, sir." *Johnson:* "Sir, it is one of the happiest I have ever heard."—*Boswell.*

Patience under strong Provocation.—I know not how so whimsical a thought came into my mind, but I asked, "If, sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with you, what would you do?" *Johnson:* "Why, sir, I should not much like my company." *Boswell:* "But would you take the trouble of rearing it?" He seemed, as may be supposed, unwilling to pursue the subject, but, upon my persevering in my question, replied, "Why yes, sir, I would; but I must have all conveniences. If I had no garden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for fresh air. I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water to please it, not with cold water to give it pain." *Boswell:* "But, sir, does not heat relax?" *Johnson:* "Sir, you are not to imagine the water is to be very hot. I would not *coddle* the child. No, sir, the hardy method of treating children does no good. I'll take you five children from London who shall cuff five Highland children. Sir, a man bred in London will carry a burden, or run, or wrestle, as well as a man brought up in the hardest manner in the country."—*Boswell.*

Boswell takes a Liberty.—*Johnson:* "Now some of my friends asked me why I did not give some account of my travels in France. The reason is plain: intelligent readers had seen more of France than I had. *You* might have liked my travels in France, and the Club might have liked them; but, upon the whole, there would have been more ridicule than good produced by them." *Boswell:* "I cannot agree with you, sir. People would like to read what you say of anything. Suppose a face has been painted by fifty painters before; still, we love to see it done by Sir Joshua." *Johnson:* "True, sir; but Sir Joshua cannot paint a face when he has not time to look on it." *Boswell:* "Sir, a sketch of

any sort by him is valuable; and, sir, to talk to you in your own style" (raising my voice and shaking my head), "you *should* have given us your travels in France. I am *sure* I am right, and *there's an end on't.*"—*Boswell.*

"A DELICATE LONDONER."—We had tedious driving this afternoon, and were somewhat drowsy. Last night I was afraid Dr. Johnson was beginning to faint in his resolution, for he said, "If we must ride much, we shall not go; and there's an end on't." To-day, when he talked of Skye with spirit, I said, "Why, sir, you seemed to me to despond yesterday. You are a delicate Londoner; you are a maccaroni; you can't ride." *Johnson:* "Sir, I shall ride better than you. I was only afraid I should not find a horse able to carry me." I hoped then there would be no fear of getting through our wild tour.—*Boswell.*

BOSWELL EXTINGUISHED.—On the 30th of September we dined together at the Mitre. I attempted to argue for the superior happiness of the savage life, upon the usual fanciful topics. *Johnson:* "Sir, there can be nothing more false. The savages have no bodily advantages beyond those of civilized men. They have not better health; and as to care or mental uneasiness, they are not above it, but below it, like bears. No, sir; you are not to talk such paradox: let me have no more on't. It cannot entertain, far less can it instruct. Lord Monboddo, one of your Scotch judges, talked a great deal of such nonsense. I suffered *him*, but I will not suffer *you*." *Boswell:* "But, sir, does not Rousseau talk such nonsense?" *Johnson:* "True, sir; but Rousseau *knows* he is talking nonsense, and laughs at the world for staring at him." *Boswell:* "How so, sir?" *Johnson:* "Why, sir, a man who talks nonsense so well must know that he is talking nonsense. But I am *afraid*" (chuckling and laughing) "Monboddo does *not* know that he is talking nonsense."—*Boswell.*

Happy Conversation.—He was pleased to say, "If you come to settle here, we will have one day in the week on which we will meet by ourselves. That is the happiest conversation where there is no competition, no vanity, but a calm, quiet interchange of sentiment."—*Boswell.*

Johnson and Boswell at Streatham.—When next Dr. Burney took me back to Streatham, he found there Mr. James Boswell. He spoke the Scotch accent strongly. He had an odd mock solemnity of tone and manner, that he had acquired imperceptibly from constantly thinking of and imitating Dr. Johnson. There was, also, something slouching in the gait and dress of Mr. Boswell that wore an air, ridiculously enough, of purporting to personify the same model. Every look and movement displayed either intentional or involuntary imitation.

Dr. Burney was often surprised that this kind of farcical similitude escaped the notice of the Doctor. He was fully persuaded that had any detection of such imitation taken place, Dr. Johnson, who generally treated Mr. Boswell as a school-boy, would so indignantly have been provoked as to have inflicted upon him some mark of his displeasure. And equally he was persuaded that Mr. Boswell, however shocked and even inflamed in receiving it, would soon, from his deep veneration, have thought it justly incurred, and, after a day or two of pouting and sullenness, would have compromised the matter by one of his customary simple apologies, of "Pray, sir, forgive me!" As Mr. Boswell was at Streatham only upon a morning visit, a collation was ordered, to which all were assembled. Mr. Boswell was preparing to take a seat that he seemed by prescription to consider as his own, next to Dr. Johnson; but Mr. Seward, who was present, waved his hand for Mr. Boswell to move farther on, saying, with a smile, "Mr. Boswell, that seat is Miss Burney's." He stared, amazed: the asserted claimant was new and unknown to him, and he appeared by no means pleased to re-

sign his prior rights. But, after looking round for a minute or two with an important air of demanding the meaning of this innovation, and receiving no satisfaction, he reluctantly, almost resentfully, got another chair, and placed it at the back of the shoulder of Dr. Johnson, while this new and unheard-of rival quietly seated herself as if not hearing what was passing.

The moment Dr. Johnson's voice burst forth, the attention which it excited in Mr. Boswell amounted almost to pain. His eyes goggled with eagerness; he leaned his ear almost on the shoulder of the Doctor; and his mouth dropped open to catch every syllable that might be uttered. But when, in a few minutes, Dr. Johnson, whose eye did not follow him, and who had concluded him to be at the other end of the table, said something gayly and good-humoredly by the appellation "Bozzy," and discovered by the sound of the reply that "Bozzy." had planted himself as closely as he could behind and between the elbows of the new usurper and his own, the Doctor turned angrily round upon him, and, clapping his hand rather loudly upon his knee, said, in a tone of displeasure, "What do you there, sir? Go to the table, sir!" Mr. Boswell instantly, and with an air of affright, obeyed, and very unwillingly took a distant seat. But nevertheless, when not at the side of Dr. Johnson, he presently recollected something that he wished to exhibit, and, hastily rising, was running away in its search, when the Doctor, calling after him authoritatively, said, "What are you thinking of, sir? Why do you get up before the cloth is removed? Come back to your place, sir!" Again, and with equal obsequiousness, Mr. Boswell did as he was bid; when the Doctor, pursing his lips, not to betray rising risibility, muttered, half to himself, "Running about in the middle of meals! One would take you for a Branghton!" (The "Branghtons" were characters in Miss Burney's "Evelina"—vulgar, wealthy people.)—*Madame D'Arblay* (*abridged*).

"Easiness" with Boswell.—He was pleased to say to me one morning, when we were left alone in his study, "Boswell, I think I am easier with you than with almost anybody."—*Boswell.**

A Specimen of Advertising.—"The Idler" was in such high estimation before it was collected into volumes, that it was seized on with avidity by various publishers of newspapers and magazines to enrich their publications. Johnson, to put a stop to this unfair proceeding, wrote for the "Universal Chronicle" the following advertisement, in which there is, perhaps, more pomp of words than the occasion demanded:

"London, January 5th, 1759.

"Advertisement.—The proprietors of the paper entitled 'The Idler,' having found that those essays are inserted in the newspapers and magazines with so little regard to justice or decency that the 'Universal Chronicle,' in which they first appear, is not always mentioned, think it necessary to declare to the publishers of those collections that, however patiently they have hitherto endured these injuries, made yet more injurious by contempt, they have now determined to endure them no longer. They have already seen essays for which a very large price is paid transferred with the most shameless rapacity into the weekly or monthly compilations, and their right, at least for the present, alienated from them before they could themselves be said to enjoy it. But they would not willingly be thought to want tenderness even for men by whom no tenderness hath been shown. The past is without remedy, and shall be without resentment. But those who have been thus busy with their sickles in the fields of their neighbors are henceforward to take notice that the time of impunity is at an end. Whoever shall without our leave lay the hand of rapine upon our papers is to expect that we shall vindicate our due, by the means which justice prescribes, and which are warranted by the immemorial prescriptions of honorable trade. We shall lay hold in our turn on their copies, degrade them from the pomp of wide margin and diffuse typography, contract them into a narrow space, and sell them at a humble price; yet not with a view of growing rich by confiscations, for we think not much better of money got by punishment than by crimes: we shall therefore, when our losses are repaid, give what profit shall

---

* For other illustrations of the peculiar relations existing between Johnson and Boswell, see pages 107, 108, 110, 170, 187, 202.

remain to the *Magdalens;* for we know not who can be more properly taxed for the support of penitent prostitutes than prostitutes in whom there yet appears neither penitence nor shame."—*Boswell.*

Opposition to Slavery.—After supper I accompanied him to his apartment, and at my request he dictated to me an argument in favor of the negro who was then claiming his liberty in an action in the Court of Session in Scotland. He had always been very zealous against slavery in every form, in which I with all deference thought that he discovered "a zeal without knowledge." Upon one occasion, when in company with some very grave men at Oxford, his toast was, "Here's to the next insurrection of the negroes in the West Indies."—*Boswell.*

Dislikes Coarseness.—In our tour, I observed that he was disgusted whenever he met with coarse manners. He said to me, "I know not how it is, but I cannot bear low life; and I find others, who have as good a right as I to be fastidious, bear it better, by having mixed more with different sorts of men. You would think that I have mixed pretty well too."—*Boswell.*

Opinion of America's Future (1773).—I started the subject of emigration. *Johnson:* "To a man of mere animal life you can urge no argument against going to America, but that it will be some time before he will get the earth to produce. But a man of any intellectual enjoyment will not easily go and immerse himself and his posterity for ages in barbarism."—*Boswell.*

The Past not Better than the Present.—Lord Monboddo received us at his gate most courteously; pointed to the Douglas arms upon his house, and told us that his great-grandmother was of that family. "In such houses," said he, "our ancestors lived, who were better men than we."

"No, no, my lord," said Dr. Johnson, "we are as strong as they, and a great deal wiser."—*Boswell.*

Johnson's Opinion of his Roughness.—While we were upon the road, I had the resolution to ask Johnson whether he thought that the roughness of his manner had been an advantage or not, and if he would not have done more good if he had been more gentle. I proceeded to answer myself thus: "Perhaps it has been of advantage, as it has given weight to what you said: you could not, perhaps, have talked with such authority without it." *Johnson:* "No, sir; I have done more good as I am. Obscenity and impiety have always been repressed in my company." *Boswell:* "True, sir; and that is more than can be said of every bishop. Greater liberties have been taken in the presence of a bishop, though a very good man, from his being milder, and therefore not commanding such awe. Yet, sir, many people who might have been benefited by your conversation have been frightened away. A worthy friend of ours has told me that he has often been afraid to talk to you." *Johnson:* "Sir, he need not have been afraid, if he had anything rational to say. If he had not, it was better he did not talk."—*Boswell.*

Goldsmith and the "Vicar of Wakefield."—*Johnson:* "I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then

told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."—*Boswell.*

Warrior *vs.* Philosopher.—We talked of war. *Johnson:* "Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having been at sea." *Boswell:* "Lord Mansfield does not." *Johnson:* "Sir, if Lord Mansfield were in a company of general officers and admirals who have been in service, he would shrink; he'd wish to creep under the table." *Boswell:* "No, he'd think he could *try* them all." *Johnson:* "Yes, if he could catch them; but they'd try him much sooner. No, sir; were Socrates and Charles the Twelfth of Sweden both present in any company, and Socrates to say, 'Follow me, and hear a lecture in philosophy;' and Charles, laying his hand on his sword, to say, 'Follow me, and dethrone the Czar,' a man would be ashamed to follow Socrates."—*Boswell.*

Opinion of Female Abilities.—At breakfast, Dr. Johnson said, "Some cunning men choose fools for their wives, thinking to manage them, but they always fail. There is a spaniel fool and a mule fool. The spaniel fool may be made to do by beating. The mule fool will neither do by words nor blows; and the spaniel fool often turns mule at last: and suppose a fool to be made to do pretty well, you must have the continual trouble of making her do. Depend upon it, no woman is the worse for sense and knowledge." Whether afterward he meant merely to say a polite thing, or to give his opinion, I could not be sure; but he added, "Men know that women are an overmatch for them, and therefore they choose the weakest or most ignorant. If

they did not think so, they never could be afraid of women knowing as much as themselves." In justice to the sex, I think it but candid to acknowledge that, in a subsequent conversation, he told me that he was serious in what he had said.—*Boswell.*

Penance at Uttoxeter.—To Mr. Henry White, a young clergyman, with whom he now formed an intimacy, so as to talk to him with great freedom, he mentioned that he could not in general accuse himself of having been an undutiful son. "Once, indeed," said he, "I was disobedient; I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."—*Boswell.*

Unreserve.—I was surprised at his talking without reserve in the public post-coach of the state of his affairs. "I have," said he, "about the world, I think, above a thousand pounds, which I intend shall afford Frank an annuity of seventy pounds a year." Indeed, his openness with people at a first interview was remarkable. He said once to Mr. Langton, "I think I am like Squire Richard in 'The Journey to London'—*I'm never strange in a strange place.*" He was truly *social.*—*Boswell.*

Love of Mystery.—On Tuesday, April 28th, Johnson was engaged to dine at General Paoli's, where, as I have already observed, I was still entertained in elegant hospitality, and with all the ease and comfort of a home. I called on him, and accompanied him in a hackney-coach. We stopped first at the bottom of Hedge Lane, into which he went to leave a letter, "with good news for a poor man in

distress," as he told me. I did not question him particularly as to this. He himself often resembled Lady Bolingbroke's lively description of Pope, that "he was *un politique aux choux et aux raves.*" He would say, "I dine to-day in Grosvenor Square," this might be with a duke; or, perhaps, "I dine to-day at the other end of the town;" or, "A gentleman of great eminence called on me yesterday." He loved thus to keep things floating in conjecture: *Omne ignotum pro magnifico est.* I believe I ventured to dissipate the cloud, to unveil the mystery, more freely and frequently than any of his friends.—*Boswell.*

"The Ambassador says well."—A foreign minister of no very high talents, who had been in his company for a considerable time quite overlooked, happened luckily to mention that he had read some of his "Rambler" in Italian, and admired it very much. This pleased him greatly. He observed that the title had been translated "Il Genio Errante," though I have been told it was rendered, more ludicrously, "Il Vagabondo;" and finding that this minister gave such a proof of his taste, he was all attention to him, and on the first remark which he made, however simple, exclaimed, "The ambassador says well. His Excellency observes—" And then he expanded and enriched the little that had been said in so strong a manner that it appeared something of consequence. This was exceedingly entertaining to the company who were present, and many a time afterward it furnished a pleasant topic of merriment: "*The ambassador says well*" became a laughable term of applause when no mighty matter had been expressed.—*Boswell.*

Gust for a Compliment.—At Sir Alexander Dick's, from that absence of mind to which every man is at times subject, I told, in a blundering manner, Lady Eglintoune's complimentary adoption of Dr. Johnson as her son; for I unfortunately stated that her ladyship adopted him as her son in

consequence of her having been married the year *after* he was born. Dr. Johnson instantly corrected me. "Sir, don't you perceive that you are defaming the countess? For, supposing me to be her son, and that she was not married till the year after my birth, I must have been her *natural* son." A young lady of quality who was present very handsomely said, "Might not the son have justified the fault?" My friend was much flattered by this compliment, which he never forgot. When in more than ordinary spirits, and talking of his journey in Scotland, he has called to me, "Boswell, what was it that the young lady of quality said of me at Sir Alexander Dick's?" Nobody will doubt that I was happy in repeating it.—*Boswell.*

One day at Mrs. Thrale's table he spoke so very roughly to her that every one present was surprised that she could bear it so placidly; and on the ladies withdrawing, I expressed great astonishment that Dr. Johnson should speak so harshly to her; but to this she said no more than, "Oh, dear good man!" This simple reply seemed so strong a proof of her generous, affectionate friendship, that I took the first opportunity of communicating it to Dr. Johnson, repeating my own animadversions which had produced it. He was much delighted with the information, and some time after, as he was lying back in his chair, seeming to be half asleep, but really, as it turned out, musing on this pleasing incident, he repeated, in a loud whisper, "Oh, dear good man!" This kind of soliloquy was a common habit of his when anything very flattering or very extraordinary engrossed his thoughts.—*Miss Reynolds.*

Johnson at an Election.—Dr. Johnson knew how to be merry with mean people as well as to be sad with them; he loved the lower ranks of humanity with a real affection. A borough election once showed me his toleration of boisterous mirth, and his content in the company of people whom

one would have thought at first sight little calculated for his society. A rough fellow one day, on such an occasion—a hatter by trade—seeing Dr. Johnson's beaver in a state of decay, seized it suddenly with one hand, and clapping him on the back with the other, "Ah, Master Johnson," says he, "this is no time to be thinking about *hats*." "No, no, sir," replies our Doctor, in a cheerful tone, "hats are of no use now, as you say, except to throw up in the air and huzza with," accompanying his words with the true election *halloo.—Mrs. Piozzi* (*abridged*).

Johnson and his Tutor.—The college tutor was a man named Jorden, whom Johnson so contemned for the meanness of his abilities that he would oftener risk the payment of a small fine than attend his lectures. Nor was he studious to conceal the reason of his absence. Upon occasion of one such imposition he said to Jorden, "Sir, you have sconced me twopence for non-attendance at a lecture not worth a penny."—*Sir John Hawkins* (*abridged*).

"Fiddle-de-dee!"—It was near the close of his life that two young ladies, who were warm admirers of his works, but had never seen himself, went to Bolt Court, and, asking if he was at home, were shown up-stairs where he was writing. He laid down his pen on their entrance, and as they stood before him one of the females repeated a speech of some length, previously prepared for the occasion. It was an enthusiastic effusion, and, when the speaker had finished, she panted for her idol's reply. What was her mortification when all he said was, "Fiddle-de-dee, my dear!"—*Mrs. Rose.*

Johnson and Hannah More at Oxford.—Who do you think is my principal cicerone at Oxford? Only Dr. Johnson! And we do so gallant it about! You cannot imagine with what delight he showed me every part of his own col-

lege (Pembroke). Dr. Adams, the master, had contrived a very pretty piece of gallantry. We spent the day and evening at his house. After dinner Johnson begged to conduct me to see the college; he would let no one show me it but himself. "This was my room; this, Shenstone's." Then, after pointing out all the rooms of the poets who had been of his college, "In short," said he, "we were a nest of singing-birds. Here we walked, there we played at cricket." He ran over with pleasure the history of the juvenile days he passed there. When we came into the common hall, we spied a fine large print of Johnson, framed and hung up that very morning, with this motto: "And is not Johnson ours —himself a host?" Under which stared you in the face, "From Miss More's 'Sensibility.'"—*Hannah More.*

Last Visit to Lichfield.— *October 29th*, 1784. I have lately been in the almost daily habit of contemplating a very melancholy spectacle. The great Johnson is here, laboring under the paroxysms of a disease which must speedily be fatal. A few days since I was to drink tea with him, at his request, at Mrs. Porter's. When I went into the room, he was in deep but agitated slumber, in an arm-chair. Upon the servant entering to announce the arrival of a gentleman from the University, introduced by Mr. White, he awoke with convulsive starts, but, rising with more alacrity than could have been expected, he said, "Come, my dear lady, let you and me attend these gentlemen in the study." He received them with more than usual complacence, but whimsically chose to get astride upon his chair-seat, with his face to its back, keeping a trotting motion as if on horseback; but in this odd position he poured forth streams of eloquence, illumined by frequent flashes of wit and humor, without any tincture of malignity. His memory is considerably impaired, but his eloquence rolls on in its customary majestic torrent, when he speaks at all.—*Anna Seward.*

"Small Vessels."—Dr. Taylor's nose happening to bleed, he said it was because he had omitted to have himself blooded four days after a quarter of a year's interval. Dr. Johnson, who was a great dabbler in physic, disapproved much of periodical bleeding. "For," said he, "you accustom yourself to an evacuation which nature cannot perform of herself, and therefore she cannot help you should you, from forgetfulness or any other cause, omit it; so you may be suddenly suffocated. You may accustom yourself to other periodical evacuations, because, should you omit them, nature can supply the omission; but nature cannot open a vein to blood you." "I do not like to take an emetic," said Taylor, "for fear of breaking some small vessels." "Poh!" said Johnson, "if you have so many things that will break, you had better break your neck at once, and there's an end on't. You will break no small vessels" (blowing with high derision).—*Boswell.*

Dinner at Boswell's.—He honored me with his company at dinner on the 16th of October, at my lodgings in Old Bond Street, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Bickerstaff, and Mr. Thomas Davies. Garrick played round him with a fond vivacity, taking hold of the breasts of his coat, and, looking up in his face with a lively archness, complimented him on the good health which he seemed then to enjoy; while the sage, shaking his head, beheld him with a gentle complacency. One of the company not being come at the appointed hour, I proposed, as usual upon such occasions, to order dinner to be served, adding, "Ought six people to be kept waiting for one?" "Why yes," answered Johnson, with a delicate humanity, "if the one will suffer more by your sitting down than the six will do by waiting." Goldsmith, to divert the tedious minutes, strutted about, bragging of his dress, and I believe was seriously vain of it, for his mind was wonderfully prone to such impressions. "Come, come," said Garrick,

"talk no more of that. You are, perhaps, the worst—eh, eh!" Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, when Garrick went on, laughing ironically: "Nay, you will always *look* like a gentleman; but I am talking of being well or ill *dressed*." "Well, let me tell you," said Goldsmith, "when my tailor brought home my bloom-colored coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favor to beg of you. When anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water Lane.'" *Johnson:* "Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange color would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat even of so absurd a color."—*Boswell.*

Account of Johnson's Household.—At tea-time the conversation turned upon the domestic economy of Dr. Johnson's own household. Mrs. Thrale has often acquainted me that his house is quite filled and overrun with all sorts of strange creatures, whom he admits for mere charity, or because nobody else will admit them. The account he gave of the adventures and absurdities of the set was highly diverting, but too diffused for writing, though one or two speeches I must give. I think I shall occasionally theatricalize my dialogues. *Mrs. Thrale:* "Pray, sir, how does Mrs. Williams like all this tribe?" *Johnson:* "Madam, she does not like them at all; but their fondness for her is not greater. She and De Mullin quarrel incessantly; but as they can both be of occasional service to each other, and as neither of them has any other place to go to, their animosity does not force them to separate." *Mrs. Thrale:* "And pray, sir, what is Mr. Macbean?" *Johnson:* "Madam, he is a Scotchman; but he is a man of great learning, and for his learning I respect him, and I wish to serve him. He knows many languages, and knows them well; but he knows nothing of life. I advised him to write a geographical dictionary; but I have lost all hopes of his ever doing anything

properly since I found he gave as much labor to Capua as to Rome." *Mr. Thrale:* "And pray who is the clerk of your kitchen, sir?" *Johnson:* "Why, sir, I am afraid there is none: a general anarchy prevails in my kitchen, as I am told by Mr. Levet, who says it is not what it used to be." *Mrs. Thrale:* "Mr. Levet, I suppose, sir, has the office of keeping the hospital in health? for he is an apothecary." *Johnson:* "Levet, madam, is a brutal fellow; but I have a good regard for him, for his brutality is in his manners, not his mind." *Mr. Thrale:* "But how do you get your dinners dressed?" *Johnson:* "Why, De Mullin has the chief management of the kitchen; but our roasting is not magnificent, for we have no jack." *Mr. Thrale:* "No jack? Why, how do they manage without?" *Johnson:* "Small joints, I believe, they manage with a string, and larger are done at the tavern. I have some thoughts" (with a profound gravity) "of buying a jack, because I think a jack is some credit to a house." *Mr. Thrale:* "Well, but you'll have a spit too?" *Johnson:* "No, sir, no, that would be superfluous, for we shall never use it; and if a jack is seen, a spit will be presumed!" *Mrs. Thrale:* "But pray, sir, who is the Poll you talk of?—she that you used to abet in her quarrels with Mrs. Williams, and call out, 'At her again, Poll! Never flinch, Poll!'" *Johnson:* "Why, I took to Poll very well at first; but she won't do upon a nearer examination." *Mrs. Thrale:* "How came she among you, sir?" *Johnson:* "Why, I don't rightly remember; but we could spare her very well from among us. Poll is a stupid slut. I had some hopes of her at first; but when I talked to her tightly and closely, I could make nothing of her; she was wiggle-waggle, and I could never persuade her to be categorical. I wish Miss Burney would come among us; we should furnish her with ample materials for a new scene in her next work." —*Madame D'Arblay.*

An Inquiring Mind.—He once told me that a young

gentleman called on him one morning and told him that, having dropped suddenly into an ample fortune, he was willing to qualify himself for genteel society by adding some literature to his other endowments, and wished to be put in an easy way of obtaining it. Johnson recommended the University; "for you read Latin, sir, with *facility*." "I read it a little, to be sure, sir." "But do you read it *with facility*, I say?" "Upon my word, sir, I do not very well know, but I rather believe not." Dr. Johnson now began to recommend other branches of science, and, advising him to study natural history, there arose some talk about animals, and their divisions into oviparous and viviparous. "And the cat here, sir," said the youth, "pray in which class is she?" Our Doctor's patience and desire of doing good began now to give way. "You would do well," said he, "to look for some person to be always about you, sir, who is capable of explaining such matters, and not come to us to know whether the cat lays eggs or not; get a discreet man to keep you company; there are many who would be glad of your table and fifty pounds a year."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Strategy.—I am now to record a very curious incident in Dr. Johnson's life which fell under my own observation, of which *pars magna fui*, and which, I am persuaded, will, with the liberal-minded, be much to his credit. My desire of being acquainted with celebrated men of every description had made me, much about the same time, obtain an introduction to Dr. Samuel Johnson and to John Wilkes, Esq. Two men more different could perhaps not be selected out of all mankind. They had even attacked one another with some asperity in their writings; yet I lived in habits of friendship with both. I could fully relish the excellence of each; for I have ever delighted in that intellectual chemistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person. My worthy booksellers and friends, Messieurs Dilly, in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and

well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men than at any other, except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds's, had invited me to meet Mr. Wilkes and some more gentlemen, on Wednesday, May 15th. "Pray," said I, "let us have Dr. Johnson." "What, with Mr. Wilkes? not for the world!" said Mr. Edward Dilly; "Dr. Johnson would never forgive me." "Come," said I, "if you will let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well." *Dilly:* "Nay, if you will take it upon you, I am sure I shall be very happy to see them both here."

Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes, sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch." I therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus: "Mr. Dilly, sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honor to dine with him on Wednesday next, along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland." *Johnson:* "I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him—" *Boswell:* "Provided, sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have is agreeable to you." *Johnson:* "What do you mean, sir? What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?" *Boswell:* "I beg your pardon, sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotic friends with him." *Johnson:* "Well, sir, and what then? What care *I* for his *patriotic friends?* Poh!" *Boswell:* "I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there." *Johnson:* "And if Jack

Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to *me*, sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely, to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally." *Boswell:* "Pray forgive me, sir: I meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes, for me." Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed.

Upon the much-expected Wednesday, I called on him about half an hour before dinner, as I often did when we were to dine out together, to see that he was ready in time, and to accompany him. I found him buffeting his books as upon a former occasion, covered with dust, and making no preparations for going abroad. "How is this, sir?" said I. "Don't you recollect that you are to dine at Mr. Dilly's?" *Johnson:* "Sir, I did not think of going to Dilly's: it went out of my head. I have ordered dinner at home with Mrs. Williams." *Boswell:* "But, my dear sir, you know you were engaged to Mr. Dilly, and I told him so. He will expect you, and will be much disappointed if you don't come." *Johnson:* "You must talk to Mrs. Williams about this." Here was a sad dilemma. I feared that what I was so confident I had secured would yet be frustrated. He had accustomed himself to show Mrs. Williams such a degree of humane attention, as frequently imposed some restraint upon him; and I knew that if she should be obstinate, he would not stir. I hastened down-stairs to the blind lady's room, and told her I was in great uneasiness, for Dr. Johnson had engaged to me to dine this day at Mr. Dilly's, but that he had told me he had forgotten his engagement, and ordered dinner at home. "Yes, sir," said she, pretty peevishly, "Dr. Johnson is to dine at home." "Madam," said I, "his respect for you is such, that I know he will not leave you unless you absolutely desire it. But as you have so much of his company, I hope you will be good enough to forego it for a day; as Mr. Dilly is a very worthy man, has

frequently had agreeable parties at his house for Dr. Johnson, and will be vexed if the Doctor neglects him to-day. And then, madam, be pleased to consider my situation; I carried the message, and I assured Mr. Dilly that Dr. Johnson was to come; and no doubt he has made a dinner, and invited a company, and boasted of the honor he expected to have. I shall be quite disgraced if the Doctor is not there." She gradually softened to my solicitations, which were certainly as earnest as most entreaties to ladies upon any occasion, and was graciously pleased to empower me to tell Dr. Johnson, "That all things considered, she thought he should certainly go." I flew back to him, still in dust, and careless of what should be the event, "indifferent in his choice to go or stay;" but as soon as I had announced to him Mrs. Williams's consent, he roared, "Frank! a clean shirt;" and was very soon dressed. When I had him fairly seated in a hackney-coach with me, I exulted as much as a fortune-hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise with him to set out for Gretna Green.

When we entered Mr. Dilly's drawing-room, he found himself in the midst of a company he did not know. I kept myself snug and silent, watching how he would conduct himself. I observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly, "Who is that gentleman, sir?" "Mr. Arthur Lee." *Johnson:* "Too, too, too" (under his breath), which was one of his habitual mutterings. Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a *patriot*, but an *American.* He was afterward minister from the United States at the Court of Madrid. "And who is the gentleman in lace?" "Mr. Wilkes, sir." This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to restrain himself, and taking up a book sat down upon a window-seat and read, or at least kept his eye intently upon it for some time, until he composed himself. His feelings, I dare say, were awkward enough. But he no doubt recollected having rated me for supposing that he could be at all disconcerted

by any company, and he therefore resolutely set himself to behave quite as an easy man of the world, who could adapt himself at once to the disposition and manners of those whom he might chance to meet.

The cheering sound of "Dinner is upon the table" dissolved his reverie, and we *all* sat down without any symptom of ill-humor. There were present—besides Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Arthur Lee, who was an old companion of mine when he studied physic at Edinburgh—Mr. (now Sir John) Miller, Dr. Lettsom, and Mr. Slater, the druggist. Mr. Wilkes placed himself next to Dr. Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness that he gained upon him insensibly. No man ate more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, sir—It is better here—A little of the brown—Some fat, sir—A little of the stuffing—Some gravy—Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange; or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest." "Sir, sir, I am obliged to you, sir," cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of "surly virtue," but, in a short while, of complacency. Mr. Wilkes remarked that, "among all the bold flights of Shakspeare's imagination, the boldest was making Birnam Wood march to Dunsinane, creating a wood where there never was a shrub; a wood in Scotland! ha! ha! ha!" And he also observed that "the clannish slavery of the Highlands of Scotland was the single exception to Milton's remark of 'The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty,' being worshipped in all hilly countries. When I was at Inverary," said he, "on a visit to my old friend, Archibald, Duke of Argyle, his dependents congratulated me on being such a favorite of his Grace. I said, 'It is, then, gentlemen, truly lucky for me; for if I had displeased the Duke, and he had wished it, there is not a Campbell among you but would have been ready to bring

John Wilkes's head to him in a charger. It would have been only

'Off with his head! So much for *Aylesbury!*'

I was then member for Aylesbury." *Johnson* (to Mr. Wilkes): "You must know, sir, I lately took my friend Boswell and showed him genuine civilized life in an English provincial town. I turned him loose at Lichfield, my native city, that he might see for once real civility; for you know he lives among savages in Scotland, and among rakes in London." *Wilkes:* "Except when he is with grave, sober, decent people, like you and me." *Johnson* (smiling): "And we ashamed of him." They were quite frank and easy. Johnson told the story of his asking Mrs. Macaulay to allow her footman to sit down with them, to prove the ridiculousness of the argument for the equality of mankind; and he said to me afterward, with a nod of satisfaction, "You saw Mr. Wilkes acquiesced." Wilkes talked with all imaginable freedom of the ludicrous title given to the Attorney-general, *Diabolus Regis;* adding, "I have reason to know something about that officer, for I was prosecuted for a libel." Johnson, who many people would have supposed must have been furiously angry at hearing this talked of so lightly, said not a word. He was now *indeed* "a good-humored fellow." After dinner we had an accession of Mrs. Knowles, the Quaker lady, well known for her various talents, and of Mr. Alderman Lee. Amidst some patriotic groans, somebody, I think the alderman, said, "Poor old England is lost." *Johnson:* "Sir, it is not so much to be lamented that old England is lost as that the Scotch have found it." *Wilkes:* "Had Lord Bute governed Scotland only, I should not have taken the trouble to write his eulogy, and dedicate 'Mortimer' to him."

This record, though by no means so perfect as I could wish, will serve to give a notion of a very curious interview, which was not only pleasing at the time, but had the agree-

able and benignant effect of reconciling any animosity, and sweetening any acidity, which in the various bustle of political contest had been produced in the minds of two men who, though widely different, had so many things in common — classical learning, modern literature, wit and humor, and ready repartee—that it would have been much to be regretted if they had been forever at a distance from each other. Mr. Burke gave me much credit for this successful *negotiation*, and pleasantly said that "there was nothing equal to it in the whole history of the *Corps Diplomatique*." I attended Dr. Johnson home, and had the satisfaction to hear him tell Mrs. Williams how much he had been pleased with Mr. Wilkes's company, and what an agreeable day he had passed.—*Boswell (abridged)*.

A Breakfast Scene.—This morning at breakfast Mr. Hoole called. I wanted to call upon Dr. Johnson, and it is so disagreeable to me to go to him alone, now poor Mrs. Williams is dead, on account of the quantity of men always visiting him, that I most gladly accepted, and almost asked his 'squireship. We went together. The dear Doctor received me with open arms. "Ah, dearest of all dear ladies!" he cried, and made me sit in his best chair. He had not breakfasted. "Do you forgive my coming so soon?" said I. "I cannot forgive your not coming sooner!" he answered. I asked if I should make his breakfast, which I had not done since we left Streatham. He readily consented. "But, sir," quoth I, "I am in the wrong chair." For I was away from the table. "It is so difficult," said he, "for anything to be wrong that belongs to you that it can only be that I am in the wrong chair, to keep you from the right one." Then we changed.—*Madame D'Arblay*.

A Conversation about Johnson.—I told Mr. Cambridge of some new members for Dr. Johnson's Club. "I think," said he, "it sounds more like some club that one reads of in

'The Spectator' than like a real club in these times; for the forfeits of a whole year will not amount to those of a single night in other clubs. Does Pepys belong to it?" "Oh no! He is quite of another party! He is head-man on the side of the defenders of Lord Lyttleton. Besides, he has had enough of Dr. Johnson; for they had a grand battle on the 'Life of Lyttleton' at Streatham." "And had they really a serious quarrel? I never imagined it had amounted to that." "Oh yes, serious enough, I assure you. I never saw Dr. Johnson really in a passion but then; and dreadful indeed it was to see. I wished myself away a thousand times. He so red, poor Mr. Pepys so pale!" "But how did it begin? What did he say?" "Oh, Dr. Johnson came to the point without much ceremony. He called out aloud, before a large company at dinner, 'What have you to say, sir, to me, or of me? Come forth, man! I hear you object to my "Life of Lord Lyttleton." What are your objections? If you have anything to say, let's hear it. Come forth, man, when I call you!'" "What a call, indeed! Why, then, he fairly bullied him into a quarrel!" "Yes. And I was the more sorry because Mr. Pepys had begged of me, before they met, not to let Lord Lyttleton be mentioned. Now I had no more power to prevent it than this macaroon cake in my hand." "It was behaving ill to Mrs. Thrale, certainly, to quarrel in her house." "Yes; but he never repeated it, though he wished of all things to have gone through just such another scene with Mrs. Montagu; and to refrain was an act of heroic forbearance." "Why, I rather wonder he did not; for she was the head of the set of Lyttletonians." "Oh, he knows that; he calls Mr. Pepys only her prime minister." "And what does he call her?" "'Queen,' to be sure! 'Queen of the blues!' She came to Streatham one morning, and I saw he was dying to attack her. But he had made a promise to Mrs. Thrale to have no more quarrels in her house, and so he forced himself to forbear. Indeed, he was very much concerned, when it was

over, for what had passed, and very candid and generous in acknowledging it. He is too noble to adhere to wrong." "And how did Mrs. Montagu herself behave?" "Very stately indeed, at first. She turned from him very stiffly, and with a most distant air, and without even courtesying to him, and with a firm intention to keep to what she had publicly declared—that she would never speak to him more! However, he went up to her himself, longing to begin, and very roughly said, 'Well, madam, what's become of your fine new house? I hear no more of it.'" "But how did she bear this?" "Why, she was obliged to answer him; and she soon grew so frightened—as everybody does—that she was as civil as ever." He laughed heartily at this account. But I told him Dr. Johnson was now much softened. He had acquainted me, when I saw him last, that he had written to her upon the death of Mrs. Williams, because she had allowed her something yearly, which now ceased. "And I had a very kind answer from her," said he. "Well, then, sir," cried I, "I hope peace now will be again proclaimed." "Why, I am now," said he, "come to that time when I wish all bitterness and animosity to be at an end. I have never done her any serious harm; nor would I, though I could give her a bite. But she must provoke me much first. In volatile talk, indeed, I may have spoken of her not much to her mind; for in the tumult of conversation malice is apt to grow sprightly; and there, I hope, I am not yet decrepit!" I most readily assured the Doctor that I had never yet seen him limp!—*Madame D'Arblay.*

Johnson's Bout with Lord Auchinleck.—I cannot be certain whether it was on this day or a former that Dr. Johnson and my father came in collision. If I recollect right, the contest began while my father was showing him his collection of medals; and Oliver Cromwell's coin unfortunately introduced Charles the First and Toryism. They became exceedingly warm and violent, and I was very much

distressed by being present at such an altercation between two men, both of whom I reverenced; yet I durst not interfere. It would certainly be very unbecoming in me to exhibit my honored father and my respected friend as intellectual gladiators, for the entertainment of the public, and therefore I suppress what would, I dare say, make an interesting scene in this dramatic sketch—this account of the transit of Johnson over the Caledonian hemisphere.—*Boswell.*

Boswell's Father.—Old Lord Auchinleck was an able lawyer, a good scholar—after the manner of Scotland—and highly valued his own advantages as a man of good estate and ancient family; and moreover, he was a strict Presbyterian and Whig of the old Scottish cast. This did not prevent his being a terribly proud aristocrat; and great was the contempt he entertained and expressed for his son James, for the nature of his friendships and the character of the personages of whom he was *engoué*, one after another. "There's nae hope for Jamie, mon," he said to a friend. "Jamie is gaen clean gyte. What do you think, mon? He's done wi' Paoli; he's off wi' the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican. And whose tail do you think he has pinned himself to now, mon?" Here the old judge summoned up a sneer of most sovereign contempt. "A *dominie*, mon—an auld dominie! he keeped a schule, and cau'd it an acaadamy." As they approached Auchinleck, Boswell conjured Johnson, by all the ties of regard, and in requital of the services he had rendered him upon his tour, that he would spare two subjects in tenderness to his father's prejudices: the first related to Sir John Pringle, President of the Royal Society, about whom there was then some dispute current; the second concerned the general question of Whig and Tory. Sir John Pringle, as Boswell says, escaped; but the controversy between Tory and Covenanter raged with great fury, and ended in Johnson's pressing upon the old judge

the question, what good Cromwell, of whom he had said something derogatory, had ever done to his country; when, after being much tortured, Lord Auchinleck at last spoke out, "God, Doctor! he gart kings ken that they had a *lith* in their neck"—he taught kings they had a *joint* in their necks. Jamie then set to mediating between his father and the philosopher, and, availing himself of the judge's sense of hospitality, which was punctilious, reduced the debate to more order.— *Walter Scott* (*abridged*).

Extract from an Irishman's Diary.—Johnson, you are the very man Lord Chesterfield describes—a Hottentot indeed; and though your abilities are respectable, you never can be respected yourself! He has the aspect of an idiot, without the faintest ray of sense gleaming from any one feature—with the most awkward garb, and unpowdered gray wig, on one side only of his head. He is forever dancing the devil's jig, and sometimes he makes the most drivelling effort to whistle some thought in his absent paroxysms.—*Dr. Thomas Campbell.**

Chesterfield's Tribute.—There is a man whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts I acknowledge, admire, and respect, but whom it is so impossible for me to love that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company. His figure, without being deformed, seems made to disgrace or ridicule the common structure of the human body. His legs and arms are never in the position which, according to the situation of his body, they ought to be in, but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the graces. He throws anywhere but down his throat whatever he means to drink, and only mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he

---

* An Irishman who had settled in New South Wales, where he published several books.

mistimes and misplaces everything. He disputes with heat, and indiscriminately, mindless of the rank, character, and situation of them with whom he disputes: absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity and respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors, and therefore, by a necessary consequence, absurd to two of the three. Is it possible to love such a man? No. The utmost I can do for him is to consider him as a respectable Hottentot.—*Lord Chesterfield* (*from his "Letters to his Son"*).

At Brighton.—A note came this morning to invite us all, except Dr. Johnson, to Lady Rothe's. Dr. Johnson has tortured poor Mr. Pepys so much that I fancy her ladyship omitted him in compliment to her brother-in-law.

Saturday, November 2d. We went to Lady Shelley's, Dr. Johnson, again, excepted in the invitation. He is almost constantly omitted, either from too much respect or too much fear. I am sorry for it, as he hates being alone, and as, though he scolds the others, he is well enough satisfied himself; and having given vent to all his occasional anger or ill-humor, he is ready to begin again, and is never aware that those who have been so "downed" by him never can much covet so triumphant a visitor. Thursday, Dr. Metcalf called upon Dr. Johnson, and took him out an airing. Mr. H. is gone, and Dr. Metcalf is now the only person out of this house that voluntarily communicates with the Doctor. He has been in a terrible severe humor of late, and has really frightened all the people, till they almost ran from him.—*Madame D'Arblay.*

An Unpleasant Introduction.—My boyish mind had anticipated an awful impression when I was first unwillingly brought into the presence of the stupendous Johnson. I knew not then that he had "a love for little children," calling them "pretty dears and giving them sweetmeats," as

Boswell hath since, in the simplicity of his heart, narrated. It was my hapless lot, however, to be excluded from the objects of this propension; perhaps at my age, of about fourteen, I might have been too old or too ugly; but the idea of Johnson's carrying *bonbons*, to give to children of any age, is much like supposing that a Greenland bear has a pocket stuffed with tartlets for travellers.

On the day of my introduction, he was asked to dinner at my father's house, in Soho Square, and the Reader Savage came a full hour before his time. I happened to be with my father, who was beginning his toilet, when it was announced to him that the Doctor had arrived. My sire, being one of the tributary princes who did homage to this monarch, was somewhat flurried; and, having dressed himself hastily, took me with him into the drawing-room. On our entrance, we found Johnson sitting in a *fauteuil* of rose-colored satin, the arms and legs of which (of the chair, remember, not of the Doctor) were of burnished gold; and the contrast of the man with the seat was very striking; an unwashed coal-heaver in a *vis-à-vis* could not be much more misplaced than Johnson thus deposited. He was dressed in a rusty suit of brown cloth *dittos*, with black worsted stockings; his old yellow wig was of formidable dimensions; and the learned head which sustained it rolled about in a seemingly paralytic motion; but, in the performance of its orbit, it inclined chiefly to one shoulder, whether to the right or left, I cannot now remember; a fault never to be forgiven by certain of the *Faubleri*, who think these matters of the utmost importance. He deigned not to rise on our entrance; and we stood before him while he and my father talked. There was soon a pause in the colloquy; and my father, making his advantage of it, took me by the hand, and said, "Doctor Johnson, this is a little Colman." The Doctor bestowed a slight, ungracious glance upon me, and, continuing the rotary motion of his head, renewed the previous conversation. Again there was a pause; again

the anxious father, who had failed in his first effort, seized the opportunity for pushing his progeny, with—"This is my son, Dr. Johnson." The great man's contempt for me was now roused to wrath; and, knitting his brows, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "I *see* him, sir!" he then fell back in his rose-colored satin *fauteuil*, as if giving himself up to meditation; implying that he would not be further plagued, either with an old fool or a young one.

After this rude rebuff from the Doctor, I had the additional felicity to be placed next to him at dinner. He was silent over his meal; but I observed that he was, as Shylock says of Lancelot Gobbo, "a huge feeder;" and during the display of his voracity (which was worthy of Bolt Court) the perspiration fell in copious drops from his visage upon the table-cloth; the clumsiness of the bulky animal, his strange costume, his uncouth gestures, yet the dominion which he usurped withal, rendered his presence a phenomenon among gentlemen; it was the incursion of a new species of barbarian, a *learned* Attila, King of the Huns, come to subjugate polished society.—*George Colman, the Younger* (*abridged*).

Civility for Four.—*Mrs. Thrale:* "I remember, sir, when we were travelling in Wales, how you called me to account for my civility to the people; 'Madam,' you said, 'let me have no more of this idle commendation of nothing. Why is it, that whatever you see, and whoever you see, you are to be so indiscriminately lavish of praise?' 'Why, I'll tell you, sir,' said I; 'when I am with you, and Mr. Thrale, and Queeny, I am obliged to be civil for four.'" —*Madame D'Arblay.*

Goldsmith on Johnson's Bearishness.—The late Alexander Earl of Eglintoune, who loved wit more than wine, and men of genius more than sycophants, had a great admiration of Johnson; but, from the remarkable elegance of

his own manners, was perhaps too delicately sensitive of the roughness which sometimes appeared in Johnson's behavior. One evening about this time, when his lordship did me the honor to sup at my lodgings with Dr. Robertson and several other men of literary distinction, he regretted that Johnson had not been educated with more refinement, and lived more in polished society. "No, no, my lord," said Signor Baretti, "do with him what you would, he would always have been a bear." "True," answered the Earl, with a smile, "but he would have been a *dancing* bear." To obviate all the reflections which have gone round the world to Johnson's prejudice by applying to him the epithet of a *bear*, let me impress upon my readers a just and happy saying of my friend Goldsmith, who knew him well: "Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner; but no man alive has a more tender heart. *He has nothing of the bear but his skin.*"—*Boswell.*

His Merits outweighed his Defects.—I pretend not to vindicate his temper, nor to justify his manners; but his many essential virtues and excellences made all who were much connected with him rather grieve at his defects than resent them.—*Madame D'Arblay.*

Amiability.—I knew him well, respected him highly, loved him sincerely. It was never my chance to see him in those moments of moroseness and ill-humor which are imputed to him, perhaps with truth; for who would slander him? But I am not warranted by any experience of those humors to speak of him otherwise than of a friend, who always met me with kindness, and from whom I never separated without regret. When I sought his company, he had no capricious excuses for withholding it, but lent himself to every invitation with cordiality, and brought good-humor with him that gave life to the circle he was in.—*Richard Cumberland.*

A View of his Rudeness.—That Dr. Johnson possessed the essential principles of politeness and good taste none who knew his virtues and his genius will, I imagine, be disposed to dispute. But why they remained with him, like gold in the ore, unfashioned and unseen, except in his literary capacity, no person that I know of has made any inquiry, though in general it has been spoken of as an unaccountable inconsistency in his character. Much, too, may be said in excuse for an apparent asperity of manners which was, at times at least, the natural effect of those inherent mental infirmities to which he was subject. His corporeal defects also contributed largely to the singularity of his manners; and a little reflection on the disqualifying influence of blindness and deafness would suggest many apologies for Dr. Johnson's want of politeness. The particular instance I have just mentioned, of his inability to discriminate the features of any one's face, deserves, perhaps more than any other, to be taken into consideration, wanting, as he did, the aid of those intellectual signs, or insinuations, which the countenance displays in social converse, and which in their slightest degree influence and regulate the manners of the polite, or even the common, observer. And to his defective hearing, perhaps, his unaccommodating manners may be equally ascribed, which not only precluded him from the perception of the expressive tones of the voice of others, but from hearing the boisterous sound of his own. And nothing, I believe, more conduced to fix upon his character the general stigma of ill-breeding than his loud, imperious tone of voice, which apparently heightened the slightest dissent to a tone of harsh reproof, and, with his corresponding aspect, had an intimidating influence on those who were not much acquainted with him, and excited a degree of resentment which his words in ordinary circumstances would not have provoked. I have often heard him on such occasions express great surprise that what he had said could have given any offence.—*Miss Reynolds.*

GENERAL VIEW OF JOHNSON'S CHARACTER.

Man is, in general, made up of contradictory qualities; and these will ever show themselves in strange succession where a consistency in appearance at least, if not reality, has not been attained by long habits of philosophical discipline. In proportion to the native vigor of the mind, the contradictory qualities will be the more prominent, and more difficult to be adjusted, and therefore we are not to wonder that Johnson exhibited an eminent example of this remark which I have made upon human nature. At different times he seemed a different man, in some respects; not, however, in any great or essential article, upon which he had fully employed his mind, and settled certain principles of duty, but only in his manners, and in the display of argument and fancy in his talk. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He was a sincere and zealous Christian, of High-Church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned, and had, perhaps, at an early period narrowed his mind somewhat too much, both as to religion and politics. His being impressed with the danger of extreme latitude in either, though he was of a very independent spirit, occasioned his appearing somewhat unfavorable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of sentiment which is the best possession of man. Nor can it be denied that he had many prejudices, which, however, frequently suggested many of his pointed sayings, that rather show a playfulness of fancy than any settled malignity. He was steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion and morality, both from a regard for the order of society and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order; correct, nay, stern, in his taste; hard to please, and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent

heart, which showed itself not only in a most liberal charity, as far as his circumstances would allow, but in a thousand instances of active benevolence. He was afflicted with a bodily disease which made him often restless and fretful, and with a constitutional melancholy the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking. We therefore ought not to wonder at his sallies of impatience and passion at any time, especially when provoked by obtrusive ignorance or presuming petulance; and allowance must be made for his uttering hasty and satirical sallies even against his best friends. And surely, when it is considered that "amidst sickness and sorrow" he exerted his faculties in so many works for the benefit of mankind, and particularly that he achieved the great and admirable Dictionary of our language, we must be astonished at his resolution. The solemn text, "Of him to whom much is given much will be required," seems to have been ever present to his mind in a rigorous sense, and to have made him dissatisfied with his labors and acts of goodness, however comparatively great; so that the unavoidable consciousness of his superiority was, in that respect, a cause of disquiet. He suffered so much from this, and from the gloom which perpetually haunted him and made solitude frightful, that it may be said of him, "If in this life only he had hope, he was of all men most miserable." He loved praise when it was brought to him, but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his studies, he cannot be considered as master of any one particular science; but he had accumulated a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was so arranged in his mind as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth. But his superiority over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind, a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew and exhibiting it in a clear and

forcible manner; so that knowledge which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding was in him true, evident, and actual wisdom. His moral precepts are practical, for they are drawn from an intimate acquaintance with human nature. His maxims carry conviction, for they are founded on the basis of common-sense and a very attentive and minute survey of real life. His mind was so full of imagery that he might have been perpetually a poet; yet it is remarkable that however rich his prose is in this respect, his poetical pieces in general have not much of that splendor, but are rather distinguished by strong sentiment and acute observation, conveyed in harmonious and energetic verse, particularly in heroic couplets. Though usually grave, and even awful, in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humor; he frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry, and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company, with this great advantage, that it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety: it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation that he at all times expressed his thoughts with great force and an elegant choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice and a slow, deliberate utterance. In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing, for he could reason close or wide as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength and dexterity, he could when he pleased be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation; and, from a spirit of contradiction and a delight in showing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity; so that when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk, though when he was in company with a single friend he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness; but he was too conscientious to make

error permanent and pernicious by deliberately writing it, and in all his numerous works he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth, his piety being constant, and the ruling principle of all his conduct.

Such was Samuel Johnson: a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues were so extraordinary that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by the present age and by posterity with admiration and reverence. —*Boswell.*

EXTRACTS FROM MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON BOSWELL'S "LIFE OF JOHNSON."

JOHNSON grown old, Johnson in the fulness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune, is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him—his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates, old Mr. Levet and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge, and the negro Frank —all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood. But we have no minute information respecting those years of Johnson's life during which his character and his manners became immutably fixed. We know him not as he was known to the men of his own generation, but as he was known to men whose father he might have been. That celebrated club of which he was the most distinguished member contained few per-

sons who could remember a time when his fame was not fully established and his habits completely formed. He had made himself a name in literature while Reynolds and the Wartons were still boys. He was about twenty years older than Burke, Goldsmith, and Gerard Hamilton; about thirty years older than Gibbon, Beauclerk, and Langton; and about forty years older than Lord Stowell, Sir William Jones and Windham, Boswell and Mrs. Thrale. The two writers from whom we derive most of our knowledge respecting him never saw him till long after he was fifty years old, till most of his great works had become classical, and till the pension bestowed on him by Lord Bute had placed him above poverty. Of those eminent men who were his most intimate associates toward the close of his life, the only one, so far as we remember, who knew him during the first ten or twelve years of his residence in the capital, was David Garrick; and it does not appear that during those years David Garrick saw much of his fellow-townsman.

At the time when Johnson commenced his literary career a writer had little to hope for from the patronage of powerful individuals. The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The lean kine had eaten up the fat kine. The thin and withered ears had devoured the good ears. The season of rich harvest was over, and the period of famine had begun. All that is squalid and miserable might now be summed up in the one word—Poet. That word denoted a creature dressed like a scarecrow, familiar with compters and sponging-houses, and perfectly qualified to decide on the comparative merits of the Common Side in the King's Bench Prison, and of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet. Even the poorest pitied him; and they well might pity him;

for if their condition was equally abject, their aspirings were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place; to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher; to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from Grub Street to St. George's Fields, and from St. George's Fields to the alleys behind St. Martin's Church; to sleep on a bulk in June and amidst the ashes of a glass-house in December; to die in a hospital, and to be buried in a parish vault, was the fate of more than one writer, who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kit-Cat or the Scriblerus Club, would have sat in the Parliament, and would have been intrusted with embassies to the High Allies; who, if he had lived in our time, would have received from the booksellers several hundred pounds a year.

As every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every walk of life has its peculiar temptations. The literary character, assuredly, has always had its share of faults — vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. To these faults were now superadded all the faults which are commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are exposed to the trial of severe distress. All the vices of the gambler and the beggar were blended with those of the author. The prizes in the wretched lottery of book-making were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. If good-fortune came, it came in such a manner that it was almost certain to be abused. After months of starvation and despair, a full third night, or a well-received dedication, filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. He hastened to enjoy those luxuries with the images of which his mind had been haunted while sleeping among the cinders and eating potatoes at the Irish ordinary in Shoe Lane. A week of taverns soon qualified him for another year of night cellars. Such was the life of Savage, of Boyce, and of a

crowd of others. Sometimes blazing in gold-laced hats and waistcoats, sometimes lying in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or wearing paper cravats because their linen was in pawn; sometimes drinking champagne and tokay with Betty Careless; sometimes standing at the window of an eating-house in Porridge Island, to snuff up the scent of what they could not afford to taste—they knew luxury, they knew beggary, but they never knew comfort. These men were irreclaimable. They looked on a regular and frugal life with the same aversion which an old gypsy or Mohawk hunter feels for a stationary abode, and for the restraints and securities of civilized communities. They were as untamable, as much wedded to their desolate freedom, as the wild ass. They could no more be broken in to the offices of social man than the unicorn could be trained to serve and abide by the crib. It was well if they did not, like beasts of a still fiercer race, tear the hands which ministered to their necessities. To assist them was impossible; and the most benevolent of mankind at length became weary of giving relief which was dissipated with the wildest profusion as soon as it had been received. If a sum was bestowed on the wretched adventurer such as, properly husbanded, might have supplied him for six months, it was instantly spent in strange freaks of sensuality; and before forty-eight hours had elapsed the poet was again pestering all his acquaintances for twopence to get a plate of shin of beef at a subterraneous cook-shop. If his friends gave him an asylum in their houses, those houses were forthwith turned into bagnios and taverns. All order was destroyed, all business was suspended. The most good-natured host began to repent of his eagerness to serve a man of genius in distress when he heard his guest roaring for fresh punch at five o'clock in the morning.

A few eminent writers were more fortunate. Pope had been raised above poverty by the active patronage which in his youth both the great political parties had extended to

his Homer. Young had received the only pension ever bestowed, to the best of our recollection, by Sir Robert Walpole as the reward of mere literary merit. One or two of the many poets who attached themselves to the Opposition —Thomson in particular, and Mallet—obtained, after much severe suffering, the means of subsistence from their political friends. Richardson, like a man of sense, kept his shop, and his shop kept him, which his novels, admirable as they are, would scarcely have done. But nothing could be more deplorable than the state even of the ablest men who at that time depended for subsistence upon their writings. Johnson, Collins, Fielding, and Thomson were certainly four of the most distinguished persons that England produced during the eighteenth century: it is well known that they were all four arrested for debt.

Into calamities and difficulties such as these Johnson plunged in his twenty-eighth year. From that time until he was three or four and fifty we have little information respecting him—little, we mean, compared with the full and accurate information which we possess respecting his proceedings and habits toward the close of his life. He emerged at length from cocklofts and sixpenny ordinaries into the society of the polished and the opulent. His fame was established. A pension sufficient for his wants had been conferred on him, and he came forth to astonish a generation with which he had almost as little in common as with Frenchmen and Spaniards.

In his early years he had occasionally seen the great; but he had seen them as a beggar. He now came among them as a companion. The demand for amusement and instruction had, during the course of twenty years, been gradually increasing. The price of literary labors had risen, and those rising men of letters with whom Johnson was henceforth to associate were for the most part persons widely different from those who had walked about with him all night in the streets for want of a lodging. Burke, Robertson, the War-

tons, Gray, Mason, Gibbon, Adam Smith, Beattie, Sir William Jones, Goldsmith, and Churchill were the most distinguished writers of what may be called the second generation of the Johnsonian Age. Of these men Churchill was the only one in whom we can trace the stronger lineaments of that character which, when Johnson first came up to London, was common among authors. Of the rest scarcely any had felt the pressure of severe poverty. All had been early admitted into the most respectable society on an equal footing. They were men of quite a different species from the dependents of Curll and Osborne.

Johnson came among them the solitary specimen of a past age, the last survivor of a genuine race of Grub Street hacks, the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope. From nature he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed had given to his demeanor, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities appalling to the civilized beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours; the slovenliness of his person; his fits of strenuous exertion, interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness; his strange abstinence, and his equally strange voracity; his active benevolence, contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he was undoubtedly, in some respects. But if we possessed full information concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should probably find that what we call his singularities of manner were for the most part failings which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He ate at Streatham Park as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St. John's Gate, when he was ashamed to show his

ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that a man should eat who during a great part of his life had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation. He could fast; when he did not fast, he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead and the perspiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine; but when he drank it, he drank it greedily, and in large tumblers. These were, in fact, mitigated symptoms of that same moral disease which raged with such deadly malignity in his friends Savage and Boyce. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities—by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes; by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural that in the exercise of his power he should be "*eo immitior, quia toleravit*"—that though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanor in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy; and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh word inflicts on a delicate mind he had no pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum; nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous, and he scarcely felt suf-

ficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection. He had seen and felt so much of sharp misery that he was not affected by paltry vexations, and he seemed to think that everybody ought to be as much hardened to those vexations as himself. He was angry with Boswell for complaining of a headache, with Mrs. Thrale for grumbling about the dust on the road or the smell of the kitchen. These were, in his phrase, "foppish lamentations," which people ought to be ashamed to utter in a world so full of misery.

A person who troubled himself so little about the smaller grievances of human life was not likely to be very attentive to the feelings of others in the ordinary intercourse of society. He could not understand how a sarcasm or a reprimand could make any man really unhappy. "My dear Doctor," said he to Goldsmith, "what harm does it do to a man to call him Holofernes?" "Poh, ma'am!" he exclaimed to Mrs. Carter, "who is the worse for being talked of uncharitably?" Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things. Johnson was impolite, not because he wanted benevolence, but because small things appeared smaller to him than to people who had never known what it was to live upon fourpence half-penny a day.

The characteristic peculiarity of his intellect was the union of great powers with low prejudices. If we judged of him by the best parts of his mind, we should place him almost as high as he was placed by the idolatry of Boswell; if by the worst parts of his mind, we should place him below even Boswell himself. Where he was not under the influence of some strange scruple, or some domineering passion, which prevented him from boldly and fairly investigating a subject, he was a wary and acute reasoner, a little too much inclined to scepticism, and a little too fond of paradox. No man was less likely to be imposed upon by fallacies in argument, or by exaggerated statements of fact. But if, while he was beating down sophisms, and exposing false testimony, some childish prejudices, such as would excite laughter

in a well-managed nursery, came across him, he was smitten as if by enchantment. His mind dwindled away under the spell from gigantic elevation to dwarfish littleness. Those who had lately been admiring its amplitude and its force were now as much astonished at its strange narrowness and feebleness as the fisherman in the Arabian tale when he saw the genie, whose stature had overshadowed the whole sea-coast, and whose might seemed equal to a contest with armies, contract himself to the dimensions of his small prison, and lie there the hopeless slave of the charm of Solomon.

As we close Boswell's book, the club-room is before us, and the table on which stands the omelet for Nugent and the lemons for Johnson. There are assembled those heads which live forever on the canvas of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke, and the tall, thin form of Langton; the courtly sneer of Beauclerk, and the genial smile of Garrick; Gibbon tapping his snuff-box, and Sir Joshua with his trumpet in his ear. In the foreground is that strange figure, which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up—the gigantic body, the huge, massy face, seamed with the scars of disease; the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the gray wig with a scorched foretop; the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick. We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing; and then comes the "Why, sir!" and the "What then, sir?" and the "No, sir!" and the "You don't see your way through the question, sir!"

EXTRACTS FROM CARLYLE'S ESSAY UPON BOSWELL'S "LIFE OF JOHNSON."

The great man does, in good truth, belong to his own age—nay, more so than any other man; being properly the synopsis and epitome of such age with its interests and influences; but belongs likewise to all ages, otherwise he is not great. What was transitory in him passes away; and an immortal part remains, the significance of which is in strict speech inexhaustible—as that of every *real* object is. Aloft, conspicuous, on his enduring basis, he stands there, serene, unaltering; silently addresses to every new generation a new lesson and monition. Well is his life worth writing, worth interpreting; and ever, in the new dialect of new times, of rewriting and reinterpreting.

Of such chosen men was Samuel Johnson: not ranking among the highest, or even the high, yet distinctly admitted into that sacred band; whose existence was no idle Dream, but a Reality which he transacted *awake;* nowise a Clothes-horse and Patent Digester, but a genuine Man. By nature he was gifted for the noblest of earthly tasks, that of Priesthood and Guidance of mankind; by destiny, moreover, he was appointed to this task, and did actually, according to strength, fulfil the same: so that always the question, *How; in what spirit; under what shape?* remains for us to be asked and answered concerning him. For as the highest Gospel was a Biography, so is the Life of every good man still an indubitable Gospel, and preaches to the eye and heart and whole man, so that Devils even must believe and tremble, these gladdest tidings: "Man is heaven-born; not the thrall of Circumstances, of Necessity, but the victorious subduer thereof: behold how he can become the 'Announcer of himself and of his Freedom;' and is ever what the Thinker has named him, 'the Messias of Nature.'" Yes, Reader, all this that thou hast so often heard about, "force of circumstances," "the creature of the time," "balancing of mo-

tives," and who knows what melancholy stuff to the like purport, wherein thou, as in a nightmare Dream, sittest paralyzed, and hast no force left—was in very truth, if Johnson and waking men are to be credited, little other than a hag-ridden vision of death-sleep; some *half*-fact, more fatal at times than a whole falsehood. Shake it off; awake; up and be doing, even as it is given thee!

The Contradiction which yawns wide enough in every Life, which it is the meaning and task of Life to reconcile, was in Johnson's wider than in most. Seldom, for any man, has the contrast between the ethereal heavenward side of things, and the dark sordid earthward, been more glaring: whether we look at Nature's work with him or Fortune's, from first to last, heterogeneity, as of sunbeams and miry clay, is on all hands manifest. Whereby indeed, only this was declared, That *much Life* had been given him; many things to triumph over, a great work to *do*. Happily also he did it; better than the most.

Nature had given him a high, keen-visioned, almost poetic soul; yet withal imprisoned it in an inert, unsightly body: he that could never rest had not limbs that would move with him, but only roll and waddle; the inward eye, all-penetrating, all-embracing, must look through bodily windows that were dim, half-blinded; he so loved men, and "never once *saw* the human face divine!" Not less did he prize the love of men; he was eminently social; the approbation of his fellows was dear to him, "valuable," as he owned, "if from the meanest of human beings:" yet the first impression he produced on every man was to be one of aversion, almost of disgust. By Nature it was further ordered that the imperious Johnson should be born poor: the ruler-soul, strong in its native royalty, generous, uncontrollable, like the lion of the woods, was to be housed, then, in such a dwelling-place: of Disfigurement, Disease, and lastly of a Poverty which itself made him the servant of servants. Thus was the born king likewise a born slave:

the divine spirit of Music must awake imprisoned amidst dull-croaking universal Discords; the Ariel finds himself encased in the coarse hulls of a Caliban. So is it more or less, we know (and thou, O Reader, knowest and feelest even now), with all men: yet with the fewest men in any such degree as with Johnson.

Fortune, moreover, which had so managed his first appearance in the world, lets not her hand lie idle, or turn the other way, but works unweariedly in the same spirit, while he is journeying through the world. What such a mind, stamped of Nature's noblest metal, though in so ungainly a die, was specially and best of all fitted for, might still be a question. To none of the world's few Incorporated Guilds could he have adjusted himself without difficulty, without distortion; in none been a Guild-Brother well at ease. Perhaps, if we look to the strictly practical nature of his faculty, to the strength, decision, method that manifests itself in him, we may say his calling was rather toward Active than Speculative life; that as Statesman (in the higher, now obsolete sense), Lawgiver, Ruler—in short as Doer of the Work, he had shone even more than as Speaker of the Word. His honesty of heart, his courageous temper, the value he set on things outward and material, might have made him a King among Kings. Had the golden age of those new French Prophets, when it shall be *à chacun selon sa capacité, à chaque capacité selon ses œuvres*, but arrived! Indeed, even in our brazen and Birmingham-lacquer age, he himself regretted that he had not become a Lawyer, and risen to be Chancellor, which he might well have done. However, it was otherwise appointed. To no man does Fortune throw open all the kingdoms of this world, and say: It is thine; choose where thou wilt dwell! To the most she opens hardly the smallest cranny or dog-hutch, and says, not without asperity: There, that is thine, while thou canst keep it; nestle thyself there, and bless Heaven! Alas, men must fit themselves into many things: some forty years

ago, for instance, the noblest and ablest Man in all the British lands might be seen, not swaying the royal sceptre or the Pontiff's censor on the pinnacle of the World, but gauging ale-tubs in the little burgh of Dumfries! Johnson came a little nearer the mark than Burns: but with him, too, "Strength was mournfully denied its arena;" he too had to fight Fortune at strange odds, all his life long.

Johnson's disposition for *royalty* (had the Fates so ordered it) is well seen in early boyhood. "His favorites," says Boswell, "used to receive very liberal assistance from him; and such was the submission and deference with which he was treated, that three of the boys, of whom Mr. Hector was sometimes one, used to come in the morning as his humble attendants and carry him to school. One in the middle stooped, while he sat upon his back, and one on each side supported him; and thus he was borne triumphant." The purfly, sand-blind lubber and blubber, with his open mouth, and face of bruised honeycomb; yet already dominant, imperial, irresistible! Not in the "King's-chair" (of human arms), as we see, do his three satellites carry him along: rather on the *Tyrant's-saddle*, the back of his fellow-creature, must he ride prosperous! The child is father of the man. He who had seen fifty years into coming Time would have felt that little spectacle of mischievous school-boys to be a great one. For us who look back on it, and what followed it, now from afar, there arise questions enough: How looked these urchins? What jackets and galligaskins had they? felt head-gear, or of dog-skin leather? What was old Lichfield doing then? what thinking?—and so on, through the whole series of Corporal Trim's "auxiliary verbs." A picture of it all fashions itself together—only, unhappily, we have no brush and no fingers.

Boyhood is now passed; the ferula of Pedagogue waves harmless in the distance: Samuel has struggled up to uncouth bulk and youthhood, wrestling with Disease and Poverty all the way, which two continue still his companions.

At College we see little of him; yet thus much, that things went not well. A rugged wild-man of the desert, awakened to the feeling of himself; proud as the proudest, poor as the poorest; stoically shut up, silently enduring the incurable: what a world of blackest gloom, with sun-gleams and pale, tearful moon-gleams, and flickerings of a celestial and an infernal splendor, was this that now opened for him! But the weather is wintry, and the toes of the man are looking through his shoes. His muddy features grow of a purple and sea-green color, a flood of black indignation mantling beneath. A truculent, raw-boned figure! Meat he has probably little; hope he has less: his feet, as we said, have come into brotherhood with the cold mire.

"Shall I be particular," inquires Sir John Hawkins, "and relate a circumstance of his distress that cannot be imputed to him as an effect of his own extravagance or irregularity, and consequently reflects no disgrace on his memory? He had scarce any change of raiment, and, in a short time after Corbet left him, but one pair of shoes, and those so old that his feet were seen through them. A gentleman of his college, the father of an eminent clergyman now living, directed a servitor one morning to place a new pair at the door of Johnson's chamber; who, seeing them upon his first going out, so far forgot himself and the spirit which must have actuated his unknown benefactor that, with all the indignation of an insulted man, he threw them away."

How exceedingly surprising! The Rev. Dr. Hall remarks: "As far as we can judge from a cursory view of the weekly account in the buttery-books, Johnson appears to have lived as well as other commoners and scholars." Alas! such "cursory view of the buttery-books" now, from the safe distance of a century, in the safe chair of a College Mastership, is one thing; the continual view of the empty or locked buttery itself was quite a different thing. But hear our Knight, how he further discourses. "Johnson," quoth Sir John, could "not at this early period of his life divest himself of an idea that poverty was disgraceful, and was very severe in his censures of that economy in both our Universities which exacted at meals the attendance of poor scholars, under the

several denominations of Servitors in the one, and Sizers in the other: he thought that the scholar's, like the Christian life, levelled all distinctions of rank and worldly pre-eminence; but in this he was *mistaken:* civil polity," etc., etc. Too true! It is man's lot to err.

However, Destiny, in all ways, means to prove the mistaken Samuel, and see what stuff is in him. He must leave these butteries of Oxford—Want, like an armed man, compelling him; retreat into his father's mean home; and there abandon himself for a season to inaction, disappointment, shame, and nervous melancholy nigh run mad: he is probably the wretchedest man in wide England. In all ways he too must "become perfect through *suffering.*" High thoughts have visited him; his College Exercises have been praised beyond the walls of College; Pope himself has seen that "Translation," and approved of it: Samuel had whispered to himself, I too am "one and somewhat." False thoughts; that leave only misery behind! The fever-fire of Ambition is too painfully extinguished (but not cured) in the frost-bath of Poverty. Johnson has knocked at the gate, as one having a right; but there was no opening: the world lies all encircled as with brass; nowhere can he find or force the smallest entrance. An ushership at Market Bosworth, and "a disagreement between him and Sir Wolstan Dixie, the patron of the school," yield him bread of affliction and water of affliction, but so bitter that unassisted human nature cannot swallow them. Young Samson will grind no more in the Philistine mill of Bosworth; quits hold of Sir Wolstan and the "domestic chaplaincy, so far at least as to say grace at table," and also to be "treated with what he represented as intolerable harshness;" and so, after "some months of such complicated misery," feeling, doubtless, that there are worse things in the world than quick death by Famine, "relinquishes a situation which all his life afterward he recollected with the strongest aversion, and even horror." Men like Johnson are properly called the Forlorn

Hope of the World: judge whether his hope was forlorn or not, by this Letter to a dull, oily Printer who called himself *Sylvanus Urban:*

"Sir,—As you appear no less sensible than your readers of the defect of your poetical article, you will not be displeased if (in order to the improvement of it) I communicate to you the sentiments of a person who will undertake, on reasonable terms, sometimes to fill a column.

"His opinion is, that the public would, etc., etc.

"If such a correspondence will be agreeable to you, be pleased to inform me in two posts what the conditions are on which you shall expect it. Your late offer (for a Prize Poem) gives me no reason to distrust your generosity. If you engage in any literary projects besides this paper, I have other designs to impart."

Reader, the generous person to whom this letter goes addressed is "Mr. Edmund Cave, at St. John's Gate, London;" the addressor of it is Samuel Johnson, in Birmingham, Warwickshire.

Nevertheless, Life rallies in the man; reasserts its right to be *lived*, even to be enjoyed. "Better a small bush," say the Scotch, "than no shelter:" Johnson learns to be contented with humble human things; and is there not already an actual realized human Existence, all stirring and living on every hand of him? Go thou and do likewise! In Birmingham itself, with his own purchased goose-quill, he can earn "five guineas;" nay, finally, the choicest terrestrial good: a Friend, who will be Wife to him! Johnson's marriage with the good Widow Porter has been treated with ridicule by many mortals, who apparently had no understanding thereof. That the purblind, seamy-faced Wild-man, stalking lonely, woe-stricken, like some Irish Gallowglass with peeled club, whose speech no man knew, whose look all men both laughed at and shuddered at, should find any brave female heart to acknowledge, at first sight and hearing of him, "This is the most sensible man I ever met with;" and then, with generous courage, to take him to itself, and say, Be thou mine; be thou warmed here, and thawed to life!—in all this, in the kind Widow's love and pity for him,

in Johnson's love and gratitude, there is actually no matter for ridicule. Their wedded life, as is the common lot, was made up of drizzle and dry weather; but innocence and worth dwelled in it; and when death had ended it, a certain sacredness: Johnson's deathless affection for his Tetty was always venerable and noble.

However, be all this as it might, Johnson is now minded to wed, and will live by the trade of Pedagogy, for by this also may life be kept in. Let the world therefore take notice: "*At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded, and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by*—SAMUEL JOHNSON." Had this Edial enterprise prospered, how different might the issue have been! Johnson had lived a life of unnoticed nobleness, or swollen into some amorphous Dr. Parr, of no avail to us; Bozzy would have dwindled into official insignificance, or risen by some other elevation; old Auchinleck had never been afflicted with "ane that keeped a schule," or obliged to violate hospitality by a "Cromwell do? God, sir, he gart kings ken that there was a *lith* in their neck!"—But the Edial enterprise did not prosper; Destiny had other work appointed for Samuel Johnson; and young gentlemen got board where they could elsewhere find it. This man was to become a Teacher of grown gentlemen, in the most surprising way; a Man of Letters, and Ruler of the British Nation for some time—not of their bodies merely, but of their minds; not *over* them, but *in* them.

The career of Literature could not, in Johnson's day, any more than now, be said to lie along the shores of a Pactolus: whatever else might be gathered there, gold-dust was nowise the chief produce. The world, from the times of Socrates, St. Paul, and far earlier, has always had its Teachers; and always treated them in a peculiar way. A shrewd Town-clerk (not of Ephesus) once, in founding a Burgh-Seminary, when the question came, How the School-masters should be maintained? delivered this brief counsel: "D—n

them, keep them *poor!*" Considerable wisdom may lie in this aphorism. At all events, we see the world has acted on it long, and indeed improved on it, putting many a School-master of its great Burgh-Seminary to a death which even *cost* it something. The world, it is true, had for some time been too busy to go out of its way and *put* any Author to death; however, the old sentence pronounced against them was found to be pretty sufficient. The first Writers, being Monks, were sworn to a vow of Poverty; the modern Authors had no need to swear to it. This was the epoch when an Otway could still die of hunger; not to speak of your innumerable Scrogginses, whom "the Muse found stretched beneath a rug," with "rusty grate unconscious of a fire," stocking-nightcap, sanded floor, and all the other escutcheons of the craft, time out of mind the heirlooms of Authorship. Scroggins, however, seems to have been but an idler; not at all so diligent as worthy Mr. Boyce, whom we might have seen *sitting up* in bed, with his wearing-apparel of Blanket about him, and a hole slit in the same, that his hand might be at liberty to work in its vocation. The worst was, that too frequently a blackguard recklessness of temper ensued, incapable of turning to account what good the gods even here had provided: your Boyces acted on some stoico-epicurean principle of *carpe diem*, as men do in bombarded towns and seasons of raging pestilence; and so had lost not only their life and presence of mind, but their status as persons of respectability. The trade of Author was at about one of its lowest ebbs when Johnson embarked on it.

Accordingly, we find no mention of Illuminations in the city of London when this same Ruler of the British Nation arrived in it: no cannon-salvos are fired; no flourish of drums and trumpets greets his appearance on the scene. He enters quite quietly, with some copper half-pence in his pocket; creeps into lodgings in Exeter Street, Strand; and has a Coronation Pontiff also, of not less peculiar equipment,

whom, with all submissiveness, he must wait upon, in his Vatican of St. John's Gate. This is the dull, oily Printer alluded to above.

"Cave's temper," says our Knight Hawkins, "was phlegmatic. Though he assumed, as the publisher of the Magazine, the name of Sylvanus Urban, he had few of those qualities that constitute urbanity. Judge of his want of them by this question, which he once put to an author: 'Mr. ——, I hear you have just published a pamphlet, and am told there is a very good paragraph in it upon the subject of music: did you write that yourself?' His discernment was also slow; and as he had already at his command some writers of prose and verse who, in the language of booksellers, are called good hands, he was the backwarder in making advances, or courting an intimacy with Johnson. Upon the first approach of a stranger, his practice was to continue sitting—a posture in which he was ever to be found—and for a few minutes to continue silent. If at any time he was inclined to begin the discourse, it was generally by putting a leaf of the Magazine, then in the press, into the hand of his visitor, and asking his opinion of it. * * *

"He was so incompetent a judge of Johnson's abilities that, meaning at one time to dazzle him with the splendor of some of those luminaries in Literature who favored him with their correspondence, he told him that if he would in the evening be at a certain ale-house in the neighborhood of Clerkenwell, he might have a chance of seeing Mr. Browne, and another or two of those illustrious contributors. Johnson accepted the invitation, and being introduced by Cave, dressed in a loose horseman's coat, and such a great bushy wig as he constantly wore, to the sight of Mr. Browne, whom he found sitting at the upper end of a long table in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, had his curiosity gratified."

In fact, if we look seriously into the condition of authorship at that period, we shall find that Johnson had undertaken one of the ruggedest of all possible enterprises; that here as elsewhere Fortune had given him unspeakable Contradictions to reconcile. For a man of Johnson's stamp the Problem was twofold: *First*, not only as the humble but indispensable condition of all else, to keep himself, if so might be, *alive;* but, *secondly*, to keep himself alive by speaking forth the *Truth* that was in him, and speaking it *truly*, that is, in the clearest and fittest utterance the Heavens had enabled him to give it, let the Earth say to this what she liked. Of which twofold Problem, if it be hard to

solve either member separately, how incalculably more so to solve it when both are conjoined, and work with endless complication into one another! He that finds himself already *kept alive* can sometimes (unhappily not always) speak a little truth; he that finds himself able and willing, to all lengths, to *speak lies*, may, by watching how the wind sits, scrape together a livelihood, sometimes of great splendor: he, again, who finds himself provided with *neither* endowment has but a ticklish game to play, and shall have praises if he win it. Let us look a little at both faces of the matter, and see what front they then offered our Adventurer, what front he offered them.

At the time of Johnson's appearance on the field, Literature, in many senses, was in a transitional state; chiefly in this sense, as respects the pecuniary subsistence of its cultivators. It was in the very act of passing from the protection of Patrons into that of the Public; no longer to supply its necessities by laudatory Dedications to the Great, but by judicious Bargains with the Booksellers. This happy change has been much sung and celebrated, many a "lord of the lion heart and eagle eye" looking back with scorn enough on the by-gone system of Dependency; so that now it were, perhaps, well to consider for a moment what good might also be in it, what gratitude we owe it. That a good was in it admits not of doubt. Whatsoever has existed has had its value: without some truth and worth lying in it the thing could not have hung together, and been the organ and sustenance, and method of action, for men that reasoned and were alive. Translate a Falsehood which is wholly false into Practice, the result comes out *zero;* there is no fruit or issue to be derived from it. That, in an age when a Nobleman was still noble, still with his wealth the protector of worthy and humane things, and still venerated as such, a poor Man of Genius, his brother in nobleness, should with unfeigned reverence address him and say, "I have found Wisdom here, and would fain proclaim it abroad; wilt thou,

of thy abundance, afford me the means?"—in all this there was no baseness; it was wholly an honest proposal, which a free man might make, and a free man listen to. So might a Tasso, with a "Gerusalemme" in his hand or in his head, speak to a Duke of Ferrara; so might a Shakspeare to his Southampton; and Continental Artists generally to their rich Protectors—in some countries, down almost to these days. It was only when the reverence became *feigned* that baseness entered into the transaction on both sides; and, indeed, flourished there with rapid luxuriance, till that became disgraceful for a Dryden which a Shakspeare could once practise without offence.

Neither, it is very true, was the new way of Bookseller Mæcenasship worthless, which opened itself at this juncture, for the most important of all transport-trades, now when the old way had become too miry and impassable. Remark, moreover, how this second sort of Mæcenasship, after carrying us through nearly a century of Literary Time, appears now to have well-nigh discharged *its* function also, and to be working pretty rapidly toward some *third* method, the exact conditions of which are yet nowise visible. Thus all things have their end; and we should part with them all, not in anger, but in peace. The Bookseller-System, during its peculiar century, the whole of the eighteenth, did carry us handsomely along; and many good Works it has left us, and many good men it maintained: if it is now expiring by PUFFERY, as the Patronage-System did by FLATTERY (for *Lying* is ever the forerunner of Death, nay, is itself Death), let us not forget its benefits; how it nursed Literature through boyhood and school years, as Patronage had wrapped it in soft swaddling-bands; till now we see it about to put on the *toga virilis*, could it but *find* any such!

There is tolerable travelling on the beaten road, run how it may; only on the new road not yet levelled and paved, and on the old road all broken into ruts and quagmires, is the travelling bad or impracticable. The difficulty lies al-

ways in the *transition* from one method to another: in which state it was that Johnson now found Literature; and out of which, let us also say, he manfully carried it. What remarkable mortal *first paid copyright* in England we have not ascertained; perhaps, for almost a century before, some scarce visible or ponderable pittance of wages had occasionally been yielded by the Seller of Books to the Writer of them: the original Covenant, stipulating to produce "Paradise Lost" on the one hand, and *Five Pounds Sterling* on the other, still lies (we have been told) in black-on-white, for inspection and purchase by the curious, at a Book-shop in Chancery Lane. Thus had the matter gone on, in a mixed, confused way, for some threescore years; as ever, in such things, the old system *overlaps* the new, by some generation or two, and only dies quite out when the new has got a complete organization and weather-worthy surface of its own. Among the first Authors, the very first of any significance, who lived by the day's wages of his craft, and composedly faced the world on that basis, was Samuel Johnson.

At the time of Johnson's appearance there were still two ways on which an Author might attempt proceeding: there were the Mæcenases proper in the West End of London; and the Mæcenases virtual of St. John's Gate and Paternoster Row. To a considerate man it might seem uncertain which method were preferable: neither had very high attractions; the Patron's aid was now well-nigh *necessarily* polluted by sycophancy, before it could come to hand; the Bookseller's was deformed with greedy stupidity, not to say entire wooden-headedness and disgust (so that an Osborne even required to be knocked down, by an author of spirit), and could barely keep the thread of life together. The one was the wages of suffering and poverty; the other, unless you gave strict heed to it, the wages of sin. In time, Johnson had opportunity of looking into both methods, and ascertaining what they were; but found, at first trial, that the former would in nowise do for him. Listen, once again, to

that far-famed Blast of Doom, proclaiming into the ear of Lord Chesterfield, and, through him, of the listening world, that patronage should be no more!

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my Work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor.

"The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my Work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have long been awakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

"My lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

And thus must the rebellious "Sam. Johnson" turn him to the Bookselling guild, and the wondrous chaos of "Author by trade;" and, though ushered into it only by that dull, oily Printer, "with loose horseman's coat, and such a great bushy wig as he constantly wore," and only as subaltern to some commanding officer "Browne, sitting amidst tobacco-smoke at the head of a long table in the ale-house at Clerkenwell"—gird himself together for the warfare; having no alternative!

Little less contradictory was that other branch of the twofold Problem now set before Johnson: the speaking forth of *Truth*. Nay, taken by itself, it had in those days become so complex as to puzzle strongest heads, with noth-

ing else imposed on them for solution; and even to turn high heads of that sort into mere hollow *vizards*, speaking neither truth nor falsehood, nor anything but what the Prompter and Player (ὑποκριτὴς) put into them. Alas! for poor Johnson Contradiction abounded; in spirituals and in temporals, within and without. Born with the strongest unconquerable love of just Insight, he must begin to live and learn in a scene where Prejudice flourishes with rank luxuriance. England was all confused enough, sightless and yet restless, take it where you would; but figure the best intellect in England nursed up to manhood in the idol-cavern of a poor Tradesman's house, in the cathedral city of Lichfield! What is Truth? said jesting Pilate. What is Truth? might earnest Johnson much more emphatically say. Truth no longer, like the Phœnix, in rainbow plumage, poured from her glittering beak such tones of sweetest melody as took captive every ear: the Phœnix (waxing old) had well-nigh ceased her singing, and empty wearisome Cuckoos, and doleful monotonous Owls, innumerable Jays also, and twittering Sparrows on the house-top, pretended they were repeating her.

It was wholly a divided age, that of Johnson; Unity existed nowhere, in its Heaven or in its Earth. Society, through every fibre, was rent asunder: all things, it was then becoming visible, but could not then be understood, were moving onward, with an impulse received ages before, yet now first with a decisive rapidity, toward that great chaotic gulf where, whether in the shape of French Revolutions, Reform Bills, or what shape soever, bloody or bloodless, the descent and ingulfment assume, we now see them weltering and boiling. Already Cant, as once before hinted, had begun to play its wonderful part, for the hour was come: two ghastly Apparitions, unreal *simulacra* both, Hypocrisy and Atheism, are already, in silence, parting the world. Opinion and Action, which should live together as wedded pair, "one flesh," more properly as Soul and Body,

have commenced their open quarrel, and are suing for a separate maintenance — as if they could exist separately. To the earnest mind, in any position, firm footing and a life of Truth was becoming daily more difficult: in Johnson's position it was more difficult than in almost any other.

If, as for a devout nature was inevitable and indispensable, he looked up to Religion, as to the polestar of his voyage, already there was no *fixed* polestar any longer visible; but two stars, a whole constellation of stars, each proclaiming itself as the true. There was the red portentous comet-star of Infidelity; the dim fixed-star, burning ever dimmer, uncertain now whether not an atmospheric *meteor*, of Orthodoxy: which of these to choose? The keener intellects of Europe had, almost without exception, ranged themselves under the former: for some half century, it had been the general effort of European speculation to proclaim that Destruction of Falsehood was the only Truth; daily had Denial waxed stronger and stronger, Belief sunk more and more into decay. From our Bolingbrokes and Tolands the sceptical fever had passed into France, into Scotland; and already it smouldered, far and wide, secretly eating out the heart of England. Bayle had played his part; Voltaire, on a wider theatre, was playing his—Johnson's senior by some fifteen years: Hume and Johnson were children almost of the same year. To this keener order of intellects did Johnson's indisputably belong: was he to join them? was he to oppose them? A complicated question: for, alas, the Church itself is no longer, even to him, wholly of true adamant, but of adamant and baked mud conjoined: the zealously Devout has to find his Church tottering; and pause amazed to see, instead of inspired Priest, many a swine-feeding Trulliber ministering at her altar. It is not the least curious of the incoherences which Johnson had to reconcile, that, though by nature contemptuous and incredulous, he was, at that time of day, to find his safety and glory in defending, with his whole might, the traditions of the elders.

Not less perplexingly intricate, and on both sides hollow or questionable, was the aspect of Politics. Whigs struggling blindly forward, Tories holding blindly back; each with some forecast of a half truth; neither with any forecast of the whole! Admire here this other Contradiction in the life of Johnson; that, though the most ungovernable, and in practice the most independent of men, he must be a Jacobite, and worshipper of the Divine Right. In Politics also there are Irreconcilables enough for him. As, indeed, how could it be otherwise? For when Religion is torn asunder, and the very heart of man's existence set against itself, then in all subordinate departments there must needs be hollowness, incoherence. The English Nation had rebelled against a Tyrant; and, by the hands of religious tyrannicides, exacted stern vengeance of him: Democracy had risen iron-sinewed, and, "like an infant Hercules, strangled serpents in its cradle." But as yet none knew the meaning or extent of the phenomenon: Europe was not ripe for it; not to be ripened for it but by the culture and various experience of another century and a half. And now, when the King-killers were all swept away, and a milder *second* picture was painted over the canvas of the *first*, and betitled "Glorious Revolution," who doubted but the catastrophe was over, the whole business finished, and Democracy gone to its long sleep? Yet was it like a business finished and not finished; a lingering uneasiness dwelt in all minds: the deep-lying, resistless Tendency, which had still to be *obeyed*, could no longer be *recognized;* thus was there halfness, insincerity, uncertainty in men's ways; instead of heroic Puritans and heroic Cavaliers came now a dawdling set of argumentative Whigs, and a dawdling set of deaf-eared Tories; each half-foolish, each half-false. The Whigs were false and without basis; inasmuch as their whole object was Resistance, Criticism, Demolition—they knew not why or towards what issue. In Whiggism, ever since a Charles and his Jeffries had ceased to meddle with it, and to have any

Russell or Sydney to meddle with, there could be no divineness of character; not till, in these latter days, it took the figure of a thorough-going, all-defying Radicalism, was there any solid footing for it to stand on. Of the like uncertain, half-hollow nature had Toryism become in Johnson's time; preaching forth, indeed, an everlasting truth, the duty of Loyalty; yet now, ever since the final expulsion of the Stuarts, having no *Person*, but only an *Office*, to be loyal to; no living *Soul* to worship, but only a dead velvet-cushioned *Chair*. Its attitude, therefore, was stiff-necked refusal to move; as that of Whiggism was clamorous command to move—let rhyme and reason, on both hands, say to it what they might. The consequence was: Immeasurable floods of contentious jargon, tending nowhither; false conviction; false resistance to conviction; decay (ultimately to become decease) of whatsoever was once understood by the words *Principle*, or *Honesty* of heart; the loud and louder triumph of *Half*ness and Plausibility over *Whole*ness and Truth: at last, this all-overshadowing efflorescence of QUACKERY, which we now see, with all its deadening and killing fruits, in all its innumerable branches, down to the lowest. How, between these jarring extremes, wherein the rotten lay so inextricably intermingled with the sound, and as yet no eye could see through the ulterior meaning of the matter, was a faithful and true man to adjust himself?

That Johnson, in spite of all drawbacks, adopted the Conservative side; stationed himself as the unyielding opponent of Innovation, resolute to hold fast the form of sound words, could not but increase, in no small measure, the difficulties he had to strive with. We mean the *moral* difficulties; for in *economical* respects it might be pretty equally balanced; the Tory servant of the public had perhaps about the same chance of promotion as the Whig; and all the promotion Johnson aimed at was the privilege *to live*. But for what, though unavowed, was no less indispensable, for his peace of conscience, and the clear ascertainment and feeling of his

Duty as an inhabitant of God's world, the case was hereby rendered much more complex. To resist Innovation is easy enough on one condition: that you resist Inquiry. That is, and was, the common expedient of your common Conservatives; but it would not do for Johnson: he was a zealous recommender and practiser of Inquiry; once for all, could not and would not believe, much less speak and act, a Falsehood: the *form* of sound words, which he held fast, must have a *meaning* in it. Here lay the difficulty: to behold a portentous mixture of True and False, and feel that he must dwell and fight there; yet to love and defend only the True. How worship, when you cannot and will not be an idolater; yet cannot help discerning that the Symbol of your Divinity has half become idolatrous? This was the question which Johnson, the man both of clear eye and devout, believing heart, must answer—at peril of his life. The Whig, or Sceptic, on the other hand, had a much simpler part to play. To him only the idolatrous side of things, nowise the divine one, lay visible: not *worship*, therefore, nay, in the strict sense, not heart-honesty, only at most lip and hand honesty, is required of him. What spiritual force is his, he can conscientiously employ in the work of cavilling, of pulling down what is False. For the rest, that there is or can be any Truth of a higher than sensual nature, has not occurred to him. The utmost, therefore, that he as a man has to aim at is Respectability, the suffrages of his fellow-men. Such suffrages he may weigh as well as count, or count only, according as he is a Burke or a Wilkes. But beyond these there lies nothing divine for him; these attained, all is attained. Thus is his whole world distinct and rounded-in; a clear goal is set before him; a firm path, rougher or smoother; at worst a firm region wherein to seek a path: let him gird up his loins, and travel on without misgivings! For the honest Conservative, again, nothing is distinct, nothing rounded-in: Respectability can nowise be his highest Godhead; not one aim, but two conflicting aims to be continual-

ly reconciled by him, has he to strive after. A difficult position, as we said; which accordingly the most did, even in those days, but half defend: by the surrender, namely, of their own too cumbersome *honesty*, or even *understanding;* after which the completest defence was worth little. Into this difficult position Johnson, nevertheless, threw himself: found it indeed full of difficulties; yet held it out manfully, as an honest-hearted, open-sighted man, while life was in him.

Such was that same twofold Problem set before Samuel Johnson. Consider all these moral difficulties; and add to them the fearful aggravation, which lay in that other circumstance, that he needed a continual appeal to the Public, must continually produce a certain impression and conviction on the Public; that if he did not, he ceased to have "provision for the day that was passing over him," he could not any longer live! How a vulgar character, once launched into this wild element; driven onward by Fear and Famine; without other aim than to clutch what Provender (of Enjoyment in any kind) he could get, always if possible keeping *quite* clear of the Gallows and Pillory, that is to say, minding heedfully both "person" and "character"—would have floated hither and thither in it; and contrived to eat some three repasts daily, and wear some three suits yearly, and then to depart and disappear, having consumed his last ration: all this might be worth knowing, but were in itself a trivial knowledge. How a noble man, resolute for the Truth, to whom Shams and Lies were once for all an abomination, was to act in it; *here* lay the mystery. By what methods, by what gifts of eye and hand, does a heroic Samuel Johnson, now when cast forth into that waste Chaos of Authorship, maddest of things, a mingled Phlegethon and Fleet-ditch, with its floating lumber, and sea-krakens, and mud-spectres—shape himself a voyage; of the *transient* driftwood, and the *enduring* iron, build him a sea-worthy Life-boat, and sail therein, undrowned, unpolluted, through the roaring "mother of dead dogs," onward to an eternal

Landmark, and City that hath foundations? This high question is even the one answered in Boswell's Book; which Book we therefore, not so falsely, have named a *Heroic Poem;* for in it there lies the whole argument of such. Glory to our brave Samuel! He accomplished this wonderful Problem; and now through long generations we point to him, and say, Here also was a Man; let the world once more have assurance of a Man!

Had there been in Johnson, now when afloat on that confusion worse confounded of grandeur and squalor, no light but an earthly outward one, he too must have made shipwreck. With his diseased body, and vehement voracious heart, how easy for him to become a *carpe-diem* Philosopher like the rest, and live and die as miserably as any Boyce of that Brotherhood! But happily there was a higher light for him; shining as a lamp to his path; which, in all paths, would teach him to act and walk not as a fool, but as wise, and in those evil days too "redeeming the time." Under dimmer or clearer manifestations, a Truth had been revealed to him: I also am a Man; even in this unutterable element of Authorship, I may live as beseems a Man! That Wrong is not only different from Right, but that it is in strict scientific terms *infinitely* different; even as the gaining of the whole world set against the losing of one's own soul, or (as Johnson had it) a Heaven set against a Hell; that in all situations out of the Pit of Tophet, wherein a living Man has stood or can stand, there is actually a Prize of quite *infinite* value placed within his reach, namely, a *Duty* for him to do: this highest Gospel, which forms the basis and worth of all other Gospels whatsoever, had been revealed to Samuel Johnson; and the man had believed it, and laid it faithfully to heart. Such knowledge of the *transcendental*, immeasurable character of Duty we call the basis of all Gospels, the essence of all Religion: he who with his whole soul knows not this, as yet knows nothing, as yet *is* properly nothing.

This, happily for him, Johnson was one of those that knew: under a certain authentic Symbol it stood forever present to his eyes: a Symbol, indeed, waxing old as doth a garment; yet which had guided forward, as their Banner and celestial Pillar of Fire, innumerable saints and witnesses, the fathers of our modern world; and for him also had still a sacred significance. It does not appear that at any time Johnson was what we call irreligious: but in his sorrows and isolation, when hope died away, and only a long vista of suffering and toil lay before him to the end, then first did Religion shine forth in its meek, everlasting clearness; even as the stars do in black night, which in the daytime and dusk were hidden by inferior lights. How a true man, in the midst of errors and uncertainties, shall work out for himself a sure Life-truth; and adjusting the transient to the eternal, amidst the fragments of ruined Temples build up, with toil and pain, a little Altar for himself, and worship there; how Samuel Johnson, in the era of Voltaire, can purify and fortify his soul, and hold real communion with the Highest, "in the Church of St. Clement Danes;" this too stands all unfolded in his Biography, and is among the most touching and memorable things there; a thing to be looked at with pity, admiration, awe. Johnson's Religion was as the light of life to him; without it his heart was all sick, dark, and had no guidance left.

He is now enlisted, or impressed, into that unspeakable shoeblack-seraph Army of Authors; but can feel hereby that he fights under a celestial flag, and will quit him like a man. The first grand requisite, an assured heart, he therefore has: what his outward equipments and accoutrements are, is the next question; an important, though inferior one. His intellectual stock, intrinsically viewed, is perhaps inconsiderable; the furnishings of an English School and English University; good knowledge of the Latin tongue—a more uncertain one of Greek: this is a rather slender stock of Education wherewith to front the world. But then it

is to be remembered that his world was England; that such was the culture England commonly supplied and expected. Besides, Johnson has been a voracious reader, though a desultory one, and oftenest in strange scholastic, too obsolete Libraries; he has also rubbed shoulders with the press of Actual Life for some thirty years now: views or hallucinations of innumerable things are weltering to and fro in him. Above all, be his weapons what they may, he has an arm that can wield them. Nature has given him her choicest gift—an open eye and heart. He will look on the world, wheresoever he can catch a glimpse of it, with eager curiosity: to the last, we find this a striking characteristic of him; for all human interests he has a sense; the meanest handicraftsman could interest him, even in extreme age, by speaking of his craft: the ways of men are all interesting to him; any human thing that he did not know, he wished to know. Reflection, moreover, Meditation, was what he practised incessantly, with or without his will; for the mind of the man was earnest, deep as well as humane. Thus would the world, such fragments of it as he could survey, form itself, or continually tend to form itself, into a coherent Whole; on any and on all phases of which his vote and voice must be well worth listening to. As a Speaker of the Word, he will speak real words; no idle jargon or hollow triviality will issue from him. His aim too is clear, attainable; that of *working for his wages:* let him *do* this honestly, and all else will follow of its own accord.

With such omens, into such a warfare, did Johnson go forth. A rugged hungry Kern or Gallowglass, as we called him: yet indomitable; in whom lay the true spirit of a Soldier. With giant's force he toils, since such is his appointment, were it but at hewing of wood and drawing of water for old sedentary bushy-wigged Cave; distinguishes himself by mere quantity, if there is to be no other distinction. He can write all things: frosty Latin verses, if these are the salable commodity; Book-prefaces, Political Phi-

lippics, Review Articles, Parliamentary Debates: all things he does rapidly; still more surprising, all things he does thoroughly and well. How he sits there, in his rough-hewn, amorphous bulk, in that upper-room at St. John's Gate, and trundles off sheet after sheet of those Senate-of-Lilliput Debates, to the clamorous Printer's Devils waiting for them with insatiable throat down-stairs; himself perhaps *impransus* all the while! Admire also the greatness of Literature; how a grain of mustard-seed cast into its Nile waters shall settle in the teeming mould, and be found, one day, as a Tree, in whose branches all the fowls of Heaven may lodge. Was it not so with these Lilliput Debates? In that small project and act began the stupendous FOURTH ESTATE; whose wide world-embracing influences what eye can take in; in whose boughs are there not already fowls of strange feather lodged? Such things, and far stranger, were done in that wondrous old Portal, even in latter times. And then figure Samuel dining "behind the screen," from a trencher covertly handed in to him, at a preconcerted nod from the "great bushy wig;" Samuel too ragged to show face, yet "made a happy man of" by hearing his praise spoken. If to Johnson himself, then much more to us, may that St. John's Gate be a place we can "never pass without veneration."

Poverty, Distress, and as yet Obscurity, are his companions: so poor is he that his Wife must leave him, and seek shelter among other relations; Johnson's household has accommodation for one inmate only. To all his ever-varying, ever-recurring troubles, moreover, must be added this continual one of ill-health, and its concomitant depressiveness: a galling load, which would have crushed most common mortals into desperation, is his appointed ballast and life-burden; he "could not remember the day he had passed free from pain." Nevertheless, Life, as we said before, is always Life: a healthy soul, imprison it as you will, in squalid garrets, shabby coat, bodily sickness, or whatever else, will

assert its heaven-granted indefeasible Freedom, its right to conquer difficulties, to do work, even to feel gladness. Johnson does not whine over his existence, but manfully makes the most and best of it. "He said, a man might live in a garret at eighteenpence a week: few people would inquire where he lodged; and if they did, it was easy to say, 'Sir, I am to be found at such a place.' By spending threepence in a coffee-house, he might be for some hours every day in very good company; he might dine for sixpence, breakfast on bread-and-milk for a penny, and do without supper. On *clean-shirt day* he went abroad and paid visits." Think by whom and of whom this was uttered,* and ask then, Whether there is more pathos in it than in a whole circulating-library of "Giaours" and "Harolds," or less pathos? On another occasion, "when Dr. Johnson one day read his own Satire, in which the life of a scholar is painted, with the various obstructions thrown in his way to fortune and to fame, he burst into a passion of tears: Mr. Thrale's family and Mr. Scott only were present, who in a jocose way clapped him on the back, and said, 'What's all this, my dear sir? Why, you and I and *Hercules*, you know, were all troubled with *melancholy*.' He was a very large man, and made out the triumvirate with Johnson and Hercules comically enough." These were sweet tears; the sweet, victorious remembrance lay in them of toils indeed frightful, yet never flinched from, and now triumphed over. "One day it shall delight you also to remember labor done!" Neither, though Johnson is obscure and poor, need the highest enjoyment of existence, that of heart freely communing with heart, be denied him. Savage and he wander homeless through the streets; without bed, yet not without friendly converse; such another

* This was told by Johnson, not as his own experience, but that of an acquaintance, an Irish painter, whom he knew in his youth. He gave accounts very like this of his own economy, but this particular story was not a personal remembrance. See Boswell, 1737.—*Editor.*

conversation not, it is like, producible in the proudest drawing-room of London. Nor, under the void Night, upon the hard pavement, are their own woes the only topic: nowise; they "will stand by their country," they there, the two "Backwoodsmen" of the Brick Desert!

Of all outward evils Obscurity is, perhaps, in itself the least. To Johnson, as to a healthy-minded man, the fantastic article sold or given under the title of *Fame* had little or no value but its intrinsic one. He prized it as the means of getting him employment and good wages; scarcely as anything more. His light and guidance came from a loftier source; of which, in honest aversion to all hypocrisy or pretentious talk, he spoke not to men; nay, perhaps, being of a *healthy* mind, had never spoken to himself. We reckon it a striking fact in Johnson's history, this carelessness of his to Fame. Most authors speak of their "Fame" as if it were a quite priceless matter; the grand ultimatum, and heavenly Constantine's-Banner they had to follow, and conquer under. Thy "Fame!" Unhappy mortal, where will it and thou both be in some fifty years? Shakspeare himself has lasted but two hundred; Homer (partly by accident) three thousand: and does not already an ETERNITY encircle every *Me* and every *Thee?* Cease, then, to sit feverishly hatching on that "Fame" of thine; and flapping and shrieking with fierce hisses, like brood-goose on her last egg, if man shall or dare approach it! Quarrel not with me, hate me not, my Brother: make what thou canst of thy egg, and welcome: God knows, I will not steal it; I believe it to be *addle.* Johnson, for his part, was no man to be killed by a review; concerning which matter, it was said by a benevolent person: If any author can be reviewed to death, let it be, with all convenient despatch, *done.* Johnson thankfully receives any word spoken in his favor; is nowise disobliged by a lampoon, but will look at it, if pointed out to him, and show how it might have been done better: the lampoon itself is, indeed, *nothing,* a soap-bubble that next moment will

become a drop of sour suds; but in the mean while, if it do anything, it keeps him more in the world's eye, and the next *bargain* will be all the richer: "Sir, if they should cease to talk of me, I must starve." Sound heart and understanding head: these fail no man, not even a Man of Letters!

Obscurity, however, was in Johnson's case, whether a light or heavy evil, likely to be no lasting one. He is animated by the spirit of a true *workman*, resolute to do his work well; and he *does* his work well; all his work, that of writing, that of living. A man of this stamp is, unhappily, not so common in the literary or in any other department of the world that he can continue always unnoticed. By slow degrees, Johnson emerges; looming, at first, huge and dim in the eye of an observant few; at last disclosed, in his real proportions, to the eye of the whole world, and encircled with a "light-nimbus" of glory, so that whoso is not blind must and shall behold him. By slow degrees, we said; for this also is notable; slow, but sure: as his fame waxes not by exaggerated clamor of what he *seems* to be, but by better and better insight of what he *is*, so it will last and stand wearing, being genuine. Thus, indeed, is it always, or nearly always, with true fame. The heavenly luminary rises amidst vapors; star-gazers enough must scan it with critical telescopes; it makes no blazing, the world can either look at it or forbear looking at it; not till after a time and times does its celestial, eternal nature become indubitable. Pleasant, on the other hand, is the blazing of a Tar-barrel; the crowd dance merrily round it, with loud huzzaing, universal three-times-three, and, like Homer's peasants, "bless the useful light:" but, unhappily, it so soon ends in darkness, foul, choking smoke; and is kicked into the gutters, a nameless imbroglio of charred staves, pitch-cinders, and *vomissement du diable!*

But, indeed, from of old Johnson has enjoyed all, or nearly all, that Fame can yield any man: the respect, the obedience, of those that are about him and inferior to him; of

those whose opinion alone can have any forcible impression on him: A little circle gathers round the Wise man, which gradually enlarges as the report thereof spreads, and more can come to see and to believe; for Wisdom is precious, and of irresistible attraction to all. "An inspired idiot," Goldsmith, hangs strangely about him; though, as Hawkins says, "he loved not Johnson, but rather envied him for his parts, and once entreated a friend to desist from praising him, 'for in so doing,' said he, 'you harrow up my very soul!'" Yet, on the whole, there is no evil in the "gooseberry fool," but, rather, much good; of a finer, if of a weaker, sort than Johnson's; and all the more genuine that he himself could never become *conscious* of it—though, unhappily, never cease *attempting* to become so: the Author of the genuine "Vicar of Wakefield," nill he, will he, must needs fly toward such a mass of genuine Manhood; and Dr. Minor keep gyrating round Dr. Major, alternately attracted and repelled. Then there is the chivalrous Topham Beauclerk, with his sharp wit, and gallant, courtly ways: there is Bennet Langton, an orthodox gentleman, and worthy; though Johnson once laughed, louder almost than mortal, at his last will and testament; and "could not stop his merriment, but continued it all the way till he got without the Temple gate; then burst into such a fit of laughter that he appeared to be almost in a convulsion, and, in order to support himself, laid hold of one of the posts at the side of the foot-pavement, and sent forth peals so loud that, in the silence of the night, his voice seemed to resound from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch!" Lastly comes his solid-thinking, solid-feeding Thrale, the well-beloved man; with *Thralia*, a bright papilionaceous creature, whom the elephant loved to play with, and wave to and fro upon his trunk. Not to speak of a reverent Bozzy, for what need is there further? or of the spiritual Luminaries, with tongue or pen, who made that age remarkable; or of Highland Lairds drinking, in fierce usquebaugh, "Your health, Doctor Shonson!" Still less, of many such as that

poor "Mr. F. Lewis," older in date, of whose birth, death, and whole terrestrial *res gestæ*, this only, and, strange enough, this actually, survives: "Sir, he lived in London, and hung loose upon society!" *Stat* PARVI *nominis umbra.*

If Destiny had beaten hard on poor Samuel, and did never cease to visit him too roughly, yet the last section of his Life might be pronounced victorious, and, on the whole, happy. He was not idle; but now no longer goaded on by want; the light which had shone irradiating the dark haunts of Poverty, now illumines the circles of Wealth, of a certain culture and elegant intelligence; he who had once been admitted to speak with Edmund Cave and Tobacco Browne, now admits a Reynolds and a Burke to speak with him. Loving friends are there; Listeners, even Answerers: the fruit of his long labors lies round him in fair, legible Writings, of Philosophy, Eloquence, Morality, Philology; some excellent, all worthy and genuine, Works; for which, too, a deep, earnest murmur of thanks reaches him from all ends of his Fatherland. Nay, there are works of Goodness, of undying Mercy, which even he has possessed the power to do: "What I gave I have; what I spent I had!" Early friends had long sunk into the grave; yet in his soul they ever lived, fresh and clear, with soft, pious breathings toward them, not without a still hope of one day meeting them again in purer union. Such was Johnson's Life: the victorious Battle of a free, true Man. Finally, he died the death of the free and true: a dark cloud of Death, solemn, and not untinged with halos of immortal Hope, "took him away," and our eyes could no longer behold him; but can still behold the trace and impress of his courageous, honest spirit, deep-legible in the World's Business, wheresoever he walked and was.

To estimate the quantity of Work that Johnson performed, how much poorer the World were had it wanted him, can, as in all such cases, never be accurately done—cannot, till after some longer space, be approximately done. All

work is as seed sown; it grows and spreads, and sows itself anew, and so, in endless palingenesia, lives and works. To Johnson's Writings, good and solid, and still profitable as they are, we have already rated his Life and Conversation as superior. By the one and by the other, who shall compute what effects have been produced, and are still, and into deep Time, producing?

If we ask now by what endowment it mainly was that Johnson realized such a Life for himself and others; what quality of character the main phenomena of his Life may be most naturally deduced from, and his other qualities most naturally subordinated to, in our conception of him, perhaps the answer were: The quality of Courage, of Valor; that Johnson was a Brave Man. The Courage we desire and prize is not the Courage to die decently, but to live manfully. This, when by God's grace it has been given, lies deep in the soul; like genial heat, fosters all other virtues and gifts. Without it they could not live. In spite of our innumerable Waterloos and Peterloos, and such campaigning as there has been, this Courage we allude to, and call the only true one, is perhaps rarer in these last ages than it has been in any other since the Saxon Invasion under Hengist. Altogether extinct it can never be among men; otherwise the species Man were no longer for this world: here and there, in all times, under various guises, men are sent hither not only to demonstrate but exhibit it, and testify, as from heart to heart, that it is still possible, still practicable.

Johnson, in the eighteenth century, and as Man of Letters, was one of such; and, in good truth, "the bravest of the brave." What mortal could have more to war with? Yet, as we saw, he yielded not, faltered not; he fought, and even, such was his blessedness, prevailed. Whoso will understand what it is to have a man's heart may find that, since the time of John Milton, no braver heart had beat in any English bosom than Samuel Johnson now bore. Ob-

serve too that he never called himself brave, never felt himself to be so; the more completely *was* so. No Giant Despair, no Golgotha Death-dance or Sorcerer's-Sabbath of "Literary Life in London," appals this pilgrim; he works resolutely for deliverance; in still defiance steps stoutly along. The thing that is given him to do, he can make himself do; what is to be endured, he can endure in silence.

How the great soul of old Samuel, consuming daily his own bitter unalleviable allotment of misery and toil, shows beside the poor flimsy little soul of young Boswell; one day flaunting in the ring of vanity, tarrying by the wine-cup and crying, Aha, the wine is red; the next day deploring his down-pressed, night-shaded, quite poor estate, and thinking it unkind that the whole movement of the Universe should go on, while *his* digestive apparatus had stopped! We reckon Johnson's "talent of silence" to be among his great and too rare gifts. Where there is nothing further to be done, there shall nothing further be said: like his own poor blind Welshwoman, he accomplished somewhat, and also "endured fifty years of wretchedness with unshaken fortitude." How grim was Life to him; a sick Prison-house and Doubting-castle! "His great business," he would profess, "was to escape from himself." Yet towards all this he has taken his position and resolution; can dismiss it all "with frigid indifference, having little to hope or to fear." Friends are stupid, and pusillanimous, and parsimonious; "wearied of his stay, yet offended at his departure:" it is the manner of the world. "By popular delusion," remarks he with a gigantic calmness, "illiterate writers will rise into renown:" it is portion of the History of English Literature; a perennial thing, this same popular delusion; and will—alter the character of the Language.

Closely connected with this quality of Valor, partly as springing from it, partly as protected by it, are the more recognizable qualities of Truthfulness in word and thought, and Honesty in action. There is a reciprocity of influence here;

for as the realizing of Truthfulness and Honesty is the life-light and great aim of Valor, so without Valor they cannot in anywise be realized. Now, in spite of all practical shortcomings, no one that sees into the significance of Johnson will say that his prime object was not Truth. In conversation, doubtless, you may observe him, on occasion, fighting as if for victory; and must pardon these ebulliences of a careless hour, which were not without temptation and provocation. Remark, likewise, two things: that such prize-arguings were ever on merely superficial debatable questions; and then that they were argued generally by the fair laws of battle and logic-fence, by one cunning in that same. If their purpose was excusable, their effect was harmless, perhaps beneficial: that of taming noisy mediocrity, and showing it another side of a debatable matter; to see *both* sides of which was, for the first time, to see the Truth of it. In his Writings themselves are errors enough, crabbed prepossessions enough; yet these, also, of a quite extraneous and accidental nature, nowhere a wilful shutting of the eyes to the Truth. Nay, is there not everywhere a heartfelt discernment, singular, almost admirable, if we consider through what confused conflicting lights and hallucinations it had to be attained, of the highest everlasting Truth, and beginning of all truths: this, namely, that man is ever, and even in the age of Wilkes and Whitefield, a Revelation of God to man; and lives, moves, and has his being in Truth only; is either true, or, in strict speech, *is* not at all?

Quite spotless, on the other hand, is Johnson's love of Truth, if we look at it as expressed in Practice, as what we have named Honesty of action. "Clear your mind of Cant;" *clear* it, throw Cant utterly away; such was his emphatic, repeated precept; and did not he himself faithfully conform to it? The Life of this man has been, as it were, turned inside out, and examined with microscopes by friend and foe; yet was there no Lie found in him. His Doings and Writings are not *shows*, but *performances:* you may weigh them

in the balance, and they will stand weight. Not a line, not a sentence, is dishonestly done, is other than it pretends to be. Alas! and he wrote not out of inward inspiration, but to earn his wages: and with that grand perennial tide of "popular delusion" flowing by; in whose waters he nevertheless refused to fish, to whose rich oyster-beds the dive was too muddy for him. Observe, again, with what innate hatred of Cant he takes for himself, and offers to others, the lowest possible view of his business, which he followed with such nobleness. Motive for writing he had none, as he often said, but money; and yet he wrote *so*. Into the region of Poetic Art he, indeed, never rose; there was no *ideal* without him avowing itself in his work: the nobler was that unavowed *ideal* which lay within him, and commanded, saying, Work out thy Artisanship in the spirit of an Artist! They who talk loudest about the dignity of Art, and fancy that they too are Artistic guild-brethren, and of the Celestials, let them consider well what manner of man this was, who felt himself to be only a hired day-laborer. A laborer that was worthy of his hire; that has labored not as an eye-servant, but as one found faithful!

That Mercy can dwell only with Valor, is an old sentiment or proposition; which in Johnson again receives confirmation. Few men on record have had a more merciful, tenderly affectionate nature than old Samuel. He was called the Bear; and did, indeed, too often look, and roar, like one; being forced to it in his own defence: yet within that shaggy exterior of his there beat a heart warm as a mother's, soft as a little child's. Nay, generally, his very roaring was but the anger of affection—the rage of a Bear, if you will; but of a Bear bereaved of her whelps. Touch his Religion, glance at the Church of England, or the Divine Right, and he was upon you! These things were his Symbols of all that was good and precious for men; his very Ark of the Covenant: whoso laid hand on them tore asunder his heart of hearts. Not out of hatred to the opponent, but of love to

the thing opposed, did Johnson grow cruel, fiercely contradictory: this is an important distinction, never to be forgotten in our censure of his conversational outrages. But observe, also, with what humanity, what openness of love, he can attach himself to all things: to a blind old woman, to a Doctor Levett, to a cat "Hodge." "His thoughts in the latter part of his life were frequently employed on his deceased friends; he often muttered these or such like sentences: 'Poor man! and then he died.'" How he patiently converts his poor home into a Lazaretto; endures, for long years, the contradiction of the miserable and unreasonable; with him unconnected, save that they had no other to yield them refuge! Generous old man! Worldly possession he has little; yet of this he gives freely; from his own hard-earned shilling, the half-pence for the poor, that "waited his coming out," are not withheld: the poor "waited the coming out" of one not quite so poor! A Sterne can write sentimentalities on Dead Asses: Johnson has a rough voice; but he finds the wretched Daughter of Vice fallen down in the streets; carries her home on his own shoulders, and, like a good Samaritan, gives help to the help-needing, worthy or unworthy. Ought not Charity, even in that sense, to cover a multitude of sins? No Penny-a-week Committee-Lady, no manager of Soup-Kitchens, dancer at Charity-Balls, was this rugged, stern-visaged man: but where, in all England, could there have been found another soul so full of Pity, a hand so heaven-like bounteous as his? The widow's mite, we know, was greater than all the other gifts.

Perhaps it is this divine feeling of Affection, throughout manifested, that principally attracts us toward Johnson. A true brother of men is he, and filial lover of the Earth; who, with little bright spots of Attachment, "where lives and works some loved one," has beautified "this rough, solitary Earth into a peopled garden." Lichfield, with its mostly dull and limited inhabitants, is to the last one of the sunny islets for him: *Salve magna parens!* Or read those Letters

on his Mother's death: what a genuine solemn grief and pity lies recorded there; a looking back into the Past, unspeakably mournful, unspeakably tender. And yet calm, sublime; for he must now act, not look: his venerated Mother has been taken from him; but he must now write a "Rasselas" to defray her funeral! Again in this little incident, recorded in his Book of Devotion, are not the tones of sacred Sorrow and Greatness deeper than in many a blank-verse Tragedy? as, indeed, "the fifth act of a Tragedy," though unrhymed, does "lie in every death-bed, were it a peasant's, and of straw:"

"*Sunday, October* 18*th*, 1767. Yesterday, at about ten in the morning, I took my leave forever of my dear old friend, Catherine Chambers, who came to live with my mother about 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. She buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now fifty-eight years old.

"I desired all to withdraw; then told her that we were to part forever; that as Christians, we should part with prayer; and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me; and held up her poor hands as she lay in bed, with great fervor, while I prayed kneeling by her. * * *

"I then kissed her. She told me that to part was the greatest pain she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes and great emotion of tenderness, the same hopes. We kissed and parted; I humbly hope, to meet again, and to part no more."

Tears trickling down the granite rock: a soft well of Pity springs within! Still more tragical is this other scene: "Johnson mentioned that he could not, in general, accuse himself of having been an undutiful son. 'Once, indeed,' said he, 'I was disobedient: I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault.'" But by what method? What method was now possible? Hear it; the words are again given as his own, though here evidently by a less capable reporter:

"Madam, I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my departure in the morning, but I was compelled to it by conscience. Fifty years ago, madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety. My father had been in the habit of attending Uttoxeter market, and opening a stall there for the sale of his books. Confined by indisposition, he desired me, that day, to go and attend the stall in his place. My pride prevented me; I gave my father a refusal. And now to-day I have been at Uttoxeter; I went into the market at the time of business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare, for an hour, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."

Who does not figure to himself this spectacle, amidst the "rainy weather, and the sneers," or wonder, "of the by-standers?" The memory of old Michael Johnson, rising from the far distance; sad-beckoning in the "moonlight of memory:" how he had toiled faithfully hither and thither; patiently among the lowest of the low; been buffeted and beaten down, yet ever-risen again, ever tried it anew.—And oh, when the wearied old man, as Bookseller, or Hawker, or Tinker, or whatsoever it was that Fate had reduced him to, begged help of *thee* for one day—how savage, diabolic, was that mean Vanity which answered, No! He sleeps now; after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well: but thou, O Merciless, how now wilt thou still the sting of that remembrance? The picture of Samuel Johnson standing bareheaded in the market there is one of the grandest and saddest we can paint. Repentance! Repentance! he proclaims, as with passionate sobs; but only to the ear of Heaven, if Heaven will give him audience: the earthly ear and heart, that should have heard it, are now closed, unresponsive forever.

That this so keen-loving, soft-trembling Affectionateness, the inmost essence of his being, must have looked forth, in one form or another, through Johnson's whole character, practical and intellectual, modifying both, is not to be doubted. Yet through what singular distortions and superstitions, moping melancholies, blind habits, whims about "entering with the right foot," and "touching every post as he walked along;" and all the other mad chaotic lumber

of a brain that, with sun-clear intellect, hovered forever on the verge of insanity—must that same inmost essence have looked forth; unrecognizable to all but the most observant! Accordingly, it was not recognized; Johnson passed not for a fine nature, but for a dull, almost brutal one.

More legibly is this influence of the Loving heart to be traced in his intellectual character. What, indeed, is the beginning of intellect, the first inducement to the exercise thereof, but attraction toward somewhat, *affection* for it? Thus too, who ever saw, or will see, any true talent, not to speak of genius, the foundation of which is not goodness, love? From Johnson's strength of Affection we deduce many of his intellectual peculiarities; especially that threatening array of perversions, known under the name of "Johnson's Prejudices." Looking well into the root from which these sprang, we have long ceased to view them with hostility, can pardon and reverently pity them. Consider with what force early imbibed opinions must have clung to a soul of this Affection. Those evil-famed Prejudices of his, that Jacobitism, Church-of-Englandism, hatred of the Scotch, belief in Witches, and such like, what were they but the ordinary beliefs of well-doing, well-meaning provincial Englishmen in that day? First gathered by his Father's hearth; round the kind "country fires" of native Staffordshire; they grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength: they were hallowed by fondest sacred recollections; to part with them was parting with his heart's blood. If the man who has no strength of Affection, strength of Belief, have no strength of Prejudice, let him thank Heaven for it, but to himself take small thanks.

Melancholy it was, indeed, that the noble Johnson could not work himself loose from these adhesions; that he could only purify them, and wear them with some nobleness. Yet let us understand how they grew out from the very centre of his being: nay, moreover, how they came to cohere in him with what formed the business and worth of his Life,

the sum of his whole Spiritual Endeavor. For it is on the same ground that he became throughout an Edifier and Repairer, not, as the others of his make were, a Puller-down; that in an age of universal Scepticism, England was still to produce its Believer. Mark too his candor even here; while a Dr. Adams, with placid surprise, asks, "Have we not evidence enough of the soul's immortality?" Johnson answers, "I wish for more."

But the truth is, in Prejudice, as in all things, Johnson was the product of England; one of those *good* yeomen whose limbs were made in England: alas, the last of *such* Invincibles, their day being now done! His culture is wholly English; that not of a Thinker but of a "Scholar:" his interests are wholly English; he sees and knows nothing but England; he is the John Bull of Spiritual Europe; let him live, love him, as he was and could not but be! Pitiable it is, no doubt, that a Samuel Johnson must confute Hume's irreligious Philosophy by some "story from a Clergyman of the Bishopric of Durham;" should see nothing in the great Frederick but "Voltaire's lackey;" in Voltaire himself but a man *acerrimi ingenii, paucarum literarum;* in Rousseau but one worthy to be hanged; and in the universal, long-prepared, inevitable Tendency of European Thought but a green-sick milkmaid's crotchet of, for variety's sake, "milking the Bull." Our good, dear John! Observe, too, what it is that he sees in the city of Paris: no feeblest glimpse of those D'Alemberts and Diderots, or of the strange questionable work they did; solely some Benedictine Priests, to talk kitchen-latin with them about *Editiones Principes.* "*Monsheer Nongtongpaw!*" — Our dear, foolish John: yet is there a lion's heart within him! Pitiable all these thing were, we say; yet nowise inexcusable; nay, as basis or as foil to much else that was, in Johnson, almost venerable. Ought we not, indeed, to honor England, and English Institutions and Way of Life, that they could still equip such a man; could furnish him in heart and head

to be a Samuel Johnson, and yet to love them, and unyieldingly fight for them? What truth and living vigor must such Institutions once have had, when, in the middle of the eighteenth century, there was still enough left in them for this!

INDEX.

A.

Abbé Raynal, the, 92.
—— Rouffette, conversing with the, 124.
Abington's, Mrs., benefit, 43.
Abridgment of a work, printing an, 158.
Abroad, 12.
Absent-mindedness, 15.
Abstainer and wine-drinker, 21, 22.
Accent, provincial, 25.
Account of Johnson's household, 238, 239.
Acquaintances, partial to making new, 180.
Action in public speaking, against, 117.
Adultery, on the heinousness of the crime of, 98, 99.
Advertising, specimen of, 228, 229.
Affection and respect, expressions of, 187.
Agriculture, attainment in the theory and practice of, 164.
"Albany," character of, 141.
Alchemy, 58.
"Ambassador says well, the," 233.
America, English in, 87.
——, taxation by Great Britain of, 107, 108.
America's future (1773), opinion of, 229.
Americans, abuse of the, 110.
Amiability, 254.
Anger, Dr. Johnson's, 170.
Animals, kindness to, 199–201.
Annihilation after death, disbelief in, 175.
Antics and gestures, 16.
Anti-sentimentality, 68–73.
Apologies, 170–173.
Apparitions, on, 60.
Appearance, manners, and peculiarities, 9–25.
Approbation and good-will, expressions of, 187–194.
Argument, fond of, 165.
——, tenacity in maintaining the wrong side of an, 119.
Arithmetic, study of, 32.
Arkwright's opinion of Johnson's mechanical knowledge, 164.
Arrogance, 73–75.
Art of self-defence, on the, 96.
Arts, no appreciation for the fine, 94.
Asthma, seized with a spasmodic, 27.
At home, 11.
Athletic exercises, 33.
Auchinleck, Lord, bout with, 248, 249.
Author and scholar, habits as, 35–39.
Authority and predominance, 211–216.
—— and rank, respect for, 79–84.
Authors and patronage, remarks on, 182.
——, opinion about, 155–157.

B.

Bagpipe, fondness for the music of the, 92.
Ballad-singer, opinion of a, 85, 86.
Bandeau, dislike to a, 149, 150.
Banks, visit to Mr., 15.
Barbarians, a name given to the East Indians, 90.
Barber, Francis, sincere regard for, 199.
Baretti's Italian lesson, 22.
—— sad affair, 69.
Barnard, Dr., Provost of Eton, 76, 130, 171, 172, 215.
——, conversation with, 215.
——, replying to, 130.
——, rude reply to, 171, 172.
Bateman's lectures, 181.
Bathurst considered a good hater, 55.
Bawdy talk, 73, 74.
Bearing and walk, 10.
Bearishness, Goldsmith on Johnson's, 253, 254.
Beauclerk and Langton, 26.
——, Topham, affection for, 206, 207.
Beauty, obtuseness to natural, 99, 100.
Benevolence, instances of, 201, 202.
Berkeley's, Dr., ingenious philosophy, 129.
Bet Flint, character of, 142, 143.
Birthday reminiscences, 48.
Bishop, controversy with a, 104.
Blade of grass, a, 100.
Bodleian Library, "Evelina" in the, 191, 192.
Bolingbroke, Lord, the works of, 129.
Books of travel, 112, 113.
Bookseller, insult from a wealthy, 178, 179.
Boswell, Mrs., opinion of, 139.
Boswell and Johnson at Streatham, 226, 227.
——, dining with, 237, 238.
——, easiness with, 228.
Boswell extinguished, 225.
—— in the Hebrides, 221, 222.
——, letter to, 139.
—— puts his head in the lion's jaws, 222.
—— receives the appellation of "Bozzy," 227.
—— takes a liberty, 224.
Boswell's father, 249, 250.
—— first meeting with Johnson, 218–220.
—— "Life of Johnson," extracts from Macaulay's Essay, 259–267; Carlyle's Essay, 268–306.
Bottom of good sense, a, 127, 128.
Boufflers, Madame de, politeness to, 147, 148.
Bout with Lord Auchinleck, 248, 249.
"Bozzy," appellation given to Boswell, 227.
Brandy, approval of, 93.
Branghton, taken for a, 227.
Breakfast scene, a, 246.
Brewery, Thrale's, 42.
Brewing, operation of, 164.
Brighton, at, 251.
Bristol, inn at, 130, 131.
Brocklesby, Dr., remarks to, 180.
Brooke's, Mrs., play, 136.
Brutality, general, 122–128.
Brute force, 101–104.
Buchanan, George, praising, 136, 137.
Buck, like a, 157.
Burke, approval of, 125.
——, opinions of, 78, 193.
Burney, Miss, affection for, 151.
——, character of, 144, 145.
Burney's "Cecilia," 141.
—— "Evelina," quotation from, 142.

C.

Cadogan's, Dr., book on the gout, 161, 162.
Camden, Lord, neglecting Goldsmith, 192.

Campbell, Dr., at Rasay, disputing with, 168, 169.
Canary-bird, merit of a, 94.
Cant, dislike of, 72.
Card-playing, on, 114.
Caricature imitation in verse, 151–155.
Carlyle of Limekilns, about, 157.
Carlyle's Essay on Boswell's "Life of Johnson," extracts from, 268–306.
Cat, kindness to his, 199, 200.
"Cecilia," Burney's, censure of, 141.
Chamberlaine's house, visit to, 15.
Character, on, 155.
——, general view of Johnson's, 256–259.
Charitable and generous, 194–196.
Charity, recommending Christian, 108, 109.
Charles II., opinion of, 54, 55.
Chemistry, fondness for, 32.
Chesterfield, Lord, opinion of, 131, 132.
——, refusal to dedicate the Dictionary to, 183–187.
Chesterfield's, Lord, tribute, 250, 251.
Children, kindness to poor, 209.
——, love of little, 199, 200.
Cholmondeley, Mr., apologizing to, 173.
Cholmondeley's, Mrs., sympathy with Miss Reynolds, 138.
Christian charity, recommending, 108, 109.
Church of England, zeal for the, 56, 57.
Churchill's opinion of Davies's wife, 13.
Cibber, Colley, 85.
—— at Lord Chesterfield's, 184.
Civility for four, 253.
Claret, contempt for, 93.
Club, Garrick's death occasions a vacancy at the, 208.
Clubs, on, 28.
Coarseness, 92–99.
——, dislike to, 229.
Cock Lane ghost, story of the, 60, 61.
—— story, detection of the fraud, 107.
Coining, operation of, 164.
Colloquial distinction, eagerness for, 119–122.
Colman's first introduction to Johnson, 251–253.
Colossus of literature, a, 139.
Comedy of "The Rehearsal," 42, 43.
Common-sense, 155–163.
Complexion and eyes, 10.
Compliment from a pretty woman, pleased with a, 149.
——, gust for a, 233, 234.
Compliments and gross speeches, 108.
Composition, 36.
——, manner of, 38, 39.
Compositor, apologizing to a, 173.
Condescension, absurdity of, 160.
Confession, on, 120, 121.
Congé d'elire considered as only a strong recommendation, 138.
Conjugal infidelity, 98, 99.
Constitution, of a robust, 126.
Contempt for foreigners, 87.
Contentment, on, 128.
Contradiction hurts people of weak nerves, 108.
Contradictoriness and pugnacity, 110–122.
Conversation about Johnson, a, 246–248.
——, happy, 226.
——, power of, 132.
Conviviality, 26.
Convulsive movements, 14.
Cooper's "Dictionary," on, 135.
Costume, against showy, 163.
—— and dress, on, 24.
—— of dress worn by Johnson, 147, 148.

Costume of ladies, concerning the, 212, 213.
Countenance, Johnson's, 9.
Courage, 178–180.
Cow, imitating the lowing of a, 122.
Criminal jurisdiction, 131.
Croft's advice to a young gentleman, 37.
Customs, conformity in outward, 163.
Cynicism and incredulity, 62–65.

D.

Dancing, knowledge of, 165.
—— with a lord, 142.
Davies, Thomas, character of, 218.
——, kindness to, 203.
Dead nettle, a Scotch lady likened to a, 134.
Dean of Derry a Sabbath-breaker, 92.
Death and dying, on the subject of, 174–178.
——, fear of, 49–51.
——, opinions respecting, 157, 158.
Debauching ladies, on, 118.
Defective eyesight, 43, 44.
Defects outweighed by merits, 254.
Definitions, 88.
Delicate Londoner, a, 225.
Demosthenes, remarks about, 117.
Desecration of the Sabbath, 162.
Desmoulins, Mrs., and her daughter living at Johnson's house, 194.
Dettingen, Lord Granville's account of the battle of, 159.
Devotion, private, 176.
Diary, extract from an Irishman's, 250.
Dictionary, English, 75.
Difference in opinion not altering friendship, 125.
Dilly's, on a visit at, 186.
——, a dinner-party at, 240–246.
Dining behind a screen, 218.
Dinner at Boswell's, 237, 238.
Dinner at Dilly's, and meeting Wilkes, 240–246.
——, love for a fine, 94.
—— scene at Streatham, 115.
Diseases, 43–45.
Dislike for gesticulation, 19.
—— to coarseness and vulgarity, 229.
Disputation, fond of, 165.
Distresses of sentiment, 72.
Dodd's, Dr., death, 50.
Dominicetti, opposition to, 121.
Douglas, tragedy of, 123.
Dress, against showy, 163.
—— and appearance, 11.
—— and costume, 23.
——, concerning ladies', 212, 213.
Drinking, on, 48, 123, 124, 127, 135, 160, 202.
——, pleasure in, 48.
Drunkenness, on, 160.
Drury Lane play-house, in, 122.
Duelling, on, 96, 97.
Dunces, on, 134.
"Dunciad," in praise of the, 134.
Dying, few men prepared for, 157, 158.

E.

Easiness with Boswell, 228.
East Indians called barbarians, 90.
Eating, notions about, 93, 94.
Edinburgh, Goldsmith contradicting Ogilvie about, 136.
Education, on, 159, 160.
Election, Johnson at an, 234, 235.
Emigration, discoursing on, 89.
Englishmen, reserve among, 161.
"Evelina" in the Bodleian Library, 191.
——, quotation from Burney's, 142.
Excise, definition of the, 88.
Exercises, athletic, 33.
Exeter, Bishop of, interview with the, 104, 105.
Experiments, small, 32.

Expressions of good-will and approbation, 187–194.
Expressive face, 13.
Extempore verse-making, 151–155.
Extract from an Irishman's Diary, 250.
Extracts from Macaulay's Essay on Boswell's "Life of Johnson," 259–267.
—— from Carlyle's Essay on Boswell's "Life of Johnson," 268–306.
Eyes and complexion, 10.
Eyesight, defective, 43, 44.

F.

Face, expressive, 13.
"False Delicacy," remarks on the comedy of, 206.
Family worship at Mr. Macaulay's, 57.
Farmer's, Dr., pamphlet, 188.
Farmers, remarks about, 80.
Fear from reflection, but courage natural, 179.
—— of death, 49–51.
Fellow, the epithet, 76.
Female abilities, opinion of, 231, 232.
"Fiddle-de-dee!" 235.
Field recreations, acquaintance with all kinds of, 164.
Finger-scraping, 17.
Fireworks at Marylebone Gardens, seeing the, 104.
Fish-eating, 43.
Flattery, love of, 139.
Fleet Street, helping a gentlewoman across, 165.
Flint, Bet, character of, 142, 143.
Florence wine detestable, 93.
Foote's humor, 102.
—— unlucky fate in Dublin, 132.
Forbes, Sir William, letter from, 216.
Foreigners, contempt for, 87.
Fortune and rank merit superior attention, 79.
Foulis, Messieurs, interview with the, 106.
Four, civility for, 253.
French, prejudice against the, 87, 88.
Friendship not altered by difference of opinion, 125.
——, subject of, 64, 65.
Frost, anecdote regarding the, 117.
"Fugitive and Miscellaneous Pieces," publication of, 203.
Fundamentally sensible, 128.
Funeral of Garrick, 208.
—— sermon, solicited to compose a, 137.
Furniture of room, 12.
Future of America, opinion of the, 229.
—— state, conversation on the, 174, 175.

G.

Gallantry, 147–151.
Gaming, remarks about, 114, 115.
Garrick considered no declaimer, 94.
——, funeral of, 208.
Garrick's dislike to playing low characters, 64.
—— fame, conversation on, 189–191.
General brutality, 122–128.
—— description of appearance, 10, 11.
—— knowledge, 163–165.
—— view of Johnson's character, 256–259.
Generosity, 194–196.
"Gentleman's Magazine," debates in the, 169.
George I. considered a usurper, 53, 54.
—— II. compared with Charles II., 55.
—— III., not much attachment to, 53.
——, visit from, 94.
Gesticulation, dislike for, 19.

Gestures and antics, 16.
Ghost story told by John Wesley, 59.
Ghosts, stories of, 59–62.
Glasgow University, Dr. Watson on, 182.
Glenelg, on the road to, 109.
Glensheal, passing through, 116.
God, reverence for the name of, 176, 177.
Gold and silver destroy feudal subordination, 81.
Goldsmith and the "Vicar of Wakefield," 230, 231.
—— on Johnson's bearishness, 253, 254.
——, remarks favorable to, 192.
—— reprimanded by Johnson, 171.
Goldsmith's feelings at the reception of the "Good-natured Man," 204–206.
—— "History of Animated Nature," Mr. Maclaurin in, 167.
"Good-natured Man," comedy of the, 204–206.
Good-will and approbation, expressions of, 187–194.
Gordon's, Sir Alexander, dining at, 212.
Gout, Dr. Cadogan's book on the, 161, 162.
Gower, Lord, and the Jacobite interest, 88.
Graham, Miss, drinking water with, 148, 149.
Granville, Lord, on the battle of Dettingen, 159.
Greenwich Park, a walk in, 99.
Grub Street, definition of, 138.
Gunisbury Park, in, 33.
Gust for a compliment, 233, 234.

H.

Habits as scholar and author, 35–39.
Hackman, talking of, 110–112.
Handsome, rather, 9.
Hannah More and Johnson at Oxford, 235, 236.
——, story of, 123.
Hanover rat, on the, 141, 142.
Happy conversation, 226.
——, on being, 128.
Hare restored to liberty, 200, 201.
Harleian Library, on the Preface to the Catalogue of the, 101.
Hawkins, Sir John, opinion of, 132, 133.
Health-drinking, 135.
Hebrides, revelry in the, 221, 222.
Hell, God made, 131.
"Hermit," Dr. Beattie's, 206.
Hervey, Harry, description of, 66.
Hierarchy, respect for the, 56, 57.
High-Churchman and Tory, 51–58.
Highlands, opinion of the, 100.
Hill, rolling down, 35.
"History of the Gray Rat," by Thomas Percy, 141.
Hodge, a name given to the cat, 199.
Home, at, 11.
Honesty and truthfulness, 165–170.
Hortensia, history of, 143.
Hospitality, 196–206.
Household economy, 238, 239.
Howard, of Lichfield, anecdote by, 194.
Humility, 77, 78.
Humor, 137–140.
Hypochondriac disorder, 45–49.

I.

Icolmkill, building at, 105.
Idleness a disease, 36.
"Idler," advertisement regarding the, 228, 229.
Imagination, pleasures of, 202.
Impatience and irascibility, 104–110.
Impudence of a Scotchman, 130.
Income in youth, 217.
Incredulity and cynicism, 62–65.
Independence, 181–187.

Indigence, Johnson's extreme, 217.
Infidel writings, opinion of, 53.
Infidelity, conjugal, on, 98, 99.
Ingratitude, insensible of, 198.
—— often shown, 98.
In London when twenty-eight years old, 217.
Inquiring mind, an, 239, 240.
Inquisition, defending the, 119, 120.
Instruction widely diffused, 164, 165.
Intellectual coarseness, 94, 95.
Intolerance, 91, 92.
Intoxicated persons, kindness to, 202.
Introduction, an unpleasant, 251–253.
Invective and satire, powers of, 129–134.
In youth, 9.
Irascibility and impatience, 104–110.
Irish nation, kindness for the, 169.
——, opinion of the, 130.
Irishman's diary, extract from an, 250.
Irons in the fire, so many, 136.
Irregularities, 23.
Isa, in the Loch of Dunvegan, 17.
Italian, learning, 22.

J.

Jackson, Harry, death of, 207.
Jacobite, opinion of a, 52, 53.
James II., remarks about, 54.
Jest-book, opinions as to the perusal of a, 137.
Jocosity of manner, 139.
Johnson and Boswell at Streatham, 226, 227.
—— and Hannah More at Oxford, 235, 236.
—— and his tutor, 235.
—— at an election, 234, 235.
——, conversation about, 246–248.
Johnson's household, account of, 238, 239.
—— opinion of his own roughness, 230.
Johnson's quarrel with Pepys, 247.
"Journal," Johnson's approval of the, 220.
"Journal of a Tour in the Hebrides," 57.

K.

Keith's, dining at, 123.
Kelly, Hugh, a visit from, 132.
Kennicott's "Hebrew Bible," remarks about, 176.
Kindness, 196–206.
King of men, considered a, 211.
Kissing by a married lady, 157.
Knowledge, general, 163–165.
Knox, John, opinion of, 57.

L.

"La, Polly!—only think! Miss has danced with a lord!" 142.
Ladd, Lady, conversation with Mrs. Thrale about, 125, 126.
Ladies, ceremonious punctilios toward, 147.
"Ladies, I am tame; you may stroke me," 139.
Langton and Beauclerk, 26.
——, Bennet, regard for, 188.
Lapland, wild prospects of, 136.
Late hours, 23, 44.
Latin, composing a prayer in, 180.
——, talking in, 124.
Laughter, on, 17, 18, 158.
Laurinda, account of, 143, 144.
Law, extensive knowledge of, 164.
Laziness worse than the toothache, 77.
Lennox's, Mrs., first literary child, 27.
Letter to Lord Chesterfield, 186, 187.
—— to Mrs. Thrale on the death of her son, 177, 178.
Levellers in society, 83.
Levett, Mr., recommendation of, 197.
Lexicographer, definition of a, 138.

Liberty and necessity, 73.
—— taken by Boswell, a, 224, 225.
Library, Johnson's, 168.
Lichfield, at, 45.
——, at a play in, 103.
—— Cathedral, at, 126.
——, last visit to, 236.
——, money deposited when in, 196.
"Life of Foote," anecdote from Cooke's, 74, 75.
Like the Monument, unmoved, 156.
Linen, advantages of wearing, 222.
Liquors, on the qualities of different, 93.
Literary property, 158.
Literature, a colossus of, 139.
"Lives of the Poets," 37.
Living together, on, 125.
London, liking for, 30.
——, opinion of, 87.
——, the magnitude of, 42.
——, when twenty-eight years old, in, 217.
Londoner, a delicate, 225.
Love of mystery, 232, 233.
Lyttleton, Lord, Life of, 115.
——, on, 247.
Lyttleton's, Lord, vision, 59.

M.

Macaulay's essay on Boswell's "Life of Johnson," 259–267.
Maclaurin in Goldsmith's History of Animated Nature, 167.
Macleod, Lady, interview with, 65, 66.
Macpherson, James, charged with forgery, 103.
"Madam, let us reciprocate," 149.
Male succession, 18.
Mankind, opinions respecting, 194.
Manner of reciting, 19.
Manners at table, 20, 21.
——, peculiarities and appearance, 9–25.
——, rudeness of his, 255.
Manning, a compositor, apologizing to, 173.
Mansfield, Lord, educated in England, 137.
Manufactures, knowledge of, 164.
Manuscripts sent to be read by obscure authors, 201.
Marriage vows, responsibility of, 70, 71.
Marriages, on inferior, 79.
—— would be oftener happy if made by the lord chancellor, 95.
Married life, as to, 98, 99.
Marrying for a maintenance, 159.
——, on, 126, 127.
Mechanician, a good, 164.
Medal, value of a, 123.
Medicine, devoting time to the study of, 164.
Melancholy, 45–49.
Memory, 22.
Merits outweighing defects, 254.
Metcalf, Mr., conversation with, 150.
Methodism and Methodists, on, 160.
Middlesex election, on the, 79, 80.
Milk, on the nature of, 163.
Mind, an inquiring, 239, 240.
Ministerial functions, scruples about, 78.
Miscellaneous, 217–255.
"Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces," publication of, 203.
Miserable, humanity shown to the, 204.
Mitre Tavern, at the, 115, 196, 197.
Monboddo's, Lord, opinion, 158.
Monckton's, Miss, dining at, 202.
Montagu, Mrs., estimation of, 116.
Montagu's, Mrs., literary party at, 139.
Moral coarseness, 96–99.
More, Hannah, story of, 123.
—— and Johnson at Oxford, 235, 236.
Morgann, Mr., dispute with, 168.

Mounsey, Dr., vehemence against, 73, 74.
Movements, convulsive, 14.
Muck, Isle of, 18.
Murder in Scotland, prescription of, 97, 98.
Music, insensible to the power of, 70.
——, speaking contemptuously of, 171.
Mutton, dislike to, 150.
Mystery, love of, 232, 233.

N.

Narrowness and prejudices, 85–90.
Natural beauty, obtuseness to, 99, 100.
Nicknames, fondness for, 23.
Nightcap worn by a gentleman in place of a wig, 162.
Night wanderings, 217.
"No, sir," the expression of, 113, 114.
Nonsense, on talking, 225.
Northumberland, natural history of, 112, 113.
North Wales, tour through, 200, 201.
Norway, noble wild prospects of, 136.

O.

Oats, definition of, 88.
Obtuseness to natural beauty, 99, 100.
Odd and peculiar, 9.
Ogilvie, conversation with, 136.
Omelet, fondness for an, 67.
Opiates declined when dying, 180.
Opinion, a great deference for the general, 157.
—— of America's future (1773), 229.
—— of female abilities, 231, 232.
Opposition to slavery, 229.
Opulence in trade, 89.
Oranges, Seville, 140.
Osborne knocked down, 101, 102.
Ossian, poems of, 103.
Oxford, Johnson and Hannah More at, 235, 236.

P.

Painting, no conception for the beauties of, 94.
Parliament, opinion of being a member of, 71, 72.
Partialities, 26–35.
Past not better than the present, the, 229, 230.
Pastern, definition of the word, 169.
Patience under strong provocation, 224.
Payment for writing the Dictionary, 194.
Payne, Mr. John, racing with, 146.
Peculiar and odd, 9.
Peculiarities, appearance and manners, 9–25.
Penance at Uttoxeter, 232.
Pennant, praising, 112, 113.
Pension and pensioners, definition of, 88.
——, Johnson's, 195.
——, Johnson's, friends of, recommending an increase of, 210.
Pepys, disputing with, 119.
——, quarrel with, 247.
Percy, Dr., conversation with, 112, 113.
——, Mrs., politeness to, 148.
Pertinacious gentleman, arguing with a, 134.
Philosopher *vs.* warrior, 231.
Pictures, sitting for, 42.
Piety, 174–178.
Pious ejaculations, 13.
Piozzi, opinion of, 127.
Piozzi's marriage with Mrs. Thrale, 67.
Players, opinion of, 85.
Playfulness, 140–146.
Poetry-making, 151–155.
Politeness to ladies, extreme, 147–151.
"Pomposo," caricature drawn under the name of, 61.

Pomposity of style, 40–43.
Pope, conversation on, 134.
Poverty, suffering from, 181.
Power of any sort is desirable, 163.
Powers of invective and satire, 129–134.
Practices written about more than followed, 161.
Prayer in Latin, composing a, 180.
"Prayers and Meditations," Johnson's, 47, 48, 175, 176.
Preaching, on, 160.
Precept followed, if practice is suitable to it, 161.
Predominance and authority, 211–216.
Prejudices and narrowness, 85–90.
Presbyterians, opinion of, 56.
Present, the past not better than the, 229, 230.
Printer's devil, remarking about a, 127.
Private devotions, 176.
Prize-fighting, on, 96.
Provincial accent, 25.
Provocation, patience under strong, 224.
"Provok'd Husband," allusion to the comedy of the, 206.
Psalmanazar, George, 105.
Public speaking, declamation against action in, 117.
Pugnacity and contradictoriness, 110–122.
Pulpit discourses, writing, 96.
Punishment in a future state, about, 174.
Purgatory, on, 120.
Puritanical dress, against, 163.

Q.

Quaker costume, against, 163.
Quality, on the behavior of ladies of, 80, 81.
Quarrel and reconciliation, a, 223, 224.
Quarrel with Pepys, 247.
Questions, objection to, 107.

R.

Racing with Mr. John Payne, 146.
Rambling with Beauclerk and Langton, 26.
Ramsay's, Allan, dinner at, 213, 214.
Rank and authority, respect for, 79–84.
Repartee, good at, 133.
"Rasselas" written to pay his mother's funeral expenses, 36.
Rat, the gray, 141, 142.
——, the Hanover, 141, 142.
Rather handsome, 9.
Reciting, manner of, 19.
Reconciliation after a quarrel, 223, 224.
Rehearsal, comedy of the, 42, 43.
Religion, zeal for, 92,
Renegado, definition of a, 88.
Reserve amongst Englishmen, 161.
Residence in the Temple, 24.
Respect for rank and authority, 79–84.
Retort, dexterity in, 136, 137.
Revelry in the Hebrides, 221, 222.
Reverence for the name of God, 176, 177.
Reviewers and reviewing, on, 182.
Reynolds, Miss, asked for a toast after supper, 138.
——, at tea with, 149.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, high opinion of, 191.
Reynolds's, Sir Joshua, at, 223, 224.
Rhyming, 151–155.
Ribaldry, specimens of, 133.
Riches, proper use of, 91.
Riding in a coach, 30.
River St. Lawrence, on the, 100.
Robertson, Dr., conversation with, 135.
Robertson's, Dr., opinion of Johnson, 213, 214.

Robinson, Sir Thomas, interview with, 148.
Rolt's "Dictionary of Trade and Commerce," preface to, 96.
Roman Catholicism, on, 119–121.
Roman Catholics and the Inquisition, 119, 120.
——, opinion of, 56.
Rorie More's cascade, 66.
Rouen, at, 124.
Rouffette, Abbé, conversing with the, 124.
Roughness, Johnson's opinion of his own, 230.
Rouging, cheek, 131.
Round-robin, the, 216.
Rousseau and Wilkes, in company with, 91.
Rudeness, a view of his, 255.
Runts, talking of, 75.

S.

Sabbath-breaking, against, 92.
Sailors worse off than prisoners, 86.
Satire and invective, powers of, 129–134.
Scene at a breakfast, 246.
Scholar and author, habits as, 35–39.
——, opinion of Johnson as a, 211, 212.
School, at, 211, 212.
——, on the establishing a, 159.
Scotch climate, the, 88.
——, hatred of the, 130, 131.
—— lady likened to a dead nettle, a, 134.
——, opinions of the, 136, 137.
Scotland, prescription of murder in, 97, 98.
——, revelry in the Hebrides, 221, 222.
Scotchman, impudence of a, 130.
Scotchman's noblest prospects, a, 136.
Scraping fingers, 17.
Screen, dining behind a, 218.
Scrofula, attacked with, 44.
Second sight, 59.
Self-defence, on the art of, 96.
Self-esteem, 75–77.
Sensible, fundamentally, 128.
Sensuous coarseness, 92–94.
Sentiment, 65–68.
Seraglio, Johnson's, 197.
Sermons, writing, 96.
Seville oranges at the Club, 140.
Shakspeare, Dr. Farmer's pamphlet on, 188.
——, study of, 95.
Sheridan, house of, 12.
Showy decorations, abhorrence of, 163.
Siddons, Mrs., dislike for, 151.
——, politeness to, 148.
—— visiting, 44.
Silent folks, conversation upon, 208.
Sizes of volumes of books, 122, 123.
Slavery, opposition to, 229.
Small experiments, 32.
"Small vessels," 237.
Society, upstarts in, 81–83.
Sour small-beer, a woman likened to, 134.
Specimen of advertising, 228, 229.
St. Lawrence, on the river, 100.
—— Vitus's dance, afflicted with, 45.
Staring caused by being absurd, 162.
Stolen goods, a receiver of, 133.
Storm followed by a calm, a, 113, 212.
Story-telling, on, 165–170.
Stow Hill, climbing the gate at, 34.
Strahan's apprentice, 41.
Strategy, 240–246.
Streatham, Boswell and Johnson at, 226, 227.
——, a farce, 139, 140.
——, dinner scene at, 115.
——, leaving, 68.
Street, defence against attack in the, 179.
Style, pomposity of, 40–43.

Subordination, zealous friend of, 80–84.
"Sun, how I hate thy beams!" 47.
Sunday desecration, 162, 163.
Superstition, 58–62.
Supper at Professor Anderson's, 75.
Swimming at Oxford, 179.
Sympathy and kindness, 196–210.
——, opinion of the proper nature of, 68, 69, 72.

T.

Table manners, 20, 21.
Talking, 30.
—— for victory, 119.
—— like a book, 40, 41.
—— to himself, 13.
Tanning, account of the process of, 163.
Taverns, 28, 29.
Taxation of America by Great Britain, 107, 108.
Tea, a lover of, 31.
Temper, command of, 112.
Temperature of the air, 115.
Tenderness, 206–210.
"The Rehearsal," comedy of, 42, 43.
Theatre in Lichfield, at a, 103.
Thirty-five, rhyming on, 152.
Thrale, Mrs., conversing with, 144–146.
——, letter to, on the death of her son, 177, 178.
——, opinion of, 215.
——, marriage with Piozzi, 67.
Thrale's brewery, 42.
Time, man's faculties not decayed by, 182, 183.
"Tom Jones," extract from Fielding's, 135, 136.
Torré's fireworks at Marylebone Gardens, 104.
Tory, definition of a, 88.
—— and high churchman, 51–58.
Toryism, love of, 134, 135.
Toulon, suggesting calling for a bottle of, 144.
Trade, opulence in, 89.
Travel, books of, 112, 113.
Traveling, disapprobation of, 90.
Tribute by Lord Chesterfield, 250, 251.
Truth, abhorrence of deviation from, 166.
—— likened to a cow, 129.
Truthfulness and honesty, 165–170.
"Tull's Husbandry," 168, 169.
Tutor, Johnson and his, 235.
Twickenham Meadows, walking in, 16.
Tyers, conversation with, 126.
Tyr-yi, factor of, 105.

U.

Ulinish struck with Johnson's knowledge, 163.
Unexpected favors, objections to, 160.
Unpleasant introduction, an, 251–253.
Unreserve, 232.
Upstarts in society, 81–83.
Uttoxeter, penance at, 232.

V.

"Vanity of Human Wishes," 38, 46, 49.
Various peculiarities, 13.
Veracity, scrupulous in, 165–169.
Verse-making, extempore, 151–155.
Vesey's, Mr., respect shown to Johnson at, 214, 215.
"Vicar of Wakefield," Goldsmith and the, 230, 231.
Vice and virtue, on, 117, 118.
Victory, talking for, 119.
Virtue and vice, on, 117, 118.
Volumes of books, sizes of, 122, 123.
Vulgarity, dislike to, 229.

W.

Wales, North, tour through, 200, 201.
Walk and bearing, 10.

Walking out, 12.
Wanderings, night, 217.
Want of success generally the result of a person's own fault, 156.
Warrior *vs.* philosopher, 231.
Watching against deviations from truth, 166.
Watson's, Dr., observations about Glasgow University, 182.
Weather, on the depression of spirits by the, 115, 116.
Wedding-ring, his wife's, 209.
Wesley, John, opinion of, 59.
Wharton, Dr., called an enthusiast, 142.
"Where's the merriment?" 128.
Whig, definition of a, 88.
Whiggism a negation of all principle, 53.
Whining wife, on a, 138.
Widower marrying immediately after his wife's decease, 137.
Wife, great love expressed toward his, 208, 209.
——, on a whining, 138.
Wig, condition of, 25.
Wilkes and Rousseau, in company with, 91.
——, anecdote of meeting at Dilly's with, 240–246.
——, Israel, remarks to, 124, 125.
Will-drawing, 18.
Williams, Mrs. Anna, kindness shown to, 196, 197.
Wine, argument about drinking, 127.
Wine-drinker and abstainer, 21, 22.
Wine-drinking, 135.
Wit, 134–137.
——, upon Pope's definition of, 122.
Wolf, Percy's history of the, 141, 142.
Woman, an empty, 133.
—— likened to sour small-beer, 134.
Woman's preaching, a, 129.
Worship, family, at Mr. Macaulay's, 57.
Writing early, benefits of, 159.
—— made a necessity by the want of money, 95.

Y.

Youth, in, 9.
——, income in, 217.

THE END.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.

EDITED BY JOHN MORLEY.

These short Books are addressed to the general Public, with a view both to stirring and satisfying an interest in literature and its great topics in the minds of those who have to run as they read. An immense class is growing up, and must every year increase, whose education will have made them alive to the importance of the masters of our literature, and capable of intelligent curiosity as to their performances. The series is intended to give the means of nourishing this curiosity to an extent that shall be copious enough to be profitable for knowledge and life, and yet be brief enough to serve those whose leisure is scanty.

THE FOLLOWING ARE ARRANGED FOR:

JOHNSON	Leslie Stephen.
GIBBON	J. C. Morison.
SCOTT	R. H. Hutton.
SPENSER	The Dean of St. Paul's.
HUME	Professor Huxley.
BUNYAN	J. A. Froude.
GOLDSMITH	William Black.
DICKENS	T. Hughes.
MILTON	Mark Pattison.
WORDSWORTH	Goldwin Smith.
SWIFT	John Morley.
BURNS	Principal Shairp.
SHELLEY	J. A. Symonds.
BYRON	Professor Nichol.
DEFOE	W. Minto.

12mo, Cloth, 75 cents per volume.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Either of the above volumes will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A.,

Author of "A Short History of the English People," "Stray Studies from England and Italy."

In Five Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50 per volume.

Vols. I. and II. ready; Vol. III. in preparation.

Mr. Green has done a work which probably no one but himself could have done. He has read and assimilated the results of all the labors of students during the last half century in the field of English history, and has given them a fresh meaning by his own independent study. He has fused together by the force of sympathetic imagination all that he has so collected, and has given us a vivid and forcible sketch of the march of English history. His book, both in its aims and in its accomplishment, rises far beyond any of a similar kind, and it will give the coloring to the popular view of English history for some time to come.—*Examiner*, London.

Mr. Green nowhere writes anything to fill space; he never multiplies words; he uses every line of the added space for the presentation of matters that greatly need to be included; he has packed every inch full, and the larger work impresses the reader as still singularly compact and free from prolixity. It is still, in its expanded form, a model of conciseness, directness, and simplicity.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

To speak of Mr. Green's merits as a historian is by this time a work of supererogation. They have already been amply recognized in all quarters. —*Saturday Review*, London.

Although we have a multitude of English histories, we have hitherto had no adequate history of England. Of course, there have been summaries and compends; but none that was at once broad, comprehensive, philosophical, and complete. * * * Mr. Green's descriptions of battles are very brief; his accounts of the great movements which have left their impress on all subsequent time are full. He is more concerned to trace the progress of the nation than to give an account of the prowess of single individuals. He is a man of liberal ideas and of a progressive spirit, but writes with singular impartiality.—*Christian Union*, N. Y.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

VALUABLE AND INTERESTING WORKS

FOR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIBRARIES

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *For a full List of Books suitable for Libraries, see* HARPER & BROTHERS' TRADE-LIST *and* CATALOGUE, *which may be had gratuitously on application to the Publishers personally, or by letter enclosing Nine Cents in Postage Stamps.*

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send their publications by mail, postage prepaid* [*excepting certain books whose weight would exclude them from the mail*], *on receipt of the price.* HARPER & BROTHERS' *School and College Text-Books are marked in this list with an asterisk* (*).

FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC. A Review of American Progress. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $5 50; Half Morocco, $7 25.

Contents.

Introduction: I. Colonial Progress. By EUGENE LAWRENCE.—II. Mechanical Progress. By EDWARD H. KNIGHT.—III. Progress in Manufacture. By the Hon. DAVID A. WELLS.—IV. Agricultural Progress. By Professor WILLIAM H. BREWER.—V. The Development of our Mineral Resources. By Professor T. STERRY HUNT.—VI. Commercial Development. By EDWARD ATKINSON.—VII. Growth and Distribution of Population. By the Hon. FRANCIS A. WALKER.—VIII. Monetary Development. By Professor WILLIAM G. SUMNER.—IX. The Experiment of the Union, with its Preparations. By T. D. WOOLSEY, D.D., LL.D.—X. Educational Progress. By EUGENE LAWRENCE.—XI. Scientific Progress: 1. The Exact Sciences. By F. A. P. BARNARD, D.D., LL.D. 2. Natural Science. By Professor THEODORE GILL.—XII. A Century of American Literature. By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.—XIII. Progress of the Fine Arts. By S. S. CONANT.—XIV. Medical and Sanitary Progress. By AUSTIN FLINT, M.D.—XV. American Jurisprudence. By BENJAMIN VAUGHAN ABBOTT.—XVI. Humanitarian Progress. By CHARLES L. BRACE.—XVII. Religious Development. By the Rev. JOHN F. HURST, D.D.

MOTLEY'S DUTCH REPUBLIC. The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL.D., D.C.L. With a Portrait of William of Orange. 3 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $10 50; Sheep, $12 00; Half Calf, $17 25.

MOTLEY'S UNITED NETHERLANDS. History of the United Netherlands: from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce—1609. With a full View of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL.D., D.C.L. Portraits. 4 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $14 00; Sheep, $16 00; Half Calf, $23 00.

MOTLEY'S LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD. The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland: with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of "The Thirty-years' War." By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL.D., D.C.L. Illustrated. In 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $7 00; Sheep, $8 00; Half Calf, $11 50.

*HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES, relating to all Ages and Nations. For Universal Reference. Edited by BENJAMIN VINCENT, Assistant Secretary and Keeper of the Library of the Royal Institution of Great Britain; and Revised for the Use of American Readers. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50; Sheep, $3 94.

HILDRETH'S UNITED STATES. History of the United States. FIRST SERIES: From the Discovery of the Continent to the Organization of the Government under the Federal Constitution. SECOND SERIES: From the Adoption of the Federal Constitution to the End of the Sixteenth Congress. By RICHARD HILDRETH. 6 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $18 00; Sheep, $21 00; Half Calf, $31 50.

HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James II., 1688. By DAVID HUME. 6 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $4 80; Sheep, $7 20; Half Calf, $15 30.

HUDSON'S HISTORY OF JOURNALISM. Journalism in the United States, from 1690 to 1872. By FREDERIC HUDSON. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Half Calf, $7 25.

JEFFERSON'S DOMESTIC LIFE. The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson: compiled from Family Letters and Reminiscences, by his Great-granddaughter, SARAH N. RANDOLPH. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

JOHNSON'S COMPLETE WORKS. The Works of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. With an Essay on his Life and Genius, by ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $4 00; Sheep, $5 00; Half Calf, $8 50.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. Three Volumes now ready. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00 per vol.; Half Calf, $3 75 per vol.

LAMB'S COMPLETE WORKS. The Works of Charles Lamb. Comprising his Letters, Poems, Essays of Elia, Essays upon Shakspeare, Hogarth, &c., and a Sketch of his Life, with the Final Memorials, by T. NOON TALFOURD. With Portrait. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 00; Half Calf, $6 50.

LAWRENCE'S HISTORICAL STUDIES. Historical Studies. By EUGENE LAWRENCE. Containing the following Essays: The Bishops of Rome.—Leo and Luther.—Loyola and the Jesuits.—Ecumenical Councils.—The Vaudois.—The Huguenots.—The Church of Jerusalem.—Dominic and the Inquisition.—The Conquest of Ireland.—The Greek Church. 8vo, Cloth, uncut edges and gilt tops, $3 00.

MYERS'S REMAINS OF LOST EMPIRES. Remains of Lost Empires: Sketches of the Ruins of Palmyra, Nineveh, Babylon, and Persepolis, with some Notes on India and the Cashmerian Himalayas. By P. V. N. MYERS. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

LOSSING'S FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution: or, Illustrations by Pen and Pencil of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the War for Independence. By BENSON J. LOSSING. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $14 00; Sheep or Roan, $15 00; Half Calf, $18 00.

LOSSING'S FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812. Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812: or, Illustrations by Pen and Pencil of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the last War for American Independence. By BENSON J. LOSSING. With several hundred Engravings on Wood by Lossing and Barritt, chiefly from Original Sketches by the Author. 1088 pages, 8vo, Cloth, $7 00; Sheep or Roan, $8 50; Half Calf, $10 00.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. The History of England from the Accession of James II. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. 5 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $10 00; Sheep, $12 50; Half Calf, $21 25; 12mo, Cloth, $4 00; Sheep, $6 00; Half Calf, $12 75.

MACAULAY'S LIFE AND LETTERS. The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay. By his Nephew, G. OTTO TREVELYAN, M.P. With Portrait on Steel. Complete in 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, uncut edges and gilt tops, $5 00; Sheep, $6 00; Half Calf, $9 50. Popular Edition, 2 vols. in one, 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

FORSTER'S LIFE OF DEAN SWIFT. The Early Life of Jonathan Swift (1667–1711). By JOHN FORSTER. With Portrait. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

*GREEN'S SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. A Short History of the English People. By J. R. GREEN, M.A., Examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford. With Tables and Colored Maps. 8vo, Cloth, $1 52.

HALLAM'S MIDDLE AGES. View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages. By HENRY HALLAM. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00; Sheep, $2 50; Half Calf, $4 25.

HALLAM'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II. By HENRY HALLAM. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00; Sheep, $2 50; Half Calf, $4 25.

HALLAM'S LITERATURE. Introduction to the Literature of Europe during the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries. By HENRY HALLAM. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $4 00; Sheep, $5 00; Half Calf, $8 50.

SCHWEINFURTH'S HEART OF AFRICA. The Heart of Africa. Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of the Centre of Africa. From 1868 to 1871. By Dr. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH. Translated by ELLEN E. FREWER. With an Introduction by WINWOOD READE. Illustrated by about 130 Woodcuts from Drawings made by the Author, and with two Maps. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $8 00.

M'CLINTOCK & STRONG'S CYCLOPÆDIA. Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature. Prepared by the Rev. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D.D., and JAMES STRONG, S.T.D. *7 vols. now ready.* Royal 8vo. Price per vol., Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $6 00; Half Morocco, $8 00.

MOHAMMED AND MOHAMMEDANISM: Lectures Delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in February and March, 1874. By R. BOSWORTH SMITH, M.A., Assistant Master in Harrow School; late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. With an Appendix containing Emanuel Deutsch's Article on "Islam." 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

MOSHEIM'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, Ancient and Modern; in which the Rise, Progress, and Variation of Church Power are considered in their Connection with the State of Learning and Philosophy, and the Political History of Europe during that Period. Translated, with Notes, &c., by A. MACLAINE, D.D. Continued to 1826, by C. COOTE, LL.D. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $4 00; Sheep, $5 00; Half Calf, $8 50.

HARPER'S NEW CLASSICAL LIBRARY. Literal Translations.

The following Volumes are now ready. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 each.

CÆSAR. — VIRGIL. — SALLUST. — HORACE. — CICERO'S ORATIONS. — CICERO'S OFFICES, &C. — CICERO ON ORATORY AND ORATORS. — TACITUS (2 vols.). — TERENCE. — SOPHOCLES. — JUVENAL. — XENOPHON. — HOMER'S ILIAD. — HOMER'S ODYSSEY. — HERODOTUS. — DEMOSTHENES (2 vols.). — THUCYDIDES. — ÆSCHYLUS. — EURIPIDES (2 vols.). — LIVY (2 vols.). — PLATO [Select Dialogues].

LIVINGSTONE'S SOUTH AFRICA. Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa: including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loanda on the West Coast; thence across the Continent, down the River Zambesi, to the Eastern Ocean. By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L. With Portrait, Maps, and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $4 50; Sheep, $5 00; Half Calf, $6 75.

LIVINGSTONE'S ZAMBESI. Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries, and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, 1858–1864. By DAVID and CHARLES LIVINGSTONE. With Map and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $5 50; Half Calf, $7 25.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNALS. The Last Journals of David Livingstone, in Central Africa, from 1865 to his Death. Continued by a Narrative of his Last Moments and Sufferings, obtained from his Faithful Servants Chuma and Susi. By HORACE WALLER, F.R.G.S., Rector of Twywell, Northampton. With Portrait, Maps, and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $5 50; Half Calf, $7 25. Cheap Popular Edition, 8vo, Cloth, with Map and Illustrations, $2 50.

GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE. 12 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $18 00; Sheep, $22 80; Half Calf, $39 00.

RECLUS'S EARTH. The Earth: a Descriptive History of the Phenomena of the Life of the Globe. By ÉLISÉE RECLUS. With 234 Maps and Illustrations, and 23 Page Maps printed in Colors. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Half Calf, $7 25.

RECLUS'S OCEAN. The Ocean, Atmosphere, and Life. Being the Second Series of a Descriptive History of the Life of the Globe. By ÉLISÉE RECLUS. Profusely Illustrated with 250 Maps or Figures, and 27 Maps printed in Colors. 8vo, Cloth, $6 00; Half Calf, $8 25.

NORDHOFF'S COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES. The Communistic Societies of the United States, from Personal Visit and Observation; including Detailed Accounts of the Economists, Zoarites, Shakers, the Amana, Oneida, Bethel, Aurora, Icarian, and other existing Societies. With Particulars of their Religious Creeds and Practices, their Social Theories and Life, Numbers, Industries, and Present Condition. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

NORDHOFF'S CALIFORNIA. California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence. A Book for Travellers and Settlers. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

NORDHOFF'S NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, OREGON, AND THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

PARTON'S CARICATURE. Caricature and Other Comic Art, in All Times and Many Lands. By JAMES PARTON. With 203 Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Tops and uncut edges, $5 00.

*RAWLINSON'S MANUAL OF ANCIENT HISTORY. A Manual of Ancient History, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Empire. Comprising the History of Chaldæa, Assyria, Media, Babylonia, Lydia, Phœnicia, Syria, Judæa, Egypt, Carthage, Persia, Greece, Macedonia, Parthia, and Rome. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. 12mo, Cloth, $1 46.

NICHOLS'S ART EDUCATION. Art Education applied to Industry. By GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, Author of "The Story of the Great March." Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

BAKER'S ISMAILÏA. Ismailïa: a Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave-trade, organized by Ismail, Khedive of Egypt. By Sir SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, PASHA, F.R.S., F.R.G.S. With Maps, Portraits, and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Half Calf, $7 25.

BOSWELL'S JOHNSON. The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides. By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. Edited by JOHN WILSON CROKER, LL.D., F.R.S. With a Portrait of Boswell. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $4 00; Sheep, $5 00; Half Calf, $8 50.

VAN-LENNEP'S BIBLE LANDS. Bible Lands: their Modern Customs and Manners Illustrative of Scripture. By the Rev. HENRY J. VAN-LENNEP, D.D. Illustrated with upward of 350 Wood Engravings and two Colored Maps. 838 pp., 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $6 00; Half Morocco, $8 00.

VINCENT'S LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT. The Land of the White Elephant: Sights and Scenes in Southeastern Asia. A Personal Narrative of Travel and Adventure in Farther India, embracing the Countries of Burma, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China (1871–2). By FRANK VINCENT, Jr. Illustrated with Maps, Plans, and Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

SHAKSPEARE. The Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare. With Corrections and Notes. Engravings. 6 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $9 00. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $4 00; Sheep, $5 00. In one vol., 8vo, Sheep, $4 00.

SMILES'S HISTORY OF THE HUGUENOTS. The Huguenots: their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland. By SAMUEL SMILES. With an Appendix relating to the Huguenots in America. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

SMILES'S HUGUENOTS AFTER THE REVOCATION. The Huguenots in France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; with a Visit to the Country of the Vaudois. By SAMUEL SMILES. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

SMILES'S LIFE OF THE STEPHENSONS. The Life of George Stephenson, and of his Son, Robert Stephenson; comprising, also, a History of the Invention and Introduction of the Railway Locomotive. By SAMUEL SMILES. With Steel Portraits and numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

SQUIER'S PERU. Peru: Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas. By E. GEORGE SQUIER, M.A., F.S.A., late U. S. Commissioner to Peru, Author of "Nicaragua," "Ancient Monuments of Mississippi Valley," &c., &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

STRICKLAND'S (MISS) QUEENS OF SCOTLAND. Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By AGNES STRICKLAND. 8 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $12 00; Half Calf, $26 00.

THE "CHALLENGER" EXPEDITION. The Atlantic: an Account of the General Results of the Exploring Expedition of H.M.S. "Challenger." By Sir WYVILLE THOMSON, K.C.B., F.R.S. With numerous Illustrations, Colored Maps, and Charts, from Drawings by J. J. Wyld, engraved by J. D. Cooper, and Portrait of the Author, engraved by C. H. Jeens. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $12 00.

BOURNE'S LIFE OF JOHN LOCKE. The Life of John Locke. By H. R. FOX BOURNE. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, uncut edges and gilt tops, $5 00.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE. First Series: From the Commencement of the French Revolution, in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. [In addition to the Notes on Chapter LXXVI., which correct the errors of the original work concerning the United States, a copious Analytical Index has been appended to this American Edition.] Second Series: From the Fall of Napoleon, in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon, in 1852. 8 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $16 00; Sheep, $20 00; Half Calf, $34 00.

WALLACE'S GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS. The Geographical Distribution of Animals. With a Study of the Relations of Living and Extinct Faunas as Elucidating the Past Changes of the Earth's Surface. By Alfred Russel Wallace. With Maps and Illustrations. In 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $10 00.

WALLACE'S MALAY ARCHIPELAGO. The Malay Archipelago: the Land of the Orang-Utan and the Bird of Paradise. A Narrative of Travel, 1854–1862. With Studies of Man and Nature. By Alfred Russel Wallace. With Ten Maps and Fifty-one Elegant Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

GIBBON'S ROME. The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon. With Notes by Rev. H. H. Milman and M. Guizot. With Index. 6 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $4 80; Sheep, $7 20; Half Calf, $15 30.

GRIFFIS'S JAPAN. The Mikado's Empire: Book I. History of Japan, from 660 B.C. to 1872 A.D. Book II. Personal Experiences, Observations, and Studies in Japan, 1870–1874. By William Elliot Griffis, A.M., late of the Imperial University of Tōkiō, Japan. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00; Half Calf, $6 25.

THOMPSON'S PAPACY AND THE CIVIL POWER. The Papacy and the Civil Power. By the Hon. R. W. Thompson, Secretary of the U. S. Navy. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND: from the Earliest to the Present Time. Comprising Characteristic Selections from the Works of the more Noteworthy Scottish Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices. By James Grant Wilson. With Portraits on Steel. 2 volumes, 8vo, Cloth, $10 00; Half Calf, $14 50; Full Morocco, $18 00.

*THE STUDENT'S SERIES. With Maps and Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth.

France.—Gibbon.—Greece.—Hume.—Rome (by Liddell).—Old Testament History.—New Testament History.—Strickland's Queens of England (Abridged).—Ancient History of the East.—Hallam's Middle Ages.—Hallam's Constitutional History of England.—Lyell's Elements of Geology.—Merivale's General History of Rome.—Cox's General History of Greece.—Classical Dictionary. Price $1 46 per volume.

Lewis's History of Germany. Price $1 75.

CARLYLE'S FREDERICK THE GREAT. History of Friedrich II., called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Portraits, Maps, Plans, &c. 6 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $12 00; Sheep, $14 40; Half Calf, $22 50.

THE REVISION OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. With an Introduction by the Rev. P. SCHAFF, D.D. 618 pp., Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

This work embraces in one volume:

I. ON A FRESH REVISION OF THE ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT. By J. B. LIGHTFOOT, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's, and Hulsean Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. Second Edition, Revised. 196 pp.

II. ON THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT in Connection with some Recent Proposals for its Revision. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. 194 pp.

III. CONSIDERATIONS ON THE REVISION OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By C. J. ELLICOTT, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. 178 pp.

ADDISON'S COMPLETE WORKS. The Works of Joseph Addison, embracing the whole of the *Spectator*. 3 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $6 00; Sheep, $7 50; Half Calf, $12 75.

ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY. The Annual Record of Science and Industry. Edited by Professor SPENCER F. BAIRD, of the Smithsonian Institution, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. The Yearly Volumes for 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876 are ready. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00 per vol.

BROUGHAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Life and Times of Henry, Lord Brougham. Written by Himself. 3 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $6 00.

BULWER'S HORACE. The Odes and Epodes of Horace. A Metrical Translation into English. With Introduction and Commentaries. By LORD LYTTON. With Latin Text from the Editions of Orelli, Macleane, and Yonge. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

BULWER'S KING ARTHUR. King Arthur. A Poem. By LORD LYTTON. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

BULWER'S PROSE WORKS. The Miscellaneous Prose Works of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 50. Also, in uniform style, *Caxtoniana*. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

DAVIS'S CARTHAGE. Carthage and her Remains: being an Account of the Excavations and Researches on the Site of the Phœnician Metropolis in Africa and other Adjacent Places. Conducted under the Auspices of Her Majesty's Government. By Dr. N. DAVIS, F.R.G.S. Profusely Illustrated with Maps, Woodcuts, Chromo-Lithographs, &c. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00; Half Calf, $6 25.

CAMERON'S ACROSS AFRICA. Across Africa. By VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, C.B., D.C.L., Commander Royal Navy, Gold Medalist Royal Geographical Society, &c. With a Map and Numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

CARLYLE'S FRENCH REVOLUTION. The French Revolution: a History. By THOMAS CARLYLE. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 50; Sheep, $4 30; Half Calf, $7 00.

CARLYLE'S OLIVER CROMWELL. Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, including the Supplement to the First Edition. With Elucidations. By THOMAS CARLYLE. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 50; Sheep, $4 30; Half Calf, $7 00.

BARTH'S NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA. Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa: being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H.B.M.'s Government, in the Years 1849–1855. By HENRY BARTH, Ph.D., D.C.L. Illustrated. 3 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $12 00; Sheep, $13 50; Half Calf, $18 75.

THOMSON'S LAND AND BOOK. The Land and the Book; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and the Scenery, of the Holy Land. By W. M. THOMSON, D.D., Twenty-five Years a Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in Syria and Palestine. With two elaborate Maps of Palestine, an accurate Plan of Jerusalem, and several hundred Engravings, representing the Scenery, Topography, and Productions of the Holy Land, and the Costumes, Manners, and Habits of the People. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $6 00; Half Calf, $8 50.

TENNYSON'S COMPLETE POEMS. The Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate. With numerous Illustrations by Eminent Artists, and Three Characteristic Portraits. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

CRUISE OF THE "CHALLENGER." Voyages over many Seas, Scenes in many Lands. By W. J. J. SPRY, R.N. With Map and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

DU CHAILLU'S AFRICA. Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa: with Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, the Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $5 50; Half Calf, $7 25.

DU CHAILLU'S ASHANGO LAND. A Journey to Ashango Land, and Further Penetration into Equatorial Africa. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $5 50; Half Calf, $7 25.

WHITE'S MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew: Preceded by a History of the Religious Wars in the Reign of Charles IX. By HENRY WHITE, M.A. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 75.

DRAPER'S CIVIL WAR. History of the American Civil War. By JOHN W. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D. 3 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $10 50; Sheep, $12 00; Half Calf, $17 25.

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN W. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D. New Edition, Revised. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 00; Half Calf, $6 50.

DRAPER'S AMERICAN CIVIL POLICY. Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America. By JOHN W. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00; Half Morocco, $3 75.

WOOD'S HOMES WITHOUT HANDS. Homes Without Hands: being a Description of the Habitations of Animals, classed according to their Principle of Construction. By J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $4 50; Sheep or Roan, $5 00; Half Calf, $6 75.

FLAMMARION'S ATMOSPHERE. The Atmosphere. Translated from the French of CAMILLE FLAMMARION. Edited by JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., Superintendent of the Magnetical and Meteorological Department of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. With 10 Chromo-Lithographs and 86 Woodcuts. 8vo, Cloth, $6 00; Half Calf, $8 25.

ABBOTT'S DICTIONARY OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE. A Dictionary of Religious Knowledge, for Popular and Professional Use; comprising full Information on Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Subjects. With nearly One Thousand Maps and Illustrations. Edited by the Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, with the Co-operation of the Rev. T. C. CONANT, D.D. Royal 8vo, containing over 1000 pages, Cloth, $6 00; Sheep, $7 00; Half Morocco, $8 50.

ABBOTT'S FREDERICK THE GREAT. The History of Frederick the Second, called Frederick the Great. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Half Calf, $7 25.

ABBOTT'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. The French Revolution of 1789, as viewed in the Light of Republican Institutions. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $5 50; Half Calf, $7 25.

ABBOTT'S NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. The History of Napoleon Bonaparte. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits on Steel. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $10 00; Sheep, $11 00; Half Calf, $14 50.

ABBOTT'S NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA. Napoleon at St. Helena: or, Interesting Anecdotes and Remarkable Conversations of the Emperor during the Five and a Half Years of his Captivity. Collected from the Memorials of Las Casas, O'Meara, Montholon, Antommarchi, and others. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $5 50; Half Calf, $7 25.

SCHAFF'S CREEDS OF CHRISTENDOM. Bibliotheca Symbolica Ecclesiæ Universalis. The Creeds of Christendom, with a History and Critical Notes. By PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. 3 vols. Vol. I.: The History of Creeds. Vol. II.: The Greek and Latin Creeds, with Translations. Vol. III.: The Evangelical Protestant Creeds, with Translations. 8vo, Cloth, $15 00.

YONGE'S LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE. The Life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. By CHARLES DUKE YONGE, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. The Poets of the Nineteenth Century. Selected and Edited by the Rev. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT. With English and American Additions, arranged by EVERT A. DUYCKINCK, Editor of "Cyclopædia of American Literature." Comprising Selections from the Greatest Authors of the Age. Superbly Illustrated with 141 Engravings from Designs by the most Eminent Artists. In Elegant small 4to form, printed on Superfine Tinted Paper, richly bound in extra Cloth, Beveled, Gilt Edges, $5 00; Half Calf, $5 50; Full Turkey Morocco, $9 00.

COLERIDGE'S COMPLETE WORKS. The Complete Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. With an Introductory Essay upon his Philosophical and Theological Opinions. Edited by the Rev. W. G. T. SHEDD, D.D. With a Portrait. 7 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $10 50; Half Calf, $22 75.

COLERIDGE'S (SARA) MEMOIR AND LETTERS. Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge. Edited by her Daughter. With Two Portraits on Steel. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50; Half Calf, $4 25.

TYERMAN'S WESLEY. The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. LUKE TYERMAN. With Portraits. 3 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $7 50; Half Calf, $14 25.

TYERMAN'S OXFORD METHODISTS. The Oxford Methodists: Memoirs of the Rev. Messrs. Clayton, Ingham, Gambold, Hervey, and Broughton, with Biographical Notices of others. By the Rev. L. TYERMAN. With Portraits. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

VÁMBÉRY'S CENTRAL ASIA. Travels in Central Asia. Being the Account of a Journey from Teheran across the Turkoman Desert, on the Eastern Shore of the Caspian, to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand, performed in the Year 1863. By ARMINIUS VÁMBÉRY, Member of the Hungarian Academy of Pesth, by whom he was sent on this Scientific Mission. With Map and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $4 50; Half Calf, $6 75.

LYMAN BEECHER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, &c. Autobiography, Correspondence, &c., of Lyman Beecher, D.D. Edited by his Son, CHARLES BEECHER. With Three Steel Portraits, and Engravings on Wood. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $5 00; Half Morocco, $8 50.

THE DESERT OF THE EXODUS. Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings; undertaken in connection with the Ordnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration Fund. By E. H. PALMER, M.A., Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings taken on the spot by the Sinai Survey Expedition and C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

DRAKE'S NOOKS AND CORNERS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST. Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast. By SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE, Author of "Old Landmarks of Boston," "Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50; Half Calf, $5 75.

BENJAMIN'S CONTEMPORARY ART. Contemporary Art in Europe. By S. G. W. BENJAMIN. Handsomely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Edges, $3 50.

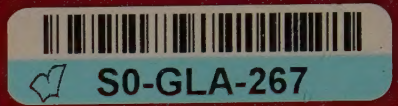
TROWBRIDGE'S POEMS. The Book of Gold, and Other Poems. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Handsomely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Edges, $2 50. (In a box.)

THOMSON'S MALACCA, INDO-CHINA, AND CHINA. The Straits of Malacca, Indo-China, and China; or, Ten Years' Travels, Adventures, and Residence Abroad. By J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S. With over 60 Illustrations from the Author's own Photographs and Sketches. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

TREVELYAN'S SELECTIONS FROM MACAULAY. Selections from the Writings of Lord Macaulay. By his Nephew, G. OTTO TREVELYAN, M.P. for Hawick District of Burghs. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

OUR CHILDREN'S SONGS. With Illustrations. 8vo, Ornamental Cover, $1 50.

PRIME'S POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. Pottery and Porcelain of all Times and Nations. With Tables of Factory and Artists' Marks, for the Use of Collectors. By WILLIAM C. PRIME, LL.D. Illustrated. 8vo, Ornamental Cover, Cloth, $7 00. (In a box.)


S0-GLA-267